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August 31, 1940

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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

Britain's Labor Boss

By Que[illegible]ls

N FOSTER

Aug. 31, 1940

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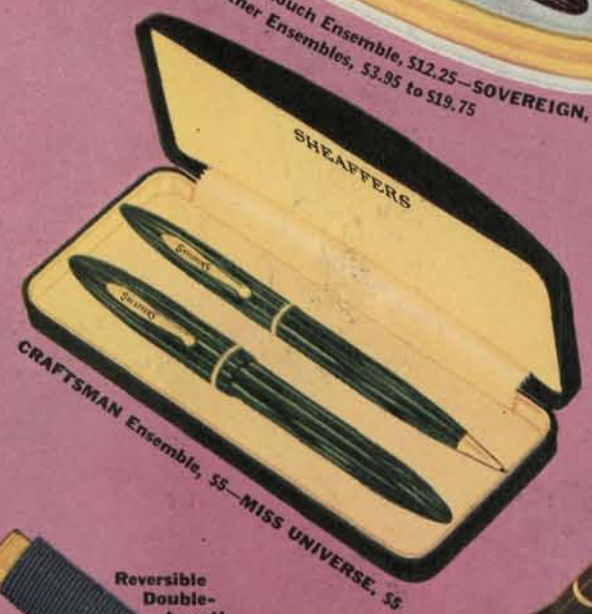

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Is your scalp behind the 8-BALL?

Listerine Treatment gives hair and scalp soothing antiseptic bath as it fights infectious dandruff. In clinical test 76% of subjects quickly benefited.

If you are constantly annoyed by distressing, scaly dandruff flakes . . . excessive falling hair . . . and irritated itching scalp—*watch out!* You may be suffering from a real scalp infection, for dandruff is often due to germs. So, start today with the famous Listerine Antiseptic treatment for infectious dandruff.

Kills Infectious Dandruff Germs

You merely douse Listerine Antiseptic on full strength morning and night and massage the scalp vigorously and persistently with the finger tips.

Listerine Antiseptic and massage helps to relieve inflammation and remove annoying flakes and scales. At the same time it aids in cleansing the scalp, leaving it with a wonderful feeling of invigoration.

Most important of all, Listerine gives scalp and hair a cooling and soothing antiseptic bath . . . kills, by the millions, germs associated with infectious dandruff, including Pityrosporum Ovale. This strange "bottle bacillus" is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Rabbits and Humans

Rabbits inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale developed definite dandruff symptoms, which disappeared shortly after being treated daily with Listerine.

Even more impressive results were revealed in clinical tests on men and women. In one clinic, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

Enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country give credit to this famous antiseptic for relief from dandruff's annoyances; just as other letters praise its results against colds and sore throat.

If you have the slightest sign of dandruff, don't delay. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Start with Listerine Antiseptic now.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, *enjoy* a Listerine massage *once* a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LISTERINE the medical treatment for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 31, 1940

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
No Summer Love. Romance was a luxury she couldn't afford. Page 9

HARRY SYLVESTER
Friend of the Warden. Tough guy meets tougher guy. Page 13

KYLE CRICHTON
I Cherish that Sentiment. How Brooklyn's Dodgers became a patriotic institution. Page 16

CLIFFORD DOWDEY
Gun Smoke. Things that are not for killers. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
His Daily Bread, by Henry Meade Williams. Page 21

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
The Patriotic Murders. The fifth of nine parts. What happened to the missing witness. Page 14

WILLIAM C. WHITE
Occupation: Widow. Conclusion. When thieves fall out. Page 20

ARTICLES

ANDRÉ MAUROIS
What Happened to France. The second of five parts. Modern history by a great historian. Page 11

HELEN HILCKEN
Shell Game. Just pick your lobster. Page 12

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Britain's Labor Boss. Ernest Bevin, the workingman's friend. Page 15

JIM MARSHALL
The Bear Looks Over the Mountain. Where Britain waits for Russia. Page 18

JOHN DURANT
Tough On and Off. The villain pays off the screen too. Page 24

COREY FORD
Fair and Warmer. The heat wave makes the headlines. Page 41

●

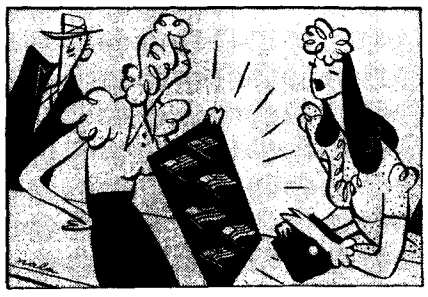
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
Sparks Out, Please.
Forget the Class Stuff.
Prize Boner—1940. Page 50

COVER ALAN FOSTER

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a number of spirited yet less than gay letters from Europe. They have to do with a wide variety of subjects—from the plight of that most pathetic of men, the aged Henri Philippe Petain, to the furious potentialities of the possible Nazi invasion of South Ireland. The latter picture, vividly drawn by Mr. Jeremiah Stewart Grant O'Feragh of Limerick, Eire, is a sort of delayed-pass warning to Mr. Hitler. Mr. O'Feragh admits that the appearance of the Nazis in Ireland would touch off a bit of internal trouble, the furiosos of the Irish Republican Army being better than ready, indirectly, to assist any enemy of England in whatever way it will add to England's discomfort. "Nevertheless," writes Mr. O'Feragh, "it's likely to be a bad time for visitors. I'm reminded of a passing incident in the festivities attending the christening of my twin nieces, Nora and Moira, not two years since. It was at the height of the merrymaking that a misguided young man, a stranger in the country, tried to make off with one of the many beautiful lady guests. Caught, he was dispatched with great thoroughness. At the ensuing inquiry, the chief constable after lecturing the culprits on the seriousness of murder, said: "Did you not have the courtesy to ask the poor young man what he wanted?"



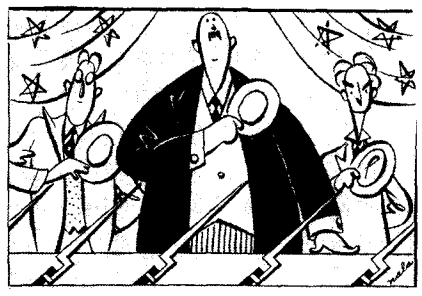
BUT WE shall pass over the misery of old Marshal Petain and the wretched whimperings of crooked French politicians and military poltroons who are now licking the boots of a conqueror who quite rightly despises them for it. If you'll continue to read this admittedly superior magazine, as of course you will, you'll be armed with the whole truth and remain free. Therefore we'll tell you, without guarantee, that one of our ever-dependable agents, Mr. Richard Randy English of Hollywood, California, was shopping for trinkets not long ago. While waiting to be served, Mr. English overheard a lady ask for one of those enameled and jeweled American flags to be worn on the lapel. The salesgirl got out the tray and the lady, after looking them over, asked: "Have you got them in any other colors?"

AS WE say, we give you Mr. English's report as we received it. We were not present. We pass it on hoping that it will not offend Mr. Francis A. Adams, director general of The Minute Men of America. From his office in New York City, Mr. Adams asks for an explanation of how the word "guff" was used in one of our recent editorials —The Big Job for Americans—which otherwise has fetched us a considerable number of congratulatory letters. It was, we thought, a pretty skillful piece of common-denominator writing, bidding ourselves be rational and steadfast in our patriotism and not physical: The paragraph Mr. Adams objects to with the unerring swiftness of the ever-alert minute man was: "Professional patriots are yawping that we've all got to take to saluting the flag at the drop of a hat—any hat, anywhere—and the Supreme Court, no less, fell for one aspect of this guff in the recent Jehovah's Witnesses decision." Mr. Adams deserves a more intelligent answer but we don't seem to be able to get any further than a reinforced conviction that guff's guff. And we ought to know.

SOME time ago we seem to have said something over-airy about that tree-planting program in the Great Plains sector, a desert-rescuing shelter belt from Canada to Mexico. Mr. E. L. Perry of Lincoln, Nebraska, in the United States Forest Service, read it and bided his time. He now writes that the Forest Service has planted some hundred and fifty thousand trees on 25,000 prairie farms and "in spite of dismal prophecies, drought, jack rabbits and grasshoppers, the plantations have done right well. No Jack-and-the-beanstalk stuff, you understand, but certainly good enough to kill the argument of a grizzled Texan during the early days of the project. I was making a speech," goes on Mr. Perry, "when the old boy demanded the floor and got it. 'Listen to me, young feller,' he roared, 'if God A'mighty had figgered trees'd grow on these here damn' plains, He'd done the plantin'.' "

SOBERED by a series of bad guesses, we're refusing numerous demands that we predict the outcome of the forthcoming elections. Nevertheless the battle's on and while lying low we're content to let you do the prophesying and labeling. Thus far we can't say much for your reasoning and less for the aptness of the tags you are tying to the two candidates. Mr. Willkie is called The Huey Long of the Station Wagon Set and Mr. Roosevelt a Coy Caesar. Bad, very bad—and we refuse to give the names of the guilty correspondents for which we hope they thank us. However, we don't look forward to much inspired sloganeering this year, with the world in the dismals. But maybe we got off to a bad start. We asked one of Mr. Roosevelt's best shills to explain that Chicago convention to us—the shanghaiing of those bemused delegates, for example, and why, if it was an unbossed gathering, Jim Farley's plea f sober contemplation and another d of reckoning was ignored. "To tell t truth," said he, "the American peopl through those fine, enthusiastic del gates, were so insistent that we nom nate the boss that we had to put it ov quickly. We were afraid the Amer can people, through their chosen del gates, would take matters into the own hands." We recovered ourselv pretty quickly, and asked: "Tak matters into their own hands an nominate Mr. Roosevelt?" And h said: "Exactly."

IN ANSWER to a large number of de mands that this magazine publish few pages of facts about our limpin progress toward preparedness we ca only say be patient, continue to rel upon us and inevitably be rewarde But the customary calm of Mr. S Elmo Thackera of Washington, D. C is upset. "What happens," asks M Thackera, "if by the time we're read to lick somebody, this unreliable guy Hitler, has quit fighting and is so bus trying to find the answer to what h has won that he pays no attention t us, all dressed up in airplanes, tanks battleships and bombs? Do you sup pose he's low enough to leave us i the lurch like that?"



WE WOULDN'T be surprised. Nor will Mr. Thackera be the only chagrined one. We got to talking to a recruiting sergeant the other day and asked him about the stories we'd heard that it was becoming harder and harder to recruit volunteers. The sergeant admitted that business was slow but denied that this indicated an unwillingness of our young men to fight. "The trouble is," said he, "that they'll fight but that they don't want to do any of the fancy peacetime stuff. I had two mugs in this morning who told me they'd sign up if we could guarantee them they wouldn't have to do any parading. One of them said that his old man served two hitches in the Army and spent half his time parading up and down all the Main Streets in the country whooping it up for something and being reviewed by politicians. This kid had a good idea. He wanted to know why the Army didn't review the politicians once in a while."

GUFF again.... W. D.

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Should you be on the lookout for Diabetes?

SOME FOLKS should be especially on their guard against diabetes, as a tendency to this disease seems to run in certain families.

▶ Furthermore, the people it strikes are usually overweight and between the ages of 40 and 60. Diabetes occurs most frequently among people who lead inactive lives, and is more common among women than among men.

So, if you have reason to be on the alert for diabetes, it is particularly important for you to have complete physical examinations at regular intervals.

▶ Such examinations may reassure you that you do not have the disease. If the possibility of diabetes is indicated, then a study of sugar in the blood can help the doctor detect the condition early—frequently before other symptoms appear. Thus, you can be guided to prompt control of the disease with diet and insulin before it has made much progress.

The most common signs of diabetes, frequently not recognized by those who have the disease in early stages, are: Excessive thirst; excessive appetite; loss of weight; constant weariness and unaccountable irritability; and, in older people, boils and carbuncles.

▶ Naturally, definite symptoms should call for immediate medical attention.

It is encouraging to realize that a healthy, active life is not only possible but probable for most diabetics who promptly discover their ailment and follow competent medical guidance. They easily become adjusted to the four vital conditions necessary for diabetes control: 1. Proper diet, 2. Insulin as prescribed, 3. Exercise, 4. Cleanliness.

For further helpful information concerning this disease and its control, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Diabetes."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Diabetes."

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His business is bigger than just selling shoes; he's charged with the comfort and the health of every man he fits. He recommends FLORSHEIM SHOES because our 48-year-old reputation for quality workmanship is his best guarantee of perfect fit and lasting satisfaction. Visit your Florsheim Dealer; he knows shoes best—and he knows the best shoes are Florsheims.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

America now has more than three hundred Western dude ranches, ranging in size from 640 to 50,000 acres, where about 13,000 Eastern vacationists are spending approximately $3,000,000 this summer.

In the playing of certain classical compositions on the piano, the notes and fingering, accidentals, interpretations, pauses, phrasing, pedaling, meter and rhythm may demand as many as sixty mental operations a second.

Owing to the migration of population and business to outlying districts and the subsequent demolition of old buildings during the past decade, at least one third of the private land, in hundreds of American cities, is in the form of vacant lots.

The first execution in the electric chair in 1890 immediately created eighteen words, including electrocution, for this new method of capital punishment. The seventeen words, now obsolete, included: Electricide, electromort, fulmen, thanelectrize and voltacuss.

According to decisions of the United States Supreme Court, no one has a vested legal right to a government pension. Pensions are bounties that Congress may give, withhold or recall at its discretion.

The train of a peacock is not its tail. The beautiful, long plumes that the bird raises into a large, fan-shaped shield are in front of the short tail feathers that are used as a support.

Every queen bee imported into the United States must undergo an examination for parasitic mites in the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine in Washington, D. C.

The quantity of current consumed by the average electric clock is so little that it does not register on the meter when all other electrical devices and lights are turned off.—*By Evelyn Kuelich, Union City, New Jersey.*

Those who contributed gifts last year to the Crypt of Civilization at Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, Georgia, have been given an "imperishable" metal card that entitles any descendant, of the 187th generation, to attend the opening—at noon on May 28, 8113.—*By Dr. B. E. Bailey, Madison, Wisconsin.*

In Algeria, as many as four or five Berbers may own a single fig tree, one man possessing its roots, one its trunk and the other two or three its various branches.—*By Marion Conger, Evansville, Indiana.*

Based on prewar areas, Holland's colonial empire is sixty times as large as the Netherlands, the Belgian Congo is eighty times as large as Belgium, the French possessions are twenty-two times as large as France, and British territory throughout the world is one hundred and forty times as large as Great Britain.

"*Arab*" is a loosely applied word as it is not a designation for a person of any one race or religion, the 35,000,000 Arabs in the world today being of numerous creeds and colors and native to a score of countries.—*By Frances Brandenburg, Pineville, Kentucky.*

The following item, recently published inaccurately, is hereby corrected: Several states limit the amount of insurance that may be collected on the lives of children at various ages. For example, in New York, regardless of the number of $1,000 policies that may be obtained through fraud, only $100 can be collected when the child is under six months, only $200 when he is between six months and one and a half years, only $300 when he is between one and a half and two and a half and only $400 when he is between two and a half and nine and a half.

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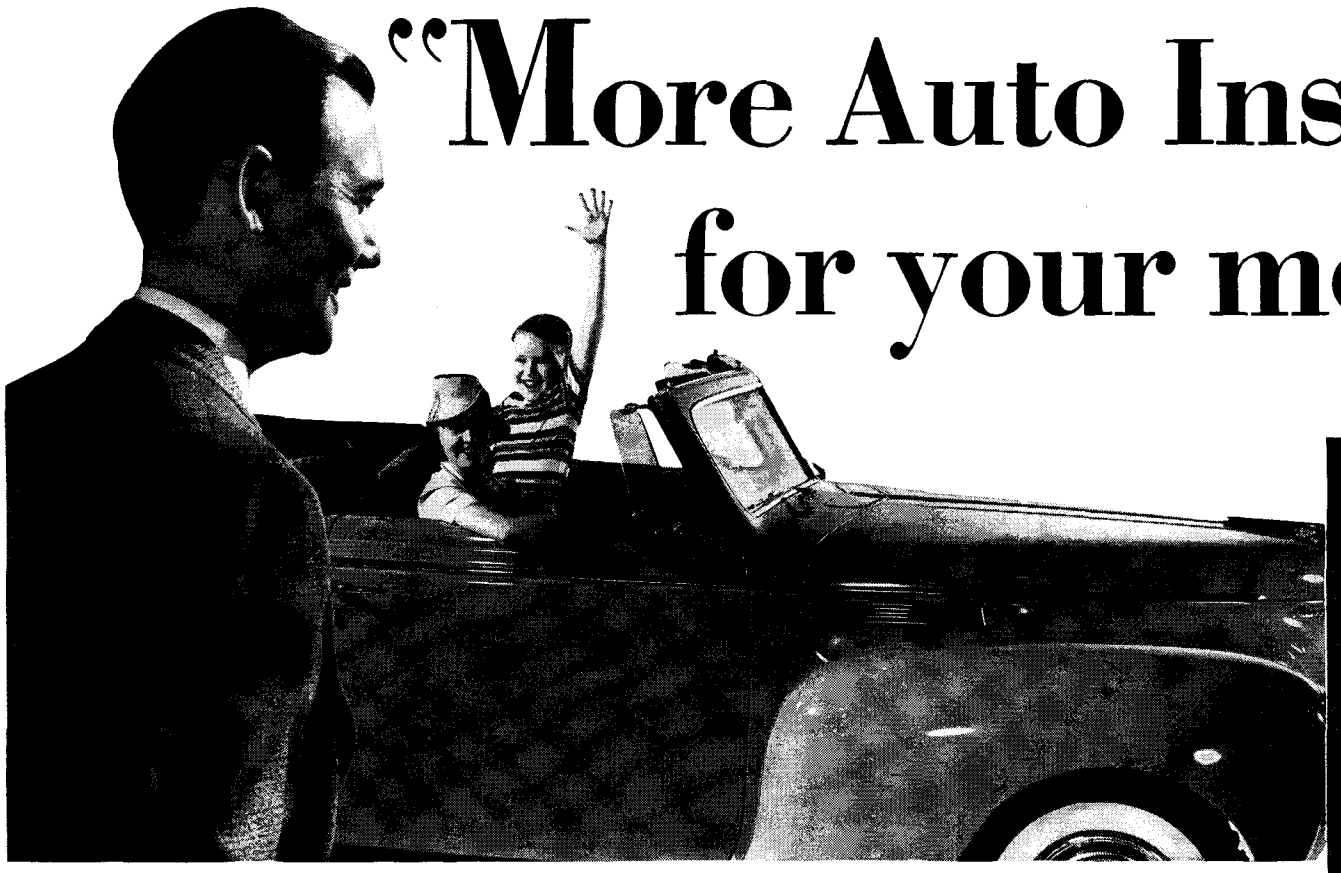
"More Auto Insurance for your money!"



G. J. Mecherle, Chairman of the Board, State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

How a remarkable common sense insurance plan has spread to benefit more than a million car owners— a statement by

G. J. Mecherle

These 4 State Farm Economies help make Auto Insurance available at Low Cost . . . help budget-minded drivers get more protection for their families and homes . . .

1 Six-Month Policies

State Farm introduced six-month policies to make auto insurance *easier to buy*. You need not pay a full year's premium in advance. This practice also makes it possible for State Farm to adjust rates at frequent intervals to keep rates as nearly on an actual cost basis as possible.

2 Only One Acquisition Cost

State Farm policyholders pay the acquisition cost of an auto insurance policy *only once*—not once a year, but once a lifetime! Savings made possible by renewing same policy are passed on to policyholders. Renewal premiums are therefore lower than charged by most companies.

3 Overhead Costs Lowered

All routine work in the issuance of State Farm auto insurance policies is handled in the State Farm office building in Bloomington, Ill. (pictured below) and in the branch office in Berkeley, Cal. Local agents are not burdened with this expense. The savings made possible are passed on to policyholders.

4 Only Careful Drivers Insured

Careless drivers raise the cost of insurance. Because every State Farm policyholder must be a *safe* driver, full value automobile insurance is made possible at the lowest rates consistent with sound operation.

Note: State Farm has 7,000 representatives strategically located across the nation to serve you promptly and intelligently.

STATE FARM Insurance Companies

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

"Why not price auto insurance so low that *every one* can enjoy the security and peace of mind it brings?

"Why not deliver *more auto insurance for the money* by giving broader service and greater protection?

"That was my aim 18 years ago. To do this, a group of us in Bloomington, Illinois, founded the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922.

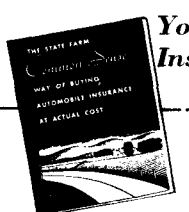
"Since then, our common sense planning has made State Farm one of the largest insurance companies in the world.

"We threw overboard certain costly practices. Our modern methods have made it possible, over a period of time, to save our policyholders more than $40,000,000 in the cost of their insurance.

"State Farm is a mutual company—operated solely for the benefit of our policyholders.

"Just how State Farm can offer you *more insurance for your money* is explained briefly at the left. For more complete information—and for a valuable Auto Insurance Buying Guide—you are urged to mail the coupon. There's no obligation at all in requesting this new booklet."

Yours—FREE—Common Sense Insurance Buying Guide



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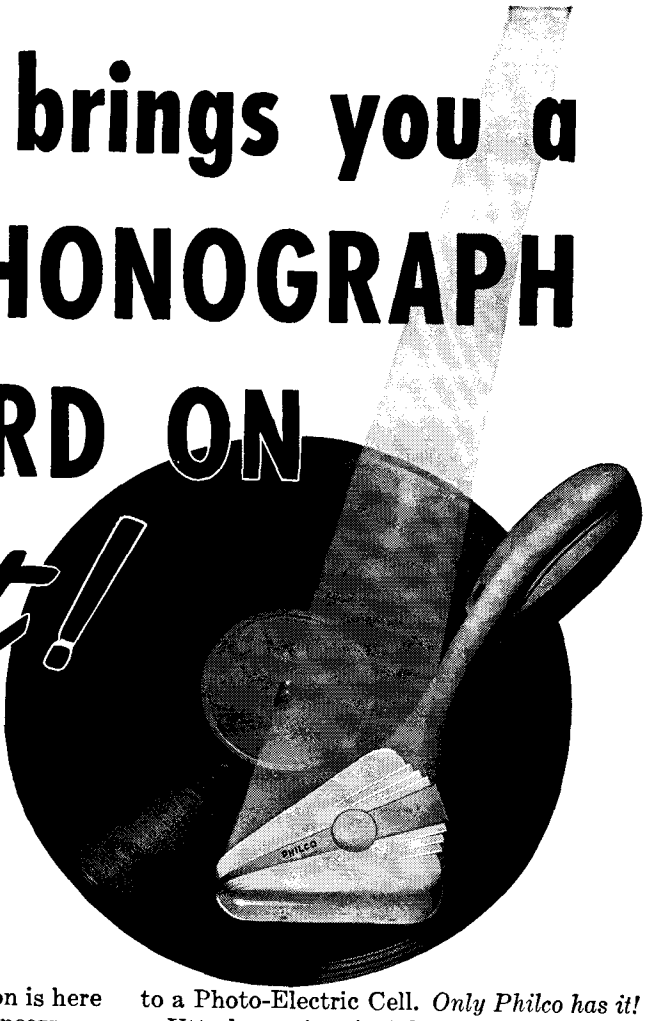


THE PHILCO PHOTO-ELECTRIC Radio-Phonograph gives you glorious new Beauty and Purity of Tone. Record wear and surface noise reduced by 10 to 1. No needles to change.

ANOTHER history-making invention is here from the laboratories of Philco engineers . . . a new kind of radio-phonograph that plays any record on a *beam of light!* For the first time, a Photo-Electric Cell is used in the reproduction of records . . . a brand-new principle that brings you new delights in the enjoyment of recorded music.

The old-fashioned, heavy crystal pick-up with its pointed steel needle that *scrapes* the music from the record is now a thing of the past. In the sensational Philco PHOTO-ELECTRIC Radio-Phonograph, a floating reproducer with a rounded jewel glides gently over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a light beam from a tiny, fluttering mirror to a Photo-Electric Cell. *Only Philco has it!*

Utterly new in principle, you enjoy benefits you have never known before. The floating jewel lasts for 8 to 10 years . . . *no needles to change!* You can enjoy your valuable records for 700 playings without fear of wear . . . *10 times longer than before!* And you get the *full* beauty of the record, unmarred by record scratch and needle talk . . . you hear the rich, mellow "lows" without sacrifice of clear, brilliant "highs" . . . *glorious new purity of tone!*

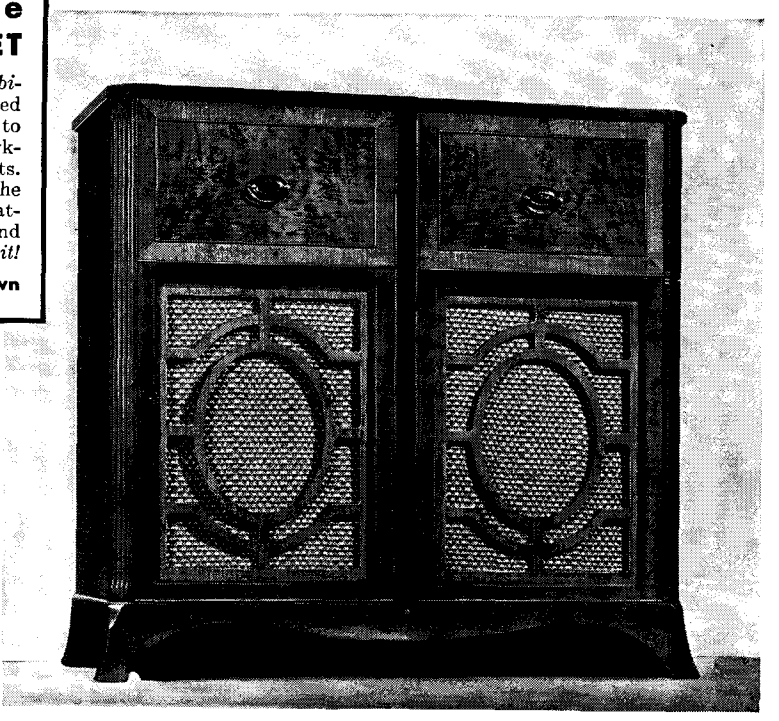
Make Your Own Records at Home

The Philco Home Recording Unit is optional equipment with every Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Record the voices of family and friends, make permanent records of radio programs, mail "voice letters" to friends. Many fascinating uses. Easy to use.

Only Philco Has the TILT-FRONT CABINET

A new kind of radio-phonograph *cabinet, too* . . . created by Philco. No need to remove ornaments and raise a lid to reach the phonograph. No dark, awkward, hard-to-get-at compartments. Just tilt forward the grille and the record turntable comes out automatically, in full view, easy to reach and convenient to use. *Only Philco has it!*

(*Left*) **Philco 608P, only $12.95 down**



PHILCO 609P. This Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph combines the exquisite beauty of a lovely Period cabinet of authentic Hepplewhite design with the thrill of Philco's new and spectacular 1941 inventions. It brings you new and vital benefits no other radio-phonograph can offer. Music on a beam of light. New Tilt-Front cabinet. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. New phonograph circuit, specially designed for finest record tone. *Yours for only $15 down.*

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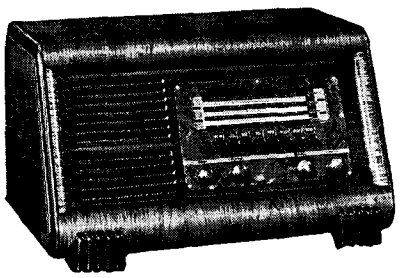

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No Summer Love

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The girl said: "I don't go in for summer love, Duke." She was wise. So was he

DUKE WAYNE hesitated on the steps, gazing down on the long blue pool and the gay canvas of the cabanas. The pool looked cool and inviting with the tennis courts stretching out behind it, nestling there in the Colorado mountains. The Bristol itself was on the terraced hillside, white and imposing against the rugged purple of the horizon. It was a nice layout, he thought, and he should know. In the four years since he had won the Olympic four-hundred-meter championship he had seen them all.

"Down here," Pam cried. "Down here at the end, Duke!"

He smiled when he saw the crowd loafing before her cabana. No matter whether it was Miami or Sun Valley you could count on Pam Norton having sorted out the people who were fun or well-known, and while you were at that resort they were the crowd you ran with. They always had more money than they needed and the men were hard-drinking and easygoing, while the girls had too much time and too little to do. And because you were Duke Wayne and had fame instead of money, you fitted in as if you had always belonged: as if you had learned to swim in some exclusive club instead of a neighborhood Y.M.C.A.

He made his way through the people sunning themselves beside the pool and there were the whispers as they told one another that he looked just like his pictures. There was the dark hair curling around his forehead, the rather prominent jaw and the long, swelling biceps that you expected in a great swimmer. Duke could feel their eyes and it neither pleased him nor displeased him. It was just something that went with the championship.

Pam came running up and he grinned down on her, one big hand rumpling the honey-colored bob that was so smart against her summer tan. It was nice to see the cool blue eyes again, to watch the lips that were always a perfect, vivid arch. "How are you, Pam?"

"Fine," she said. And then, accusingly: "It's about time you got here. Staying over for that silly meet in Omaha!"

He glanced at her, wondering why she could never understand that it was at those silly meets that he picked up enough expense money to drift around the country; keeping in shape to retain his title and

"I think we'd better stay in our own leagues," she said. "Isn't it rather obvious? I'm sure no working girl could really afford you"

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at the same time having a lot of fun that he would never have had otherwise.

"I had to stay over," he said easily. "I'd promised the brass hats."

He had cracked the national record there but he didn't have to tell Pam that. She knew such things and it slid out in her conversation when others were around. She was introducing him to the others then and some of them he already knew. There were Tommy and Edie Farrell whom he had met at the Bristol the year before and there were Bob Miller and Dobie Renwick whom you ran into everywhere. He shook hands with them all and then stretched out in the sun.

Pam was sitting beside him and her eyes were never off him for long.

"I missed you, handsome," she said. "You might have written."

"I'm sorry, Pam. I keep meaning to write but by the time I get around to it you've gone somewhere else and I'm right back where I started."

SHE glanced at him, wondering if he really believed that. She had met Duke in Miami and at first he had been just another cute boy until she realized that he was content to leave things that way. While he hadn't said anything yet, he would. Things could go on building themselves up only so long.

"You've caught me now, Duke," she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Wrap you in cellophane," he said. "I'm no fool."

She made a face at him and he grinned. Presently he remembered that he would have to look up Bob Appleby in the next day or so. Bob handled the Bristol's promotion and he would want some publicity tie-up to write off against Duke's room and board.

The waiters were setting up a buffet lunch in the cabana. Duke shook his head when Pam wanted him to eat with the others. "Not yet," he said, stretching. "I'm going to take a plunge."

He wandered over to the springboard and it was then, for the first time, that he saw the girl in the red suit. She was sitting beside the board, her head thrown back to catch the sun. There was a fine, full mouth and lovely chestnut-colored hair but a lot of girls had that. It was her eyes that made you wonder who she was.

They were almost a sea-green and there was none of that casual invitation in them that most pretty girls had. She glanced at him and at the Olympic shield on his trunks and then she closed her eyes again, tilting her head back to the sun. There was that and nothing more.

His body arched in a clean dive and a moment later his head bobbed up some twenty feet beyond the board. The water was just cold enough for that familiar tingling feeling to begin flowing through him. His long, flat muscles responded and he was sliding up the pool, so easily and so smoothly that there was hardly a ripple.

He was still stiff from his long drive and it was a good half-hour before he felt limbered up. He floated there a while, and just when he was about to call it a day he saw the girl splashing her way up the pool. She was digging in too deep and her arms were threshing in awkward arcs.

When her face was turned to his he smiled. "You make hard work of it," he said. "Keep your feet up and you won't have to paddle so hard."

He made his way through and there were whispers as they told one another that he looked just like his pictures

Most girls would have liked Duke Wayne's noticing them and they would have shown it. But not this one. The water was dripping off her high, smooth cheekbones and her eyes were more amused than interested.

"Thanks," she said, "but I've so many faults that I'm afraid working on just one of them won't help much."

He looked at her a moment. "Come on down to the shallow end and I'll show you." He wasn't in the habit of doing things like that but this girl was worth it. She wasn't just a pickup and you could tell it.

He must have spent twenty minutes showing her how to get her feet into it, making her hold on to the ledge while she practiced. She was about twenty-four, he decided, and she was different from any of the girls he knew. She was pleasant but not the kind you could move in on. Her name was Gerry Andrews. He told her he had just arrived and she nodded but didn't ask any questions. She didn't even ask him how long he was going to stay.

"Duke," Pam called, "Duke, we're going in now."

"I'll be along," he said. "See you at the bar."

Pam still didn't leave and the girl in the pool glanced at Duke. "Perhaps you better run along," she said. "Your friends seem to be waiting."

He could feel the amusement in her voice and it annoyed him. "When we're through," he said shortly. "Let's get the kick right before we call it a day."

She glanced at the clock over the tennis courts. "I'm afraid I'm through now," she said pleasantly. "I really have to go in."

He followed her to the ladder. "If you want to come down some morning—"

"I couldn't promise," she said. "I'm not always free."

"Free?"

Her eyes were openly amused now. "That's right," she said. "You see I happen to work here."

SHE didn't show up at the pool again and so one day Duke wandered down to the Bristol garage. A stocky mechanic was checking over the wiring system on an expensive roadster and he was swearing under his breath. Duke dug a finger in his ribs, and when he saw who it was Mike grinned.

"Hello, kid," he said, wiping his hands on some waste. "I heard you blew in. What goes?"

"Nothing much," said Duke. "What goes with you?"

"I got my two week's notice in," said Mike. "I caught a job with an airplane outfit in Burbank and we're driving out to the coast. The wife's pretty excited. She's always wanted to see California."

"She'll like it," said Duke. There was the familiar heavy smell of oil and the cars that were in for repairs and it made him think of the trade school. He had always been interested in motors and was in his last year at the school when he won his first national title.

"What's wrong with that baby?"

"She keeps shorting out," Mike said. Duke nodded. You could spend three hours on those big jobs looking for a lousy little short.

"Let me have the light," he said. He was holding it while Mike checked the ignition. It wasn't in there and they both frowned. "How about the generator?" Duke asked.

Mike was still frowning. "I don't think so," he said, "but maybe it won't hurt to check it."

In ten minutes he had located the short. It was in the generator itself.

He was working on it when Duke remembered what had brought him there.

"Mike, do you know a girl named

(Continued on page 39)

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England overwhelmed her soldiers with attention to prevent boredom. Above, Gracie Fields entertaining troops in France

What Happened to France

By André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The author, appointed "Official French Eyewitness" with the British army, sees the futile, brave efforts of the Allied soldiers trying to dig in against a war that never happens

II. WHY THE FIRST EIGHT MONTHS OF THE WAR WERE WASTED

AT THE beginning of October, 1939, a short time after the first English troops arrived in France, I received a letter from the British Army Council inviting me to come to the General Headquarters of that army as "French Official Eyewitness." My duties would be to follow the course of operations and to maintain contact between the British troops and the French people by such varied means as articles, lectures and talks on the radio.

During the four years of the last war I had been liaison officer attached to the British army; I retained the pleasantest memories of my English and Scotch comrades; I had, in fact, written my first book about them, and so I was naturally tempted by this offer which was made with a great deal of warmth and cordiality. Being a reserve officer in the French army, I transmitted the letter to my superiors and at once received an order to accept. Thus it was that I went to Arras wearing a lieutenant's uniform (my rank in 1918) to present myself to Lord Gort, the commander in chief.

General Viscount Gort was staying at that time in the Château d'Habarcq near Arras. I was received there by his aides-de-camp, a magnificent Scotch officer wearing a kilt with the Gordon tartan and having a beautiful silver-hilted dagger stuck in his beribboned stocking, and the amiable Lord Munster, illegitimate descendant of William IV of England. In the small waiting room Gordon and Munster offered me a strange and violent cocktail which they called "the Habarcq Horror." Then they said to me: "Now we'll take you to the chief."

Never has a generalissimo had a simpler office. A scrawled card, affixed to the door by four thumbtacks, read: "Office of the C. in C." Inside the room, empty of all furniture, two trestles of white wood supported a bare plank. This was Lord Gort's worktable. The simplicity was intentional. Lord Gort believes that a chief should live in the same way as his men. Extremely active by nature, he found, in time of war, his only sport and relaxation in walking. He was to be seen at dawn on the muddy roads around Arras, his elbows close to his body, his head thrust forward, his red-and-gold cap defying the rain, followed by a panting aide-de-camp.

GORDON told me that one day his chief had taken him to the Hotel Crillon for a conference with General Gamelin. He, Gordon, had been delighted at the thought of passing a pleasant evening in Paris. But after dinner Lord Gort had said:

"Now we'll go for a walk."

Whereupon, elbows close to his body and head thrust forward, he made three very quick turns around the Louvre, by way of the Rue de Rivoli and the quays, and then went home to bed, still followed by the disconsolate Gordon.

The thing that struck me, on seeing Gort for the first time, was his air of youth, vigor and animation. Hore-Belisha had just rejuvenated the command of the British army and I think he had been right in doing so. The conversation was rapid and easy. Lord Gort spoke first of Hitler's plans.

"Will he attack through Belgium? I think he will," said the general, "because it is the only operation possible. You remember your Foch's dictum: 'In war you do what you can, making use of what you have!' Only I don't see how Hitler can launch an offensive in winter in this Flanders mud, and if several months are to pass without fighting I'm afraid our men will become bored. It's no joke, you know, when darkness comes at four o'clock, to go back to a damp barn with no light but a candle."

"But, sir, in 1914 we spent all our time in dugouts and trenches."

"That was different," he said, "at that time we had an enemy in front of us who saw to it that we had enough to do. Here I am holding a line in front of Lille and Douai." (He got up abruptly to show me the line on the map.) "I have nothing in front of me except Belgium, a neutral country. It's not easy in these circumstances to maintain a fighting spirit. No, if this inaction is prolonged, a way will have to be found to distract the men. Lord Nuffield has offered me radio sets, but that's a problem in itself. Our soldiers can't use radios that require an outside source of current, because they have no electricity in their cantonments. And so we must have radios that work from storage batteries. But then the batteries will have to be recharged. I'm engaged at the moment in having some cars equipped to go from unit to unit to perform this service."

Then he described to me the fortified lines that, according to information he had received from the Intelligence Service, the Germans had constructed in Poland against the Russians. This was at the time when people still hoped that these two nations would not long remain on friendly terms—a tenacious illusion, like so many others. Then he talked to me about the work I was to do.

"I want you," he said, "to talk to my men a great deal about the French army and to the French soldiers about our army. Then, too, we must make opportunities for our regiments to meet each other. Yesterday my lancers had lunch with your cuirassiers. That's fine. I myself often see General Giraud, commander of your Seventh Army, stationed on my left. He's a splendid soldier."

Lord Gort, British commander in chief, an extremely active man, found relaxation in the early part of the war in long walks accompanied by an aide

The cigarette he had given me was starting to burn my fingers and I looked about for an ash tray.

"Oh, throw it on the floor," the general said.

For, as a matter of principle, Lord Gort, who discarded all useless objects when on a campaign, did not own an ash tray.

NEXT day I began my inspection of the front lines. These lines, as General Gort had said, had nothing opposite them except customs barriers and Belgian policemen, but they might, in the event that Germany invaded Belgium, become from one day to the next the scene of the great battle. I was *horrified* at their weakness.

I had known, to be sure, from hearing it often repeated, that the Maginot Line ended in the neighborhood of Montmédy, but I naïvely believed that it was prolonged along the Belgian frontier by a series of fortifications that were perhaps less strong but nevertheless formidable. I received one of the greatest and most painful shocks of my life when I saw the pathetic line which, on a part

(Continued on page 42)

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Shell Game

By Helen Hilcken

IFOR THOMAS

The private life of the lobster is interesting, but gourmets prefer the post-mortem facts, with sauce

WHEN you mention lobster to some people they launch into a detailed account of what happened the last time they ate lobster. It probably wasn't the lobster's fault at all. A three-year-old child can eat lobster that is properly cooked and not eaten with an assortment of other foods that impede digestion. It's as safe as chicken or steak or any other fish or meat.

So let's lift the veil of mystery and bring the lobster right out on our own dinner table where it belongs. It's really one of our first American foods, because the Pilgrims who settled in Massachusetts caught and enjoyed the edible crustacean that so closely resembled the lobsters they had once found off the coast of England.

Today the state of Maine produces seventy per cent of the lobster catch of the United States, although lobsters are found from Labrador to North Carolina in a short strip 1,300 miles long, 30 to 50 feet wide and 6 to 600 feet deep.

In Maine you'll find families with their own theories about broiling, boiling or steaming lobsters and their own favorite recipes for sauce or stew. And all along the roads in summer you see tourists' cars lined up outside the restaurants, while the visitors are exclaiming over the live lobsters moving nimbly about on the tips of their slender legs in the ponds where they are kept awaiting your order.

On Martha's Vineyard Island, eight miles off the coast of Massachusetts, the lobster fishermen set their traps in the water off Menemsha, baited with a piece of stale fish. The lobster usually looks for his food at night and by nature is a cannibal, feeding on the sculpin, the sea robin and even young lobsters two to four inches long. Clams and eel grass too are part of his diet.

These traps, or lobster pots, are visited every two or three days, and are set in water 30 to 180 feet deep. The trap, with its funnel-shaped opening of tarred net, permits easy entrance, but prevents escape.

Huge fireplaces are the rule on Martha's Vineyard and much of the cooking is done in large kettles that hang on a trivet over a roaring fire. Usually the lobsters are steamed, because steaming makes them more tender than boiling. The lobsters are grabbed behind the claws and plunged whole and alive into an inch of water boiled in a kettle with a tight cover so no steam can escape. Lobsters weighing anywhere from a pound to two or three pounds are best for steaming. They are timed according to size—eight or ten minutes for the small ones and about fifteen to twenty minutes for the larger ones. After steaming they're taken out on the rocks, cracked, and the edible luscious meat from the shell piled into cups of melted butter.

At the west end of Martha's Vineyard is the Indian Reservation at Gay Head, where the sandy clay of the famous cliffs takes on myriad colors ranging through purple red, blue, yellow and orange before dipping into the ocean. Across the road from the cliffs stands an old, frame house, high and alone, swept by the winds that blow in three directions from Vineyard Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. Here an Indian family, the Vanderhoops, live, opening their doors in summer to visitors who come to buy their native handicraft and eat their marvelous lobster sandwiches. Big chunks of lobster go between buttered slices of white bread and a tasty mayonnaise dressing complements the flavor of the lobster.

Over on Nantucket Island they go for lobster salads and at the Roberts House, where many notables dine, it appears on the dinner menu several nights a week. The meaty lobster is removed from the shell and placed on crisp beds of lettuce with mayonnaise, sliced tomatoes and hard-boiled eggs. Soft hot rolls and steamed blueberry pudding round out the meal.

If you feel more comfortable eating

(Continued on page 45)

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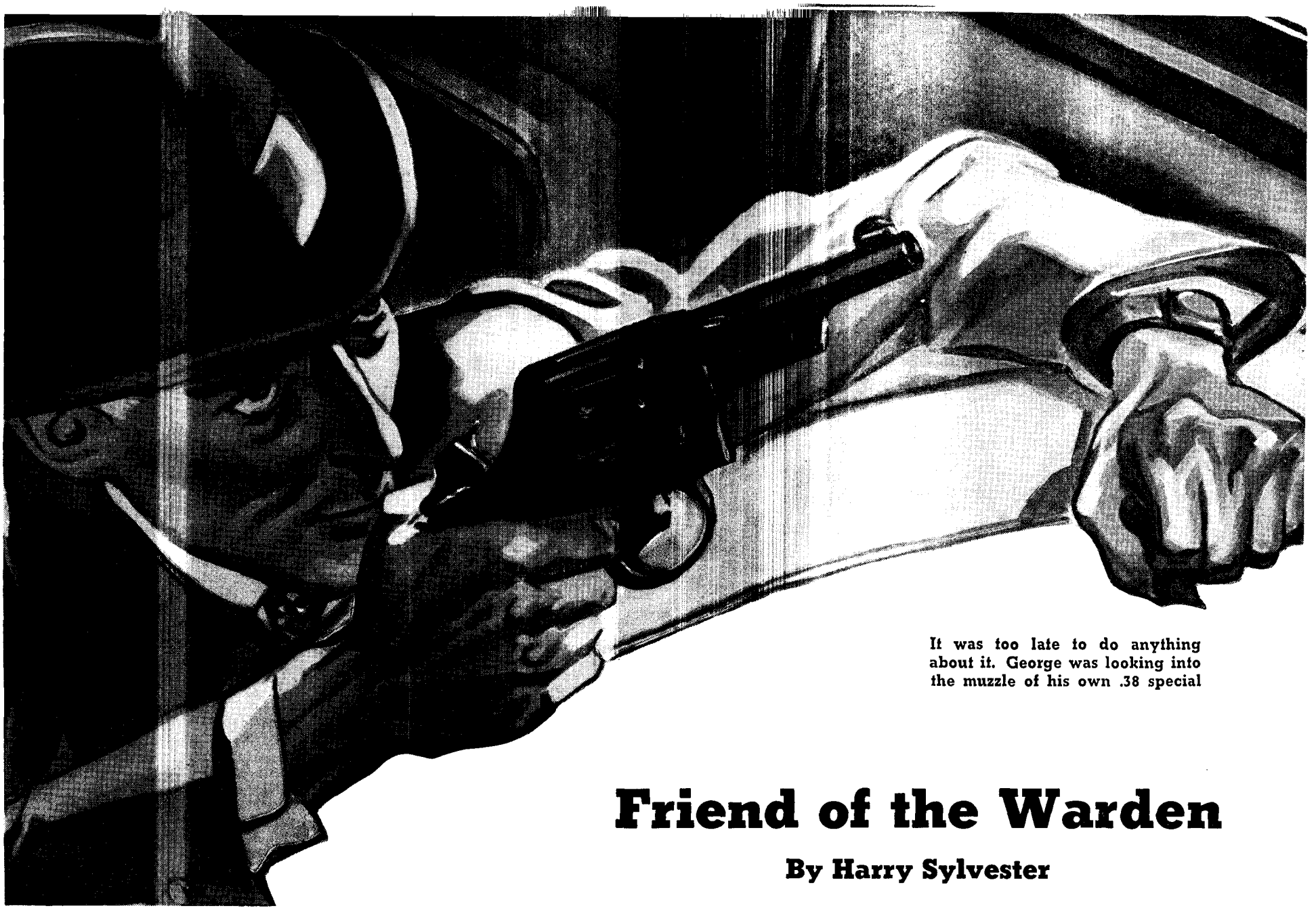

It was too late to do anything about it. George was looking into the muzzle of his own .38 special

Friend of the Warden

By Harry Sylvester

A bad night for a guard in the prison ward —but it led to the dawn of a better day

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

AT FIVE minutes to midnight, George Burns, wearing his uniform of a prison keeper, walked down the corridor leading to the prison ward on the sixth floor of the city hospital. Already the hospital corridors had taken on the lighter, almost sinister stillness of the night, only an occasional nurse in white moving silently through the halls. Woody Olson got up from the guards' bench in front of the ward and stretched as George approached.

"On time," Woody said, "and sober. Where's Foley?"

"He's been detailed to take care of that wounded kid in a private room."

"That's where my partner's been all evening," Woody said. "You'll be alone. I wish you luck. Here, sign."

George Burns looked at the little slip of paper. The thing that caught his eye was the number on it, 14. "Fourteen men," he said, signing the receipt.

"Thirteen men and Langer," Olson said.

"He at it again?" George said.

"When hasn't he been at it?" Olson said. "Abusing the nurses, dumping his food on the floor when he doesn't like it. Calling the doctors names."

"Why don't you do something about it?" George said, knowing well why nothing was done about it.

"Why the hell do you think?" Olson said. He went off down the corridor, a great hulk of a man, earnest and confused.

George put his lawbook, Pleading and Practice, on the bench beside him as he sat down and thought of the receipt again. Fourteen men, he thought, and he gave and took receipts for them like so many cattle in a stockyard. It was a lousy business and he would be glad to get out of it this spring when he finished law school.

He put a small, leather cushion against one end of the bench and half reclined against it while he tried to study. Even now, after a year in the prison ward, the night stillness beat on his ears. In dimnesses at the end of the corridors his eyes caught the whiteness of uniforms flitting by, and occasionally a moan floated along the corridor to him. He could think of when he had been at Central three years ago; before the cleanup, when the cons ran the place and Langer's friend, Clovis, had been a head keeper there. Clovis was deputy warden in charge of the prison ward now, and so far it was as though there had been no past enmity between himself and George. With Langer here again, and himself and Clovis, George wondered if there would be trouble again.

He drowsed a little, then heard feet on the corridor. He knew Foley and Dr. Levy stood over him looking at him, but didn't open his eyes.

"There he is," Foley said. "I don't know how he does it. It's bad enough working here without trying to study law for class the next morning."

"I'll tell you how he does it," Dr. Levy said. "He puts whatever book he wants to study under his pillow and then sleeps on it. In an hour or two, if we don't disturb him for the crass affairs of the hospital, he has it."

GEORGE BURNS opened his eyes and looked at them. He had a pleasant, homely face, lined somewhat more than is good for a young man's, but intelligent and possessing even a kind of querulous humor. "I don't sleep," he said. "I was just resting my eyes."

"That's what they all tell the commissioner when they're brought up on charges," Dr. Levy said. He was short, slight and dapper; in the hospital he always wore a stethoscope; in the street a small camera depended as regularly from his neck.

"How are you, Jake?" George said, sitting up. "You look rested and refreshed from your long vacation."

"You look like hell," Dr. Levy said. "What you been doing with yourself?"

George Burns put a slightly vacant look on his face and stared off into space while he enumerated on his fingers: "I work in the gow at night, go to law school in the morning and come home stiff in the afternoon. Simple, isn't it?"

"And sometime about evening one fine day," Dr. Levy said, "we'll be helping them bring you in in a strait jacket they've put on you to help stop you swinging at those blue alligators floating just over your head."

"Not I," George Burns said, "not I. What are you doing away from your post, Joe?"

"That kid died," Joe said. "I'm going back now to make out my report."

He left and George felt a slight, unreal sense of shock. "What's the matter?" Dr. Levy said.

"This kid, he got shot the first job he ever tried. I don't suppose I ought to feel bad about it."

"Oh, it's not a bad thing to feel bad about it. . . ." Dr. Levy said. Then, quickly: "I hear we have our friend, Langer, back? What's supposed to be the trouble with him? I haven't gone on duty yet and haven't seen the charts."

"He's supposed to have stomach trouble," George Burns said. "Personally, I think he just likes the food here. They brought him over from Central a few days ago. He's at it again, abusing the nurses, throwing things at the orderlies and raising hell in general."

"What about some disciplining?" Dr. Levy said.

GEORGE looked at him. "It's a long story, but Mr. Al Langer is a good friend of the warden here."

Dr. Levy nodded, now grave. "That's right. I heard something about a jam you got into with them a while ago."

"That was before the cleanup at Central," George said. "The first year I was on the job they put me over there. I wasn't there a week when I saw how lousy things were. There were four separate mobs operating among the prisoners there, each one under a ring guy. Langer was ring guy for one of them. I found junk in his cell one day and took it to Clovis, who was head keeper there."

"Junk?"

"Dope. Heroin. Clovis said he'd take care of it and I left it with him and didn't think much more of it until two days later when Clovis had me up on charges before the commissioner for bringing junk into the prison."

Dr. Levy whistled soundlessly.

(Continued on page 37)

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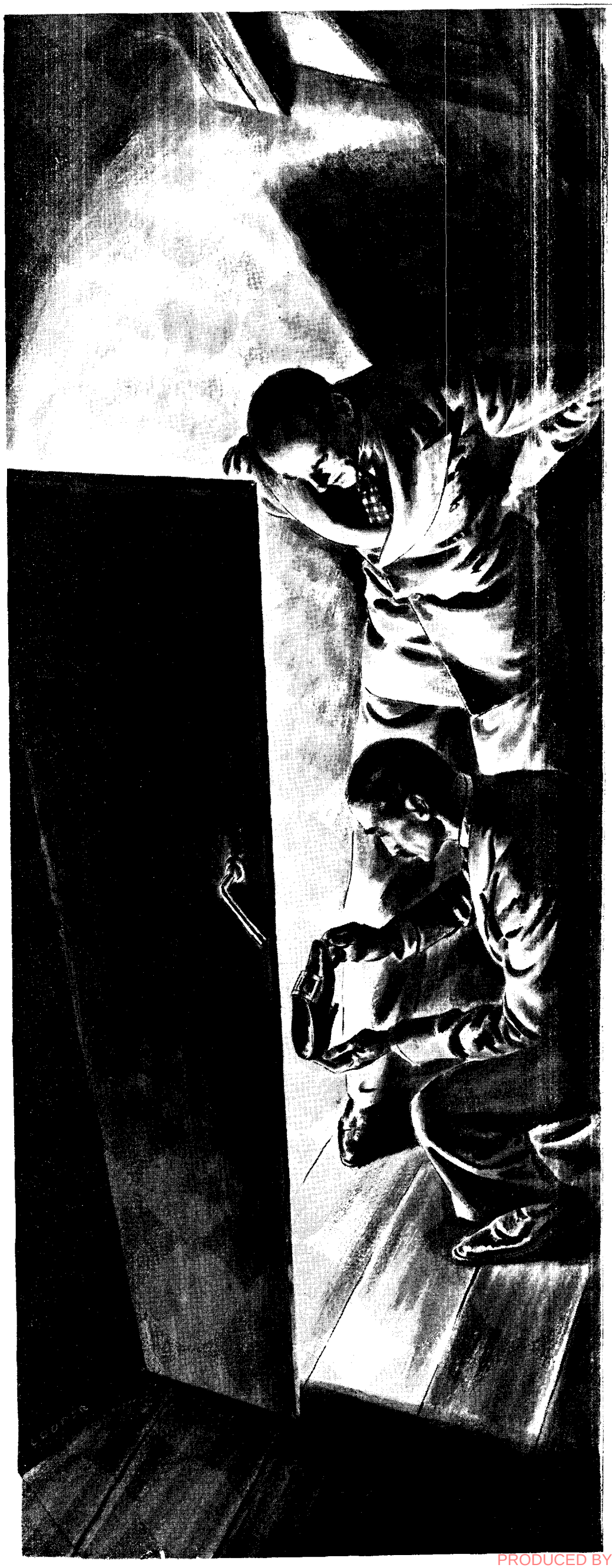

The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

HENRY MORLEY, a London dentist, is found shot to death in his office. Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, says: "Suicide." Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, (one of the dentist's last patients), says: "Murder—*probably*."

Investigating the case, Japp and Poirot call on one Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek who had been Morley's very last patient. The Greek does not receive them, for the very good reason that he has died of an overdose of dental drugs!

Japp at once evolves a plausible theory: Having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley had killed himself, in a fit of remorse. But Poirot does not accept the theory. Calling on a mysterious "Mr. Barnes," he learns in the course of a long interview that a band of conspirators are trying to undermine the existent order in England by killing off certain leading persons. According to Mr. Barnes, the plotters had tried to bribe Morley to kill Alistair Blunt, an extremely wealthy patient; and, when the dentist had refused to co-operate, they had paid his partner, Reilly, to do away with him—to silence him. . . .

The mysterious disappearance of a woman—Miss Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death—adds another curious angle to the case. . . . Poirot (at times assisted by Japp) interviews various suspects: Howard Raikes, a young American radical who makes it clear that he would like to see a new order in England; Frank Carter, with whom Gladys Nevill, Morley's secretary, is in love; and others. Putting two and two together, he begins to formulate a theory. . . .

Jane Olivera, niece of Alistair Blunt, telephones Poirot and asks him if he will come to her uncle's home. Having learned certain things concerning the girl, Poirot says: "I was expecting you to call me." Then, going to Gothic House, where Mr. Blunt lives surrounded by servants, he has a talk with Jane—alone.

Jane wants to know what he had meant when he told her he had been expecting to hear from her. Poirot tells her that she had summoned him because she hopes to pump him about young Howard Raikes. He tells her that he knows she is in love with Raikes; and she admits that he is right. Poirot then accuses Raikes of being a radical. Jane does not debate the matter. "Sometimes," she says slowly, "he gets carried away. He—he—" Poirot smiles. He says: "He wants to take a short cut. To exterminate—" Jane stares at him. "*Don't!*" she cries.

V

TIME went on. It was over a month since Mr. Morley's death and there was still no news of Miss Sainsbury Seale.

Japp became increasingly wrathful on the subject.

"Dash it all, Poirot, the woman's got to be *somewhere*."

"Indubitably, *mon cher*."

"Either she's dead or alive. If she's dead, where's her body? Say, for instance, she committed suicide—"

"Another suicide?"

"Don't let's get back to that. *You* still say Morley was murdered—*I* say it was suicide."

"You haven't traced the pistol?"

"No, it's a foreign make."

"That is suggestive, is it not?"

"Not in the way you mean. Morley had been abroad. He went on cruises, he and his sister. Everybody in the British Isles goes on cruises. He may have picked it up abroad. Lots of people like a gun when they're abroad. They like to feel life's dangerous."

He paused, and said: "Don't sidetrack me. I was saying that *if*—only if, mind you—that blasted woman committed suicide, if she'd drowned herself, for instance, the body would have come ashore by now. If she was murdered, we'd have found the body by now, too."

The shoe buckle had been clumsily sewed on. Poirot said: "It is that I am dreaming!"

"Not if a weight was attached to her body and it was put into the Thames."

"From a cellar in Limehouse, I suppose! You're talking like a thriller by a lady novelist."

"I know—I know. I blush when I say these things!"

"And she was done to death by a German spy or by an international gang of crooks, I suppose?"

Poirot sighed. He said, "I have been told lately that there really are such things."

"Who told you so?"

"Mr. Reginald Barnes of Castlegardens Road, Ealing."

"Well, he might know," said Japp dubiously. "He dealt with aliens when he was at the Home Office."

"And you do not agree?"

"It isn't my branch—oh, yes, there *are* such things—but they're rather futile as a rule."

There was a momentary silence as Poirot twirled his mustache.

JAPP said, "We've got one or two additional bits of information. She came home from India on the same boat as Amberiotis. But she was second class and he was first, so I don't suppose there's anything in that, although one of the waiters at the Savoy thinks she lunched there with him about a week or so before he died."

"So there may have been a connection between them?"

"There may—but I can't feel it's likely. I can't see a missionary lady being mixed up in any funny business."

"Was Amberiotis mixed up in any 'funny business' as you term it?"

"Yes, he was. He'd perfectly good business credentials and he was doing genuine business over here—but he had other fish to fry. Espionage racket."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes. Oh, he wasn't doing any of the dirty work himself. We wouldn't have been able to touch him. Organizing and receiving reports—that was his job."

Japp paused, and then went on: "But that doesn't help us with the Sainsbury Seale. *She* wouldn't have been in on that racket."

"She had lived in India, remember. There was a lot of unrest there last year."

"Amberiotis and the excellent Miss Sainsbury Seale—I can't feel they were likely teammates."

"Did you know that Miss Sainsbury Seale was a close friend of the late Mrs. Alistair Blunt?"

"Who says so? I don't believe it. Not in the same class."

"She said so."

"Who'd she say that to?"

"Mr. Alistair Blunt."

"Oh! That sort of thing. He must be used to that. Do you mean that Amberiotis was using her that way? It wouldn't work. Blunt would get rid of her with a subscription. He wouldn't ask her down for a week end or anything of that kind. He's not so unsophisticated as that."

This was so palpably true that Poirot could only agree. After a minute or two, Japp went on with his summing up of the Sainsbury Seale situation:

"I suppose her body might have been lowered into a tank of acid by a mad scientist—that's another solution they're

(Continued on page 32)

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BRITAIN'S LABOR BOSS

No respecter of tradition or old school ties is dynamic Ernest Bevin

DIX

Nine million English workers gladly take their orders from Ernest Bevin, minister of labor. He's on their side and they know it, a fact that gives him power second only to Churchill's

By Quentin Reynolds

BILL ADAMS is a printer who makes about twenty-eight dollars a week. Bill lives in a small house in a suburb of London. On Sunday night Bill has the same supper that several million other Englishmen have. He has cold beef, tomatoes, boiled potatoes and hand-picked onions. Just as he was about to sit down to dinner last Sunday the telephone rang. A voice said, "This is the office of the minister of labor. Hold on."

Then in a moment there came a voice that Bill Adams knew well. It was a voice with a strong West-country accent, a voice belonging to the second most powerful man in England.

The voice said apologetically, "Bill, this is Ernie. Could I come around for a bit of supper?"

"Sure, Ernie, come along," Bill Adams said heartily. And then he went to the kitchen to tell the Missus to slice another tomato. Ernie likes tomatoes.

Within a few minutes his majesty's minister of labor entered the house. He sat down wearily, for though it was Sunday he had put in fourteen hours of work that day.

Bill Adams said, "You look tired, Ernie. Tell me just one thing. Are you on top of the job, have you got it in hand?"

Ernie Bevin nodded thoughtfully. "I think so, Bill. I really think so. There is only one thing that bothers me, Bill, I seldom get a chance to see the boys. They keep me working pretty hard, Bill."

Bill Adams told the story in his local pub a couple of days later and I heard it there. He and Ernie Bevin are old friends. Bill said that Ernie hadn't changed a bit since he had become a minister of the crown. Good people don't change, Bill Adams said. People like Ernie Bevin and his pal Dan Williams and Herbert Morrison. No, good people don't change. And, mark you, Ernie Bevin is a good man, Bill Adams added to his friends in the local pub.

Today England is saying that Ernest Bevin is a good man. I think it is very likely that tomorrow England may say that Ernest Bevin is a great man. Not all of England likes Bevin. The muddlers don't like him because he cuts right through the lovely red tape that they and their ancestors have taken so many years to wind about the machinery of governmental operation. The old-school-tie boys don't like Ernie Bevin because his rugged, devastating honesty and his admitted keen intelligence mocks everything that they and their class deem sacred. Bevin stopped going to school when he was eleven, but today he is the smartest practical economist in England. The Communists, of course, don't like him because he kicked them out of his trade union years ago. But the man in the street loves Ernie Bevin.

Whose War is This?

The man in the street likes Bevin because he thinks that Bevin is going to make this a people's war, a war fought by the people and for the benefit of the people, not a war fought by one class for the benefit of one class.

The outsider, as he calls himself, is no respecter of school ties or tradition. The man in the street listens with intense excitement to the magnificent speeches of Winston Churchill and the man in the street wants to believe in the prime minister. But, asks the man in the street, is Churchill going to realize that this war belongs to the Ernie Bevins of England, not to the old gang to whom Churchill so far has been true?

Why, asks the man in the street, is 71-year-old Neville Chamberlain still holding a position in the government? The man made every conceivable blunder possible for a diplomat to make. Instead of giving his country guns he gave England widows. Lord Halifax, the dignified and dreary foreign secretary, is still in the cabinet. Never once did he raise his voice to dissuade his former chief from perpetrating the gigantic mistakes of the past. Sir Kingsley Wood, the little man who wasn't there, is still governing the exchequer. Sir Kingsley, who during the peaceful days of last autumn made soporific speeches lulling the nation into sleepy quiescence and into the belief that airplane production was in every way satisfactory, is still a powerful minister. And dismal Sir Samuel Hoare, who is called Soapy Sam in Fleet Street, is the inept advocate of England's cause in Spain.

There is so much that is progressive and magnificent about Mr. Churchill's cabinet that the man in the street hates to see it held back by the legacies of failure whom Churchill still tolerates. The man in the street is proud of dynamic Herbert Morrison, minister of supply, and of Lord Beaverbrook, who

(Continued on page 48)

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I Cherish that Sentiment

By Kyle Crichton

The dizzy career of a baseball player named Dopey Gamback. MacPhail shook his hand

THE Dodgers knew they had something special in Dopey Gamback even before he reached training camp at Clearwater. The first inkling came the day after they checked in and began limbering up. It was in the form of a telegram from Yankton, S.D.: *Slight delay had blowout bumped into truck arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

They had to look up the roster of the club to find who the guy was.

"That's the outfielder Swatsy Milligan picked up in Wink, Texas," reported John McDonald, the secretary.

"Now all we got to do," said Leo Durocher, the manager, "is find Wink, Texas. Isn't that a hell of a jump for a guy to be making in one season?"

McDonald was still looking at the roster, his eyes bugging out.

"Say-y-y," he cried in astonishment. "This must be a misprint or something. It says this bird hit .612 in one hundred twenty-five games last year."

"That isn't a misprint," said Mr. Durocher ironically. "That's just a great big terrible lie. Nobody ever hit .612 in one hundred twenty-five games anywhere, anytime."

The next day another telegram arrived: *Please wire ten dollars need new tire arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

Next day there was another one: *Slight delay heavy snow big drifts arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

Mr. McDonald brought these tidings to Mr. Durocher on the field.

"Wire the bum to burn that jallopy and come the rest of the way on skis," hollered Durocher, not much caring whether the guy ever arrived or not.

It was a week before Mr. Gamback showed up. Meanwhile he kept the world informed of his progress: *Slight delay hit by bus wire five dollars arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

Then came a wire from Lake Wales, Florida, in the opposite direction from Clearwater entirely: *Have just seen Singing Tower very artistically pretty. H. Gamback.*

"Who's coming here, anyhow!" howled Durocher. "Little mister slap-my-wrist?"

Finally, Mr. Gamback made it. The players were sitting on the veranda of the hotel after supper when the car drove up. It was an old wreck with variegated portions of household ware sticking out all over it.

"It's the Oakies," said somebody from the shadows of the porch, but the others paid no attention because they were looking boggle-eyed at the girl in the seat with Mr. Gamback. Rookies simply don't bring their wives to training camp, being lucky to be there alone.

By this time our hero had climbed out from under the wheel of the car and was starting to unload. There was a bellhop standing in the door of the hotel but he made no move to go out.

"Why don't you help the guy with his stuff!" demanded one of the players.

"Why don't you?" asked the bellhop, but after a pause he started down the steps. As he went along the walk, he met Mr. Gamback coming toward the hotel with the first load. The bellhop, spurred by a belated feeling of duty, made a move to relieve Mr. Gamback of his luggage. At this, Mr. Gamback lifted his right limb and kicked the bellhop severely on the leg.

"*Yow!*" howled the bellhop, grabbing his shin and making the twilight tremble with his anguish.

The yell that went up from the Dodgers on the porch was even louder. They thought it was immense. Here was a man after their own hearts. As a unit they came down off the porch to greet the Gambacks.

"Come on in," they cried. "We've been waiting for you. Everybody's been waiting for you. Is this your wife?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Gamback proudly. "This is Sarah and that there right rear tire is the one you gentlemen bought for me."

"What's that your wife is carrying?" asked somebody.

"That there," said Mr. Gamback. "That there is a easel—a paintin' easel. Sarah she paints pictures."

They looked at the easel and at Sarah and at the right rear tire and then they looked at one another. Everything seemed to be in fine shape.

TWO things of importance happened next day. First, Mr. Gamback had the honor to be interviewed by Mr. Leland Stanford MacPhail, big boss of the Brooklyn club. What Mr. MacPhail had in mind was Mrs. Gamback. He intimated that it wasn't customary for a first-year man to bring his wife to camp. To this Mr. Gamback merely answered: "Withouten Sarah, I just couldn't stay . . ."

The discussion dwindled away to nothing almost immediately.

The next thing was when Durocher ordered Mr. Gamback into right field to shag flies and noted with horror, fifteen minutes later, that Mr. Gamback was nowhere to be seen. They found him finally out behind the stands, sitting comfortably on the ground with his back against the fence.

"Bring that big dope in here!" bellowed Mr. Durocher.

When Mr. Gamback arrived, Mr. Durocher took a deep breath and was about to start his yowls when Mr. Gamback intercepted him.

"I don't like to do no fieldin'," he said simply. "Hittin's what I like."

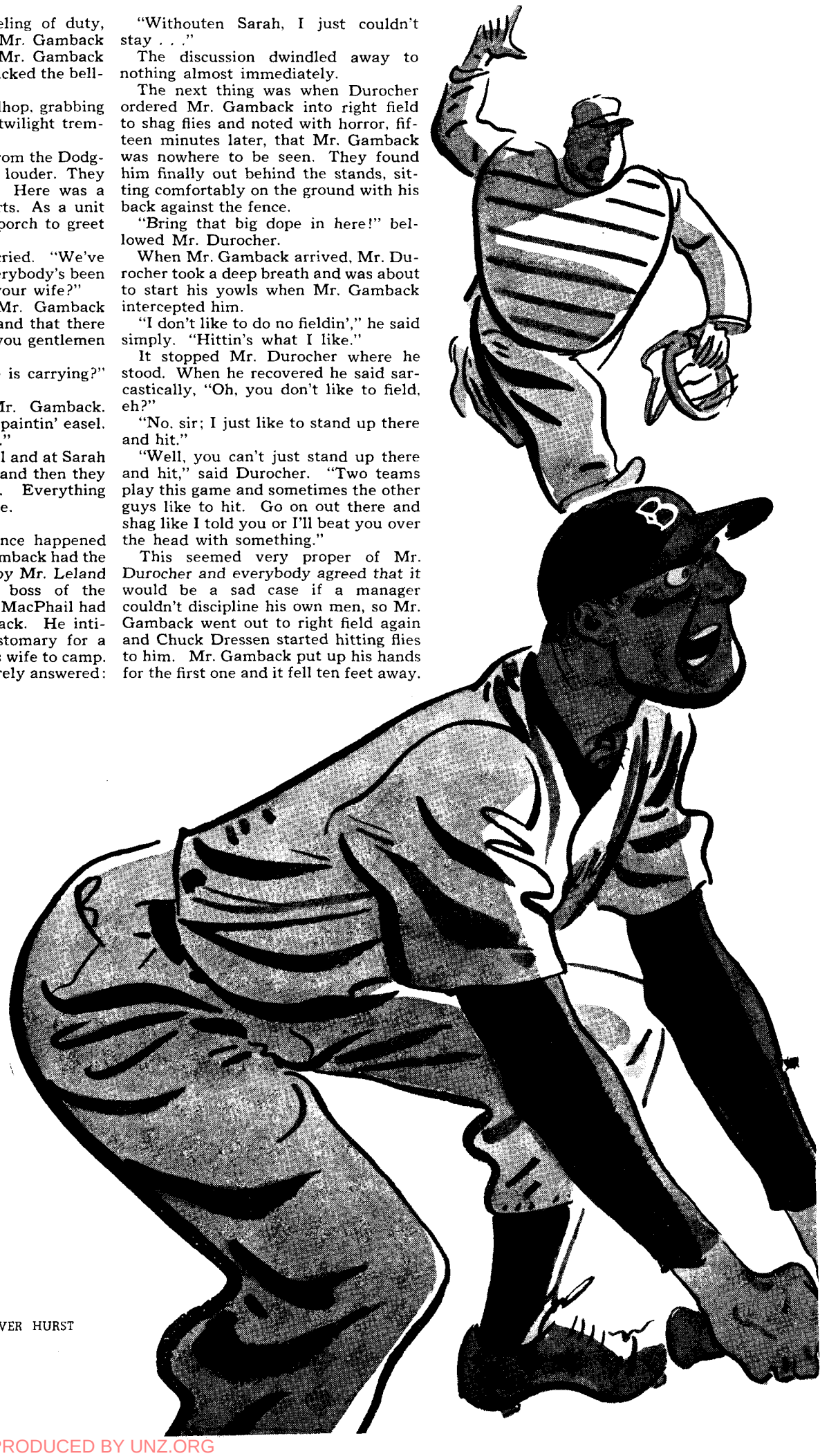
It stopped Mr. Durocher where he stood. When he recovered he said sarcastically, "Oh, you don't like to field, eh?"

"No, sir; I just like to stand up there and hit."

"Well, you can't just stand up there and hit," said Durocher. "Two teams play this game and sometimes the other guys like to hit. Go on out there and shag like I told you or I'll beat you over the head with something."

This seemed very proper of Mr. Durocher and everybody agreed that it would be a sad case if a manager couldn't discipline his own men, so Mr. Gamback went out to right field again and Chuck Dressen started hitting flies to him. Mr. Gamback put up his hands for the first one and it fell ten feet away. He put up his hands for the next one and ducked just in time to keep from getting hit on the head. He put up his hands for the third one and seemed amazed when it soared about thirty feet over his head and disappeared over the fence.

"Come on in here!" howled Durocher, and when Mr. Gamback got close Mr. Durocher added in the falsely considerate voice of the spider welcoming the fly, "Will you tell me how you ever managed to play one hundred and twenty-five games last year without getting killed?"



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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"They had a pretty near fence," said Mr. Gamback, "and the ball either went over or it bounced against it and I got it then."

"Did you ever catch any of the—uh . . ." Mr. Durocher sought for beautiful poetic words. "Any of the—uh—little innocent short ones?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Gamback.

At this Mr. Durocher threw his cap in the air, kicked at a pile of bats and began running around in a circle, making noises. When he recovered sufficiently, he yelled in a loud voice, "Go on up there and hit!" By which he meant Mr. Gamback had *better* hit or he would soon be on his way back to South Dakota.

Mr. Gamback picked up a bat, strode to the plate, planted his feet in a wide stance, and waited for the pitch.

WYATT was on the mound and let go with his hard one. Fortunately he ducked at the same time. The ball went past his ear with the speed of a meteor that has fallen through the roof of a barn. The second pitch landed up against the left field fence with a thud that could be heard in parts of Miami Beach. The third one went over the left center fence, four hundred and twelve feet away.

"Throw him your hook!" howled Durocher.

"That *was* my hook," answered Mr. Wyatt, not very pleasantly.

Then Durocher hurled Tamulis, the left-hander, into the breach. His first toss was hit so hard down the third base line that Cooky Lavagetto was still talking at eleven o'clock that night about how the Lord was on his side, he managing to drop to safety just before the projectile went over him.

"That's enough!" yelled Durocher, fearful that he wasn't going to have any team left if that bird stayed up there. "Three laps around the track!"

"I'd druther not do no runnin'," said Mr. Gamback. "Too much exercise this time of day always seems to ruin my stummick."

And that is how Dopey Gamback made the jump from Wink to Brooklyn in one short semester. But if Dopey

(Continued on page 46)

To Mr. Magerkurth, approaching with blood in his eye, the demonstration could only be aimed at the majesty of the law. If he had been red with anger before, he now became apoplectic

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The Bear Looks Over the Mountain

By Jim Marshall

Trouble ahead in the Khyber country, where Tommy Atkins battles the Afridi tribesmen as of yore and, from north of the Oxus, Russia eyes India's lush plains

A British officer holds open court for Afghan tribal chiefs who complain about clashes with British military law in the Khyber Pass district. The two goats have been brought as presents for the officer

© EWING GALLOWAY

THE armored car went first, grumbling along the narrow, winding road between the hot shale slopes of the Kohat Pass. Gun muzzles poked out of slits in the brown steel shields, searching the hills and gulches of the Hindu Kush. After the car came lorry loads of small, trim Gurkha soldiers in gray shirts and brown shorts, kukris on their hips, stubby Lee-Enfields between their knees. The Gurkhas were clearing the road from Kohat to Bannu, eighty miles.

For two days each week the might of the British Empire kept open this slim winding strip of highway through Tribal Territory on India's bloody Northwest Frontier. The territory is a wind-lashed, sun-baked strip of godforsaken hills and gulches jammed in between Afghanistan to the west and north, and British India, to the south and east. It is the scene of the world's longest nonstop war—a tangled mass of shale, sand and rock, four hundred miles long, from ten to a hundred miles wide.

In this wild territory a hundred thousand dead-shot Pathans battle for the freedom of a million people. Year after year, they battle grimly against civilization, against artillery and airplanes and modern scientific weapons of death—for their freedom.

If they would surrender and take the vow of allegiance to the king-emperor in faraway London, the British would allow them to come down into the fertile plains of India, acquire land, grow crops, own goats and sheep and buffaloes. They prefer to remain free in their barren hills, living in caves or among the ruins of their bombed villages, half starved, always dodging death. They have preferred it that way for four thousand years, or more.

The sharp crack of a rifle cut through the exhaust barking of the armored car and from a ridge ahead the echoes rang in the blazing heat of the pass. A slim young British lieutenant jumped from the car and in a bored Bond Street voice sang commands. The rifle cracked again and dust spurted beneath the car. The Gurkhas piled out of the lorries and took cover behind the baking rocks. A machine gun in the car brrrrp-brrrrp'd and shale and dust jumped on the hillside. The ridge ahead was silent again. You looked in vain for the tribesmen who must be there—somewhere.

The Gurkhas moved forward, spread out, rifles ready, taking advantage of every bit of cover. The crisped shale burned knees and elbows. The little soldiers moved ahead from shadow to shadow. Then, nine figures appeared momentarily in silhouette against the blue sky, and disappeared over the ridge top a hundred yards away. The Gurkhas chuckled and grinned and sent a volley that made little dust explosions along the sky line. An Afridi tribesman on the crest twisted slowly, fell and came tumbling down the slope, his rifle clattering on the rocks.

"Good shootin'," said the little lieutenant. "Up the hill, men, and we'll catch them on the next slope."

Ten Lives for One

He stood up, swept the hillside with his glasses and strolled forward with the little soldiers from Nepal, far away to the eastward in the Himalayan foothills where the rain forests are all full of butterflies and orchids—and death. The Gurkhas are the world's best trackers.

The machine gun spoke from the car, back in the road, and the ridge top exploded in dust and flying rock chips. The Gurkhas went forward up the slippery shale, stopping just short of the top. The young lieutenant climbed nonchalantly. Just short of the top he wriggled ahead between two rocks. The Gurkhas inched forward. Warily, they topped the ridge and looked over down the reverse slope. It was as silent as a tomb in the blazing heat. The gully was about fifty yards wide; half that deep. Somewhere down there, or on the farther slope, there ought to be eight tribesmen—anxious to make good the old hill rule: Ten British lives for every tribesman drilled by a nickel-jacketed .303. The Gurkhas had the same rule.

The little brown men wriggled forward and shoved rifle muzzles through cracks between rocks. A buzzard wheeled high in the blue sky. A shot came from the far slope. A Gurkha made a little sobbing noise and slowly collapsed in a heap. The others, straining to find the hidden enemy, fired slowly and coolly. The far slope was silent in the sun glare.

"Gone away," said the boy officer. His men sent a final volley into the rocks and crept back down the hill to the road, taking the wounded man with them. In the hills you do not leave wounded men —*or dead men either*—because unpleasant things happen to them. You do not get captured alive—because if you do the Afridi or the Wazirs or the Shinwari will bury you up to your neck in sand and then pigstick you from camels. The camels lurch and sway and sometimes it takes a very long while until the

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Since we are going up into these passes to have a look at the oldest war in the world we might as well understand the layout. You can get an idea of India's frontier by imagining our own northern border consisted of a long mountain chain, running from California to North Dakota and then down to Virginia.

The western leg of this range is the Hindu Kush; the eastern is the Himalayas. The Hindu Kush peaks run up to about eight thousand feet and the passes through them are about four thousand feet high. The Himalayas run well over twenty thousand feet and the passes through them are fifteen and sixteen thousand feet high, usually snow-filled.

Up in the corner where these two ranges merge is the most famous pass in Asia—the Khyber. There are remains of forts and old rock walls in the Khyber that history sharps say are 3,500 years old. Men were fighting, even back in those dim years, to force—and to hold —the barren hills. Except for short intervals, they have never stopped.

Up along the Northwest Frontier there are four layers of country. South, there is the fertile Indian plain. That belongs to England. Then there is the Tribal Territory. That belongs to the tribes, but the British maintain roads through it by force of arms. North of this, there is Afghanistan, a despotism in which Britain, Russia and now Germany fight for domination—not with guns, but with cold cash, diplomacy and intrigue. North of Afghanistan again there is the Soviet Union, just across the Oxus River.

Training Camp for the Troops

For years, England has made believe she feared an invasion of India by Russia, and at the same time has said such an invasion was impossible. Military men on the frontier today say that, with modern defense weapons and methods, Russia could not force the passes. They say they have the tribesmen united against such an invasion, and that they would like nothing better than to see a Russian army in mass formation marching down to the northern entrance of the Khyber. We will go up into the Khyber in a few minutes and see why.

For a century or more England has kept alive the Russian menace story for two main reasons: First, she keeps 60,000 white and 250,000 native troops under arms in India and she has to have a reason—because every penny of the expense is paid for by the Indians, and there has to be an excuse. Second, the frontier is a first-class practice ground on which to train troops. England, in normal times, manages to give nearly every regiment a taste of battle, murder and sudden death on the frontier.

If you ask army chiefs in India why England long ago didn't conquer the tribes, as she has conquered tribes elsewhere, they will tell you cynically: "We keep the tribesmen to practice on." You think this is a gag and take the story to political agents, doubting it. No, they say, that's British policy, as made by the army. The civilian government would like the hills pacified; it would like to disarm the warriors and make farmers and traders out of them—but the army won't have it. Just now, it is costing the army about forty casualties a month to run its training school.

The tribesmen—and their women and children—are trapped in their barren, almost waterless hills. Sometimes they come raiding down onto the plains, but they are always driven back. On the north, the Afghans stop them. There is nothing for them to do but fight—or surrender. A few of them surrender temporarily, when the going gets too tough. They hire out to the army as road builders, or *khasadars*—road patrolmen. But usually they go back to their hills and their eternal feud with civilization.

(Continued on page 35)

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Britain's Gurkha troops crossing a shallow river during maneuvers. The men in the foreground pause to put on their boots after the crossing

lance gets you fairly and squarely and ends your torture.

When the British army wants to open up the roads through some of the frontier passes it sends out armored cars and native soldiers under white officers. These fight their way along, manning stone forts set atop ridges in enemy country—that is, Tribal Territory. After all the forts are manned, trucks, busses and cars roll through the pass between strongly defended cantonments surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. For two days, the troops hold open the road. Then they retire and the tribesmen swarm back.

The British are comparative newcomers to these wars. In their methodical way they have recorded seventy-four wars in seventy-five years. In early days, each war had an objective, but of late the fighting has become so confused that one war ends each December 31 and a new one starts January 1.

Long centuries before there was an English nation, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, Alexander and his Macedonians, Mahmud of Ghazni, Nadir Shah and many another half-forgotten conqueror fought through these mountains—fought through them, but never conquered their tall, black-haired warriors.

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An officer of the tank corps on patrol obtains information from an Afridi tribesman of the Khyber Khasadar force, which guards the pass

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Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLA DIRLING, a singer at a Berlin night club, marries Paul Lesser, part owner with Rolf Blaerchen of the club. A short time later, Lesser is killed in a mysterious accident—planned (so Carola believes) by Blaerchen!

Three years pass. Learning that Carola is in Rome, Blaerchen—now a prominent Nazi—forces her to return to Berlin where he puts her to work as a Foreign Office spy. Loathing the man, who makes violent love to her, and shocked by his brutalities, she finally rebels and, leaving the apartment he has given her, begins rehearsing a singing role for the Sans Souci, a night club that will soon be opened.

By this time she has fallen in love with an old friend: Karl Dietrich. Dietrich, once a noted comedian, is deep in an anti-Hitler plot. Persecuted savagely by Blaerchen, who is jealous of him, he decides to obtain evidence that the fellow is a crook—evidence that, presented to Nazi headquarters, would ruin Blaerchen.

Making his plans with infinite care, Dietrich succeeds in inveigling Blaerchen into selling certain secret documents taken from the Foreign Office files. Then, when the Sans Souci has a brilliant opening, with Blaerchen and many other well-known Nazis present, he has Carola sing a song that makes it quite clear to the Nazi that he has fallen into a cleverly devised trap.

The following day, however, Carola and Dietrich receive a rude shock. Franz Wagner, owner of the Sans Souci, is ordered to close the club at once; and he is informed by the authorities that he must send his artists to Warsaw!

Realizing that the woman he loves will never be safe in Germany, Dietrich makes arrangements for her escape—on a fishing boat sailing from Stettin. Believing that Dietrich is to accompany her (he has told her that he is fleeing with her, although he has no intention of deserting his anti-Hitler friends), she goes to Stettin. Arriving on a disagreeable, foggy day, she reports to one Schwartz who is to tell her what to do.

Schwartz tells her that she is to sail alone. Carola is stunned. "Are you sure?" she gasps. "Certain," Schwartz says. Without another word, Carola turns, and walks out into the fog.

Conclusion

KARL spent most of that evening with Klauss, behind windows heavily curtained. They reviewed the damage done by Ranke's impetuosity. It was considerable. Kuhlmann, from the Gestapo, came for a little while to report that seven men who had worked in the factory and who had had contacts with men in other factories were now arrested.

"It is too bad," Klauss said factfully. "We need help so badly." He outlined activities that astonished Karl; he had thought of Underground work as something extremely limited. "We have our press and we are able to print material. We have our ways of getting information here and of sending information abroad, to keep in touch with friends who are freer to act than we. We have manufactured false credentials, we have painted signs on walls during black-outs, we have distributed pamphlets in letter boxes, in desk drawers—they even get to Berchtesgaden! Soldiers find them in the pockets of new uniforms just issued at the quartermasters'. And where do you suppose we learned many of our methods?"

Karl shook his head. "I have no idea."

"From the Nazis. We do the things they did before they came to power. We can use all their tricks but we have honesty and unselfishness on our side—which the Nazis have never had. We are not out for pillage! And if we are cornered, we will do as Ranke did. When the Nazis are cornered, and they will be cornered, they will turn on each other."

"Even if Germany wins the war?"

"Especially if she wins! Can you imagine Ribbentrop and Goering finding a satisfactory way to divide spoils? That split runs through the Nazi party! Then there is the split between Army and politicians—and victory will not breach that."

When Karl was about to leave Klauss said, "We must meet every day. Be at the Friedrichstrasse station at eight tomorrow night."

Back in his room Karl faced the loss of his job with Wagner. He would have to find something else, to cover his increased activity for Klauss. This night it was hard to think about a job. In his imagination he was with Carola, hoping she was safe. Of his own loss he would not think but it took will power not to remember the touch of her hair on his cheek, the softness of her hands. From his little window he could see a moon, a sarcastic comment on a black-out city. Karl hoped that the skipper of a small fishing boat on the Baltic was not cursing the bright moon and the brilliant sky.

At the office in the morning Karl found Wagner at his desk, trying to make some sense of the order to close. "I can't understand it," he said, an expressive look of helplessness on his face. "I can't understand it." He stared at Karl as if remembering some unpleasant fact. "Blaerchen is responsible, *nicht wahr?* Answer me! Isn't that right?" He shook his head vigorously.

(Continued on page 26)

Stissing pulled a chair near the door. Werner sat beside him. Not once did suspicion leave their faces

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His Daily Bread

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE woman stood in the doorway and looked at the sea. She folded her arms over her breast and leaned back and watched and waited.

Across the granite shoulder of the hill the river was talking. The spring storm had broken the ice in the river and the old yellow cakes were marching out to sea. She could hear them groaning, muttering as they ground against each other on the hurrying ebb tide.

She was a strong-looking woman and her face held youth—but lines of waiting and work showed under the eyes and jaws. The arms she folded were bare from the soft elbows and powdered with the flour of the bread she had made. Her color was high from the fire of the stove and when she breathed it was like smoke in the cold mid-morning air.

In the house behind her the radio music stopped and the station's call letters were announced.

The man she was waiting for came up the path, walking slowly in turned-down boots. The oilskin coat was still glistening with the wet of the sea and stiff with the cold as he moved his arms. His heavy feet dragged over the granite shoulder and the burden on his back bent him down. He looked up as the path he walked on joined the other from the spring hole, and his eyes stayed for a moment on the woman in the doorway. Not a single line in his face showed recognition—or a sign of greeting. He walked on heavily toward his home.

He was a squarebuilt man and his layer on layer of clothing made him a hulk of a man. He walked on—as if momentum carried him.

The radio spoke of the time and the woman glanced in at the clock on the shelf by the bunk. Then, having seen that her man was safe, she turned and went inside. But even as she moved from stove to table, her eyes watched him through the window and she read the bitterness and fatigue on his face. She saw him stop a few yards from the house—throw off the burlap sack of rope and fishing gear, and turn toward the sea. He stood there, his broad back to her, his shoulders sagging, his legs bent at the knees; and she felt his resentment toward life—the bitterness he must feel toward defeat—and her heart went out to him.

He came in and fumbled for a chair. He sat down and his legs went out straight. He pushed the door closed with a hand which slumped back without bones.

The radio was going. He stared at it blankly. The voice talked of the war in Europe, of famine, of death. But if the man heard he showed no interest.

He looked up at his wife. His eyes were sunken far under his sandy brows. They blinked like an animal's, the film gathering in tears at the corners. He lifted his hand to his face and drew it slowly over his forehead, across his nose, and pulled at his jaw. His face showed white at the marks of his fingers. The hand fell back to his knee, where it seemed to crumple. For a moment he didn't move. The radio's voice droned on and blurred in the room.

"FRANK!" the woman said sharply.

He raised his head—then shook it—as if to break the spell of sleepiness. He said, "Is it ready?"

"Take off your clothes, you can't eat with them on."

He said, "All right, all right. Don't get peeved."

He lifted one foot and placed its heel on the toe of the other and worked the boot loose. For the other, he put the heel in the V of the brace under the sink and pulled. The boot fell to the floor. He peeled off the slicker coat, a leather jacket, a grease-darkened sweater. With a stockinged foot he shoved all to the corner near the door.

"I'm hungry," he said. "Quit foolin' around."

She placed in front of him a large bowl of fish chowder, yellow with floating gobs of butter fat and dotted with pepper. He moved in close to the table. But he waited. Not for ceremony. Not for prayer. But for his bread.

The slices she dealt on the plate, like cards, were still warm and the powder of the flour whitened the brown crusts. She watched his battered, broad-fingered hand reach out, slide the slice toward him and lay on the butter.

"How is it?" she asked.

Swallowing, he said, "Good. It's hot."

He looked up then. A slow recognition came to his spray-burned eyes.

Instinctively, without study, her hand went out to him and touched his arm.

"Was it bad out in the bay?"

He pulled his shoulders together and leaned over the plate. He scooped up a spoonful of milk and flakes of fish. "Wicked," he said.

"I heard the ice," she said.

He tore at the bread, his teeth on the crust. Then, with his mouth full, he said, "I lost my dory. It got smashed to bits in the ice."

She inclined her head in sympathy. But the loss of a dory doesn't mean much to a woman when her man is safe. She said, "Any fish?"

"Nothing. There's no fish in the bay. The storm's drove them out."

WHEN he was through he pushed back the plate and searched his pocket for a cigarette. He drank coffee and sat there staring at the radio. The urgent voice was still talking, telling of the war in Europe, of famine, of death.

He said after a minute, "I'm going out again this noon."

She started. "No, Frank. No. You're tired. You've been out since three this morning. Rest now."

He shook his head. "I can't."

He reached for his gray sweater, the leather vest, the coat and his boots from the corner by the door. He put on his clothes. Then he put on his boots.

She said, "No—Frank. It's still bad out. I can't stand for you to go out again."

He rubbed the back of his neck. A smile came to his face.

"I got to go," he said.

He was standing now—looking at her. He moved toward her. She came to him, her arms lifted and put her arms around his broad chest. He could feel her hands on his back. Her hands couldn't meet around him. She kissed him. They held to each other for a moment—then he backed away. The tired film on his eyes was gone. His head lifted. His hands went out quickly, with life, and patted her on the shoulder. "I'll be back," he said. "Early."

She stood there watching him buckle up the oilskin coat. He laughed. "Don't get scairt. This isn't war. This is just plain work."

He went out. She saw him through the window. He walked with a quick step down the path on which she had seen him come and go so many times. He walked with his head up. Once she saw him stop and look out to sea—his arms akimbo—his legs spread apart, defiantly. Then he leaned down and touched the ground. He seemed to pat the ground—feel it.

He looked back, embarrassed to see if she saw him. He must have caught her at the window, for he waved and shouted something she couldn't hear. She went to the door. He was laughing. "I feel good," he shouted back to her. "There's no war over here. I'll be sure to get back before sundown. So long. . . ."

He turned and walked to the shore.

She stood there watching him from the doorway—her arms folded across her breast. She thought, smiling to herself, "He sure likes his bread."

The tired film on his eyes was gone. His head lifted. His hands went out quickly, with life, and patted her shoulder. "I'll be back," he said

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GUN SMOKE

Romantic interlude in the life of a young man who didn't know that a killer can never escape his past

By Clifford Dowdey

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

OF THE town they ruled with bright gold and hot guns, nothing is left now except scattered adobe walls, roofless and broken, hidden in a mesquite thicket. Even the main street is as trackless as the desert to which the town has returned.

Because no spot marks their deeds, the men seem as transient and as legendary as the abandoned town. As it sprang full-grown from the desert, lived its awful and sudden hour, so did they. Living only in and for that hour, they were unknown before and lost afterward, gone with the smoke of their guns.

Those guns were smoking and the men behind them were kings for that moment, when the thin line of Confederate soldiers straggled west after Appomattox in search of a new life. Some had never gone home, but kept walking west from the little Virginia court town across the hot miles to Texas. Some had gone to the place where home had stood, but the Yankees had been there first, and then they fell into the line of march where the other defeated men had passed.

Johnny Malvern was one of those, only twenty-one when he reached Texas. There the ex-Rebs were making trouble with the Yankee peace officers and he pushed on west into New Mexico. He was tired of fighting after four years in Jeb Stuart's cavalry. He worked on ranches, trying hard to be a good cowboy, until he landed with Tom Langhorn's big spread. It was a gun outfit and they took him for his fighting experience, but he didn't know that, not at first.

He didn't find out until Langhorn sent him and twenty others to another outfit in a northern county, and his work ended in a gun battle with the cowboys of Jed Withington's spread. Langhorn's foreman was killed and the men beaten off, and Johnny scattered with the rest. He rode hard all day with an older cow hand named Slim, and at dusk they emerged from a rocky canyon where a thin stream trickled through a wash.

They dismounted and drank, and watered their horses. Then they stared ahead, where sandy flats rolled for miles toward a ridge, smudgy black against the fire of the falling sun.

"We can make that by dark," Slim said, "and cross it in the morning. Then we'll be in another county, and safe."

Johnny turned to him in surprise: "Ain't we goin' south first, for to collect our pay from Langhorn?"

"Johnny," Slim said in a deliberate voice, "Langhorn don't figure he owes us anything. He sent us up here to fight for this other outfit, and if we'd 'a' won we'd 'a' collected from this outfit up here. But we lost, and when you lose Langhorn don't know you."

Johnny thought that over and slowly shook his head. "Maybe he figures it that way, but I don't. We was working for him and he never said nothing about win or lose to me."

"Son, you're new to the West but I'm an old hand here, too old to be fighting for other men any more. I'm going over to Arizona, come spring, and start a little outfit of my own. I want you to string along with me, because you got the makings of a good cowboy, and I want to get you out of this ruckus."

JOHNNY'S face set in stubborn lines. "I ain't made like that, Slim. I got a winter ahead of me and not a Confederate dollar in my jeans. Langhorn owes me and I aim for to collect. I'll see you in Arizona in the spring and . . . and thanks for all you've learned me."

"Thanks nothin'!" Slim's seamy face set in lines as hard as Johnny's and his bleached eyes lit. "I've seen a heap of you unreconstructed Rebs out here, still trying to do things like they was in the South, but you're one what's gonna listen to me. You was hired on a gun outfit, and all that learnin' you about a quick draw that I done was on Langhorn's orders. He was fighting it out with Withington for control of this country around here and we lost. Withington owns it now and Langhorn's got to

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"You're Johnny Malvern" were the words, but they sounded like some kind of insult

sing low. He wouldn't even let on he knew you. You go poking around him and you'll be in worse trouble than you are now. He'd just as soon kill you as he would a snake, sooner because a snake don't put no notches on his gun."

Johnny gathered up his reins. "That's a chance I'll have to take."

"But it ain't no chance, Johnny. He'll kill you or you'll have to kill him."

"Then I'll play it that way. Killing ain't nothing new to me. I've just come out of four years of it and I saw my brother go down beside me when I was sixteen years old." He swung up in the saddle.

THE light was dimming. Already the purple haze was spreading over the flats. Slim moved over beside Johnny. "Killing one man personally is different, son, and remember that they never kill just once."

Johnny Malvern wasn't remembering that as he rode south toward the main house of Tom Langhorn. He was remembering the pile of ashes in Virginia that had been his home, and he was remembering what it looked like before the war, when his father and brothers had been alive and they raised the fastest horses in Hanover County. They'd taken those horses into the cavalry, where no man asked others to fight his battles for him. The generals never sent you where they wouldn't go themselves. Out here the boys in the outfit did the fighting, and they stuck together like one of Jeb Stuart's troops, but the man behind them disowned them if they didn't win. He wasn't going to be disowned by any rustling cattle king.

THAT was the way Johnny felt when he walked into the ranch house and faced Tom Langhorn. He was a red-faced man with skin as tough as cactus and eyes that had never been afraid of anything and never would be. Johnny told him, politely but stoutly, what he was there for.

Langhorn had been sitting behind a table he used as a desk. He jumped up and a pearl-handled revolver showed on his belt.

"You was working for that northern outfit, even if I did send you up there. It's broken up and can't pay you. I don't see as I owe you a Mex dollar."

"You owe me, sir, because we both know I was working for you all the time. That outfit was really yourn, up there to fight Withington, and I risked my life in that fight, which is more than I had bargained for. All I'm asking for is my pay as a cowpuncher."

LANGHORN'S face grew harder. "You're asking the wrong man then. If you value your hide, get out!" He was shouting and his skin was purple and his eyes had no color in them at all; they were just a hot light.

Johnny knew he had to go, or else stay and fight as Slim had said. Then, no longer curbing his anger, he said steadily, "Well, I ain't going!"

"And I say you are," Langhorn bellowed and went for his gun.

Johnny went for his, too, sweeping it up, just as he had practiced, and squeezing trigger when the barrel cleared the holster. He had no worry about shooting straight, because he'd used the pistol in the cavalry. Everything in him was bent toward shooting before Langhorn, and he must have been a shade quicker, for he heard Langhorn's bullet thud into the floor at his feet and he saw the older man drop his gun and clutch at his groin with both hands. He went down slowly, pitching forward.

A groin wound is mean and the grizzled rancher had a hard time dying. In the three days he lingered, he cursed the Southern cowboy from hell to breakfast. But Johnny Malvern made a great reputation killing his first man, because Langhorn was a famous cattle king with more killings on his record than any man wanted to count.

Johnny heard nothing about his reputation. He crossed two wide counties by hard riding and holed up in the hills for the winter. It was a hard time for the boy, cold and hungry and lonely all the time, and he was a harder man when he came down in the spring. He got a job right off. He would have held it too, because he was becoming a good cowboy, only the inevitable thing happened. The other cow hands said a deputy sheriff came up to Johnny one morning, in front of the bunkhouse, and after asking Johnny his name he went right for his gun. That was the second man Johnny Malvern killed.

That talk spread over the whole range and Johnny heard some of it, even though he had taken to the brush and crossed three more counties to get away from it. He turned up in northern Arizona on good outfits, but somehow his name followed him and he kept moving on. They say he was crowded into a dance-hall brawl by a bad man named Red Echols and killed him, and he shot a gambler in Prescott. He was never asked and he never told. It was nearly two years after the Langhorn fight that he turned up at Slim's ranch in southern Arizona.

It was in one of those fat valleys running south to the border, about twenty miles from the bad town that today has gone back to the brush. Then it was a sanctuary for desperadoes, a Broadway in the desert, and, as Slim said afterward, "If you wanted to act tough there, it took a tough man to get away with it." Johnny's reputation hit the town the day after he hit the ranch.

THIS was bad news for Slim on two counts. He wasn't running a gun outfit and he didn't want the outlaws in the valley to think he was trying to. Then, Jed Withington had moved into the valley from New Mexico and he would remember that Johnny had fought against him with Langhorn.

But Slim had promised Johnny a job, and besides he liked the boy. He took him on and got Johnny to promise he would keep out of saloons and dance halls, where some of the gunmen might crowd him into a fight (as they said Red Echols had) just to boost their own reputations.

Johnny did nothing to rile anybody. He made friends with the men in Slim's outfit and mostly kept close to the ranch. When the men galloped into town to squander their forty dollars in saloons and dance halls, Johnny went alone. He spent his time buying clothes. He had more shirts and the finest shop-made boots of any cowboy in the valley, and his chaps and hat were surpassed by none he ever saw. The other cow hands told him the bad men of the town were waiting for him to show, because the more he kept to himself the greater grew his reputation as a killer, but he knew it would mean a fight and he was very tired of fighting. He kept buying clothes and it was in his restless search for new ones that he met Esther Miller.

ESTHER MILLER'S father was one of the Confederate officers who did not tarry long at the ruins of his home after the surrender. His wife had died during the war, as a result of being moved while sick, and Esther had refugeed with some kinspeople in Richmond. From the wreckage of his plantation, Mr. Miller salvaged a wagon and team of horses, some odd pieces of furniture and some silver that had been buried.

With those, he and Esther fell in with the remnants of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia moving west on its last retreat.

He didn't stop until he found the bad town in the Arizona valley. The town needed a good general store and Mr. Miller had started one. Slim bought all his supplies there. He had been thrown by too many broncs to have any heart for sprees any more, and when he came to town he spent most of his time haranguing Mr. Miller. While they argued, Johnny talked to Esther.

They had a natural bond in having been born in the same section of Virginia, though Johnny's plantation had not been one of the great places like the Millers'. Back home he had seen girls like her riding past in carriages, or in

(Continued on page 30)

"You make me feel better," he told her. "I thought something was wrong, that maybe you didn't like me any more." "I love you," she said

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TOUGH On and Off

By John Durant

The movies' professional tough guys have to prove they can knock down the fans who want a fight instead of an autograph

The movie tough guys, Humphrey Bogart and James Cagney, take time out for—of all things—ice-cream cones

JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

ONE evening Humphrey Bogart and his wife were sitting in the taproom of a New York hotel having a nightcap before retiring. A man walked across the room, stopped at Bogart's table and leaned over so that his face was inches away from the screen's perennial heavy.

"Bogart, they tell me you're a tough guy. Well, you don't look so tough to me."

Bogart knew what not to do. He had learned that before. "Sit down, chum, and have a drink." He grinned amiably at the stranger.

"Okay, Bogart, I will. Rye and ginger ale, waiter. I hear you don't like to sign them autographs for the kids, that you brush off the kids because you want to be tough all the time. Is that right, Bogart?"

Humphrey turned to his wife, Mayo, and said, "Honey, you look a little tired. Don't you think we'd better go up and turn in?" But now the stranger had Bogart by the arm.

"Just what I thought. Trying to run out. Tough, eh? That's a laugh."

The man was not drunk. He resented Bogart and wanted to be able to tell the boys next day what he'd said to that movie actor who is supposed to be so tough. A fine spot for Bogart. He isn't a fighter but he was beginning to get enough of his guest, who was now becoming menacing.

Mayo was about to give her husband the green light to GO, when the stranger unraveled a right from somewhere beneath the table and threw it in the general direction of his host. It landed high and caused no damage but the battle was on. The men fell into a bear hug, knocked over two tables and wound up rolling about on the floor like two schoolboys enjoying their recess. Mayo, trained in such emergencies, quickly removed her shoes and beat a tattoo on the stranger's noggin like a woodpecker attacking an old oak. The Bogart family was on its way to a clean-cut decision when the management stepped in and ended the contest.

In the elevator, Mayo turned to her husband and coyly said: "Darling, it must be wonderful to be a movie star and receive such recognition from your admirers."

Pity the Villain

The tough guys of the screen are constantly subjected to such attacks by unknown antagonists. Jimmy Cagney and George Raft receive their share, too, and have been forced many times to defend themselves from surprise assaults. Whatever causes this ire, it is a fact that it has existed since the beginning of the drama whenever the villain was caught off stage. Even in Elizabethan days, the heavy was booed and attacked after leaving the theater. And more recently on the American stage, especially in the touring companies on the small-town circuit, it was dangerous to play the villain. The local boys used to wait outside the stage door for their man, and when he reluctantly appeared he had no choice but to run the gantlet.

Jimmy Cagney was a tough kid. Like Raft and Bogart, he was born and raised in New York City. His was a neighborhood of Irish, Jews and Germans on the upper East Side and Jimmy had to use his dukes as soon as he could walk to public school. He can still fight. In fact, he boxes to keep in shape but Jimmy is no longer tough. He likes books now and has a passion for Martha's Vineyard off the coast of Massachusetts where he has an ancient New England home. No more fights for Jimmy. He had his share as a Yorkville kid.

But now and again Jimmy is forced into a situation where he must either fight or retreat. Once he was alone catching a late bite in a Hollywood cafeteria one night. Jimmy was at the counter waiting for his order when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned around to face a big guy.

"Mr. Cagney," he said, "I got a ten-year-old boy who thinks you're just about the best thing in pictures. A real admirer of yours, Mr. Cagney. He thinks you're swell."

"Well, that's nice. Say hello to him for me, will you?"

"Sure. He thinks you're swell. But I don't, Cagney. I think you stink. How do you like that?"

With that he let a roundhouse go at Cagney, who ducked under it and came up with his right hand cocked and aimed at the big guy's jaw. A perfect shot. He knew he had the big guy. All he had to do was to touch the hair trigger to score an easy knockdown. But in that split second the Yorkville kid lost the decision to the mature Cagney. Jimmy dropped his hands to his sides.

"All right, guy. I could take you right now if I wanted to. But I won't. But

(Continued on page 49)

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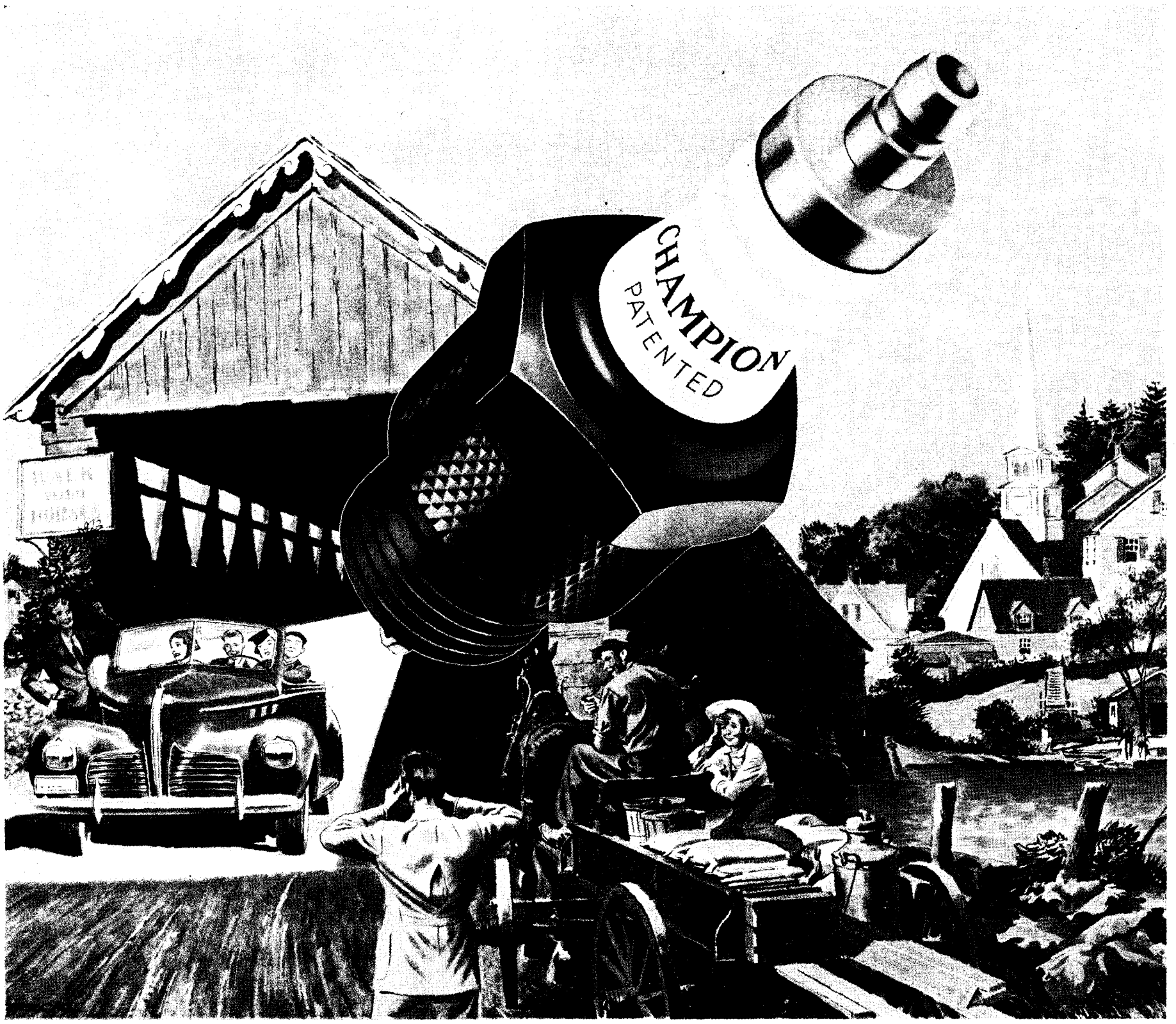

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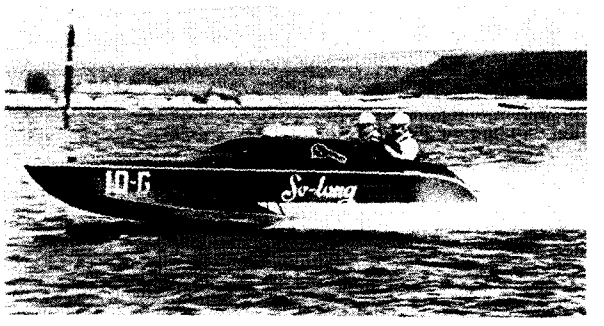

Lou Fageol, owner and driver of the Gold Cup hydroplane "So-long", recently set a new world's one mile speed record of 97.45 miles per hour, using Champions. Fageol wired—"Congratulations on your record-breaking product." Use the spark plug champions use and assure yourself of championship performance in your car.

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Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 20

"But don't tell me, I don't want to know!" He stood up quickly and happened to see a few handbills announcing Carola's opening. He threw them savagely in the wastebasket. "What shall I do?" he asked repeatedly. "What shall I do?"

A secretary interrupted: "A gentleman to see Herr Dietrich!"

Karl went to the outer office. Standing there, impatient and nervous, was von Maurer. He said anxiously, "I must talk to you."

"Certainly." He had to get Maurer outdoors, before anyone could notice him too carefully. Not sure where to go, Karl decided it would be best to walk the streets.

They walked along rapidly. Von Maurer began at once: "I can't forget Blaerchen. Such a man in an important government position can do Germany a lot of harm. I ask myself, will he sell Foreign Office secrets next?" As if it were a decision carefully made, he said, "He must be exposed at once."

KARL trembled for a second, as he guessed where this conversation was going. "There will be some way to punish him."

"That's too indefinite," von Maurer said finally. "I am going at once to the Foreign Office and tell the whole story. And I shall show them the contents of that envelope."

"And chance arrest for false pretense, by having him reveal that the whole thing was only a scheme?" That was the one argument that Karl could use.

It did not impress von Maurer. "A question of ethics is involved. No matter what my fate, or yours, as loyal Germans it is our duty to report him!"

At least, Carola was safely out of this!

"Believe me, there will be some way to have him punished," Karl said, trying desperately to think of any restraining argument. Without that restraint Blaerchen might be punished but the Gestapo would come swiftly for von Maurer and Karl, too. "Let me speak from experience," he said slowly. "Concentration camps are ugly places only a little better than execution blocks. Why risk either?"

"This is duty," von Maurer snapped, annoyed. "For all we know, Blaerchen might agree to sell Foreign Office secrets to foreigners."

Might agree? Karl remembered that Wagner had spoken of Blaerchen's underhand activities; he had mentioned an American dancer who carried material to the British. If Wagner was angry enough now to give details, Blaerchen might be reported for that and punished, without involving von Maurer or himself. "If you'll wait twenty-four hours," Karl said desperately. "You would not object if there were some other way to punish Blaerchen?"

"Of course not. But can you promise that in twenty-four hours—?"

"I can't promise," Karl said honestly. "I can only try."

Von Maurer considered the request from every side. "Very well," he agreed. "Twenty-four hours—"

They walked aimlessly, in silence. Then von Maurer said, "I've begun to wonder how many Nazis there are like Blaerchen. There may be others."

"Maybe," Karl said carelessly. If Karl could find some way to satisfy von Maurer in the next twenty-four hours, then, at a later date, carefully pointed conclusions might bring von Maurer on Klauss' side. He would be valuable. But what mattered now was the twenty-four hours.

When they separated Karl hurried to Wagner's office. Every hope had to hang on Wagner's willingness to tell what he knew and Karl could not be too optimistic about that.

Wagner was still at his desk. He looked up angrily at Karl.

"I need help," Karl began.

"You need help? What do I need?"

"This concerns politics." It would be best to be frank.

"I want nothing to do with politics," Wagner shook his head violently. "They've ruined me! *Nein, nein,* I can do nothing. Nothing!"

"But—"

"Leave my office. You're fired, Karl."

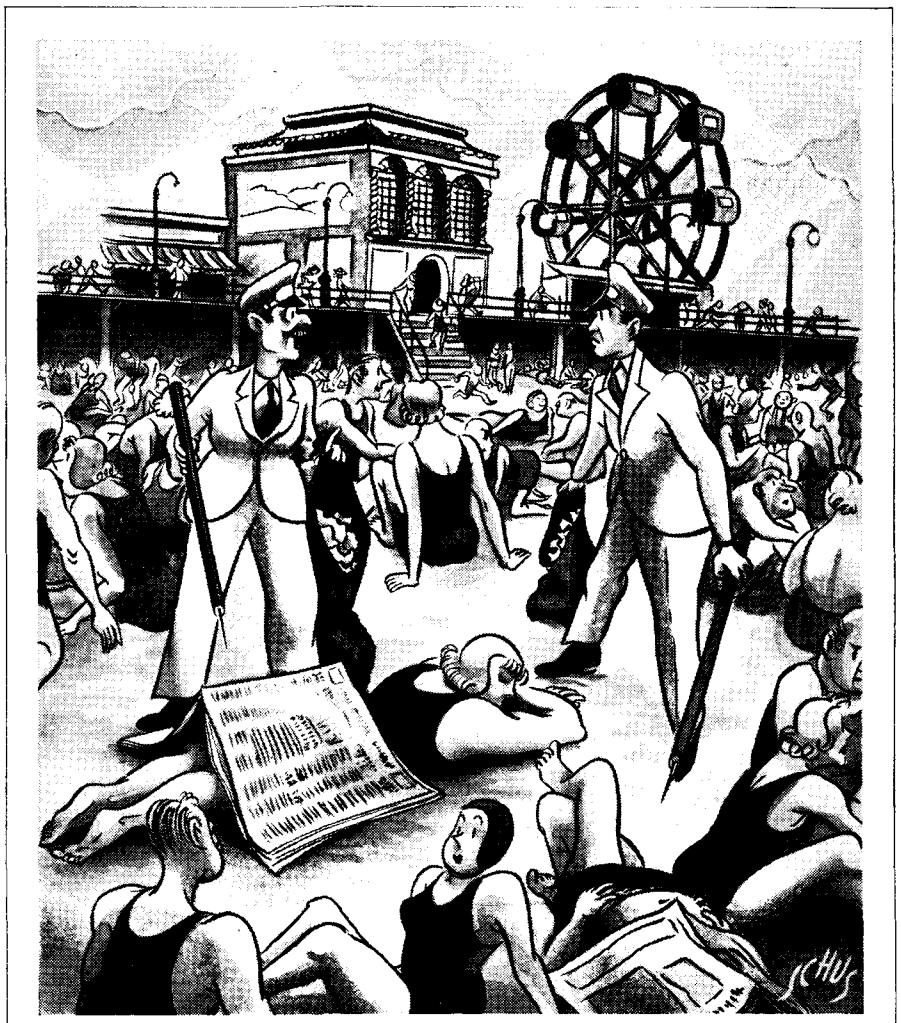
"Don't you think that an odd question to ask me?" Karl said coldly.

"Now, see here, Karl! You and I haven't gotten along well in the past but we can be friends."

He must need her very badly and Karl wanted to know why.

"WHERE have you looked for her?" "Everywhere. She wasn't at her apartment last night. You know where she is."

Karl nodded. He knew approximately where he hoped she was, in mid-Baltic! "I don't see why I should tell you." He had to know why Blaerchen needed her. "You'll only annoy her further."



"Look. . . . I'll show yuh what I mean by 'deft'!" ADOLPH SCHUS

Here was more than a blank wall!

Then a secretary knocked and entered. "There is a gentleman here, a Herr Blaerchen from the Foreign Office."

Wagner looked angrily at Karl. "To see me?"

"He wishes to see Herr Dietrich."

That brought Wagner to his feet. "I suppose this means more trouble. You might as well take over my office." He barked at the secretary, "Tell Herr Blaerchen to come in!"

WAGNER greeted him coldly as he passed, on his way out.

Blaerchen sat down quickly and wasted no time. "Where is Carola?"

It was an unexpected question and it took Karl by surprise. Perhaps Blaerchen had found out about the Stettin plan. Perhaps Carola had been caught and this question was a trap.

"I must find her," Blaerchen continued. "Where is she?" The imperiousness, the tone of balanced insult, was gone from his voice. He was asking the question as a man in need would ask it.

Blaerchen did not like that. "I could have you arrested at once."

"If you think threats will answer your questions," Karl said, equally blunt, "perhaps you'd like me to call the police for you."

"I'm sorry, Karl." Blaerchen repeated at once. "There is no need for threats." Then, innocently: "Is Carola out of town?"

"Why shouldn't she go out of town, after she had been ordered to go to Warsaw, alone?" He could think of no way to get from Blaerchen what he wanted to know.

"That order was a mistake," Blaerchen said. "It will be countermanded."

Karl remembered a telephone call to Carola the morning before. "Herr Praut has already promised to do that."

"Praut!" Blaerchen lost whatever composure he had. "Did he see Carola yesterday?"

When Karl shook his head, Blaerchen looked relieved. Praut was Blaerchen's reason for wanting to get to Carola! To test that, Karl asked, "You would like to see her before Herr Praut does?"

"Yes," Blaerchen snapped.

That was *why* he needed her. At this moment Praut was probably scurrying around, trying to find her. In some way, Karl was sure, their reason for wanting her concerned the broken engagement at the Sans Souci. What was more important was that each one wanted her, and Karl was in the middle. Like a man caught in a mountain crevice between sharp, unassailable walls, he might work his way up one by pressure against the other. And he had only twenty-four hours!

Increasing the tension between the two rivals might help. "I'm sure Praut would do you a great deal of damage if he could," Karl said carelessly. He smiled. "Carola has told me some of the things that Praut said to her over the telephone about you."

Blaerchen laughed but his nonchalance was poorly worn. "What about?"

A little knowledge gained from the last conversation with Schebeler would fit here nicely! "She heard about a calling down you got at the Foreign Office just a few days ago."

Blaerchen's face reddened. In his face was hatred and with it fear, fear of some damage that Praut could do him. With it, Karl was sure, was an eagerness to forestall Praut in any way.

"One could gossip about Praut," Blaerchen began. Then, checking himself, he asked impatiently, "What time do you expect Carola?"

"I'm not sure." From this conversation an idea was developing.

"Tell her to see me before she sees Praut."

That was a sardonically simple thing to promise. "Very well."

AS HE was leaving Blaerchen said, "I'm obliged to you, Karl. By the way, I'll see that the Sans Souci is permitted to reopen at once."

As if that mattered now!

When he had gone Karl sank into Wagner's large chair, gripping its arms, holding tight to keep down nervous excitement. He had used well a small part of the twenty-four hours of grace but he had to plan what to do next. Somewhere, he was sure, Praut was trying to find Carola; at this moment, perhaps, he was at her apartment, hearing no answer to his insistent knock. Praut and Blaerchen, Nazis! Klauss had said it: "The characters of the Nazis are our best weapons against them!"

He sat, undecided, for twenty minutes. Wagner's secretary interrupted him then. "There's a telephone call—"

"For me?"

"For Fräulein Dirling!"

"I'll take it." He picked up the telephone, hoping, hoping. "Hello."

A man's voice answered, "This is Herr Praut. Can you tell me where I can reach Fräulein Dirling?"

"She isn't here," Karl said pleasantly.

"I didn't ask that, *Dummkopf!* I said, where can I reach her? Who's this?"

"Karl Dietrich." He could afford to be pleasant.

"I beg pardon." Praut recognized the name. "It is vital for me to reach Fräulein Dirling at once!"

"She won't be here for some time," Karl said frankly. He wished he could talk with the man.

"Can you tell me where she is?"

"If you could meet me—!"

"At once!"

Fifteen minutes later Karl was seated with Praut in the lobby of the Bayerische Hof.

"Carola's out of town," Karl told

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him. "We'll have news from her shortly."

"Will you please have her get in touch with me immediately?"

Karl smiled. "That's the second such request."

Praut flared up. "Who else asked you?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Herr Praut." This was dangerout but not as dangerous as waiting for von Maurer to call the police. "Herr Blaerchen asked the same thing."

"What did he say?" Praut asked brusquely.

"I scarcely think I should break a confidence." It was not hard to pretend decent modesty. Praut was no dramatic critic.

"There are ways of forcing—!" Praut said heavily.

All these Nazis worked alike, with bluff and threat! "I'm sure there are." Karl smiled pleasantly. "But by the time you forced the knowledge out, it might be too late, *nicht wahr?*"

"Pardon me!" Praut smiled pleasantly. "I think we can get further by being friendly."

"I'm sure of it."

"Did Blaerchen tell you why he wanted to see her?"

Karl shook his head.

Praut leaned forward, to speak in confidence: "You were backstage the night of her opening—I saw you waiting outside her dressing room after the performance. How long was Blaerchen in there alone with her?"

"Possibly ten minutes!"

Praut nodded his head. Karl was sure he had guessed right; this eagerness to find Carola came from that broken engagement. Then Praut looked at the time and prepared to leave. "Be sure you tell Carola to see me before talking to anyone. Anyone!"

PRAUT spoke like a man commanding the lowest menial. Here was the moment for Karl to jump in and direct the conversation. "I assume that you and Blaerchen are not friendly."

"Why should you think that?"

"Because of things he has said about you."

"To Carola?" In his face was hatred and with it eagerness, eagerness to dominate. With it, Karl was sure, was a deep sense of inferiority whenever he compared himself with Blaerchen. That could well explain his infatuation for Carola and the jealousy of Blaerchen that went with it. "What did Blaerchen say?"

"I know none of the details."

"There are a great many things that could be said about Blaerchen." Then, in a pleasanter voice: "Please tell Carola to see me before seeing anyone else."

Karl agreed and the men separated.

It was almost noon. Karl walked to Wagner's office slowly, pushing through crowds out for lunch, ignoring them. Again and again he reviewed a plan, a plan that was dangerous; but waiting for von Maurer to report in the morning was more dangerous. From that there would be no hope of escape. Karl's plan had one slender hope. These two men, Praut and Blaerchen, were like two chemicals, waiting for a catalyst to explode them. Karl could smile; he knew that catalyst! What was missing was a way to bring the two men together. It had to be found somewhere, somehow. And at once! Before noon tomorrow, von Maurer would report.

He came into Wagner's office. The secretary was about to say something but got nowhere. Out of the inner office came Carola, her arms open wide, her eyes moist.

"I couldn't do it, dearest," she said. "I couldn't!"

Not letting go of her for a moment Karl took her into the inner office and closed the door. "I'm so glad you're here. So glad!" But he stopped and the smile vanished. She had come back into a greater danger than before.

She did not notice his worry. "You weren't coming, were you?"

Karl could not look her in the face.

"Klauss?"

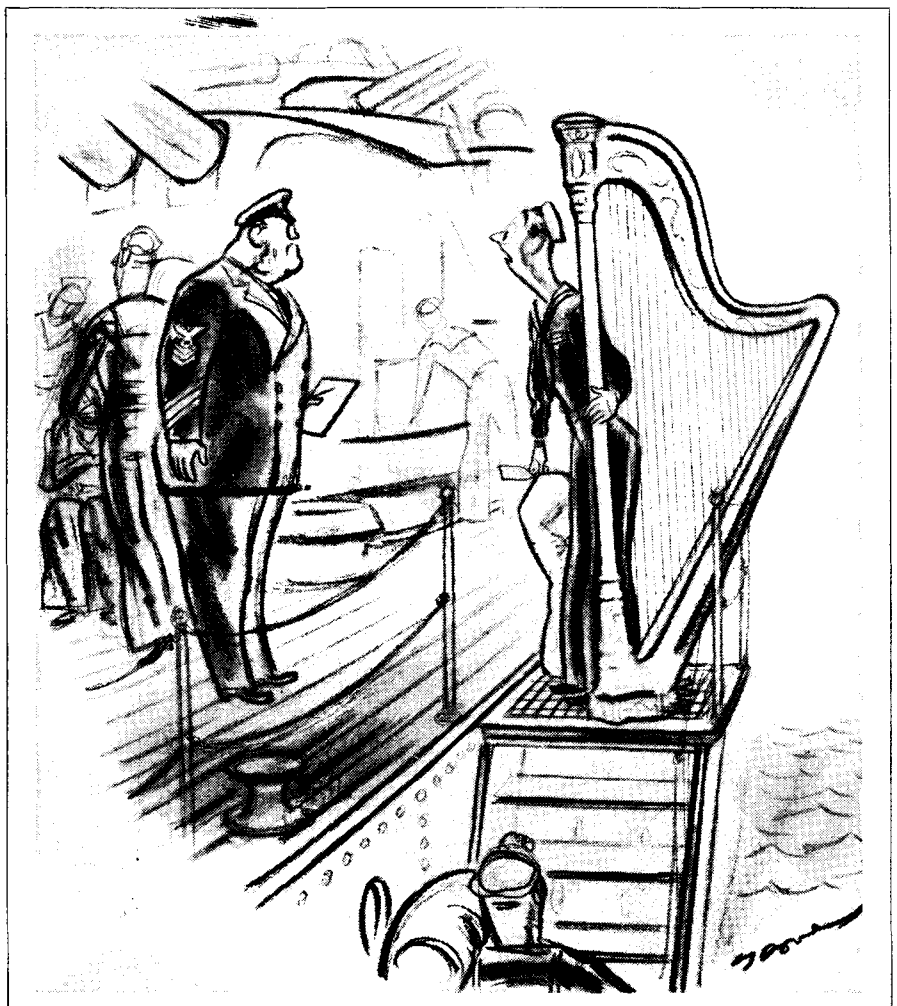
He nodded.

"You are brave. But when I guessed I could not go."

And now she was back—! He held her tight and kissed her roughly. She had to be told of von Maurer. Then, as if suddenly berserk, he stepped away, laughing. With her here he had what was missing from the plan! "Listen! Don't ask questions now, sweetheart, but do just as I tell you. Call Blaerchen at once, at once! Tell him to meet you at your apartment at five. Then call Praut."

"Praut?" She looked bewildered.

"Tell him to meet you at your apartment at five." He kissed her again. "Now I must go on an errand. I'll come to your apartment as soon as I can."



"But, sir, regulations permit one musical instrument—"

LEONARD DOVE

She held to him. "Where are you going?"

He smiled, he even looked happy. "To call a friend of mine at the Gestapo!"

It took time to arrange a meeting with Kuhlmann, through Klauss, and time was valuable. When Kuhlmann did meet him, near the Lehrter Bahnhof, he listened to Karl for a few minutes. Then he shook his head firmly and decisively.

"I can't help, Karl," he said. "The whole thing is too dangerous! It isn't myself—I could explain to my superiors how I happened to become acquainted with you, and I should have to explain that. But for yourself—what guarantee of success have you?"

"None," Karl said cheerfully. "But tomorrow at this time Carola and I will both be under arrest, so what does danger matter? And I'd like to be spared, to help Klauss, if for no other reason."

That persuaded Kuhlmann. "I will see that two men are sent," he agreed, "but if you're unsuccessful, those men will insist on your explaining a wild-goose chase to them and they will not be gentle with you. You'll be under arrest tonight." Significantly he added: "And I shall be unable to help or to intercede for you or Carola."

"I understand," Karl said. That was a risk that had to be taken.

He hurried to Carola's apartment. "Are Praut and Blaerchen coming?"

"They will be here at five. Won't you explain?"

"I'll explain just what I want you to do. Now, listen, and don't be afraid!"

A QUARTER-HOUR before five two Gestapo men arrived, an old one, Stissing, a younger one, Werner. They were hard-faced men, with the preoccupation of surgeons, men to whom it would be difficult to have to explain any failure.

Stissing looked around the apartment as if surveying an operating chamber. "Are you sure we can hear from the bedroom?"

"Certain," Karl said confidently.

Stissing and his colleague walked to the bedroom without a word.

It was nearly five o'clock. Karl turned to the bedroom, smiling at Carola. She would be alone here, in her most important performance. She smiled back, no less confidently. She had been uncertain at first but Karl had reassured her, "We must assume that you can get them angry enough, not at you but at each other. Then, knowing what sort of men they are, you need only mention the murder of Paul—! Praut will jump at it!"

She had nodded, not asking what would happen if that was wrong.

He closed the bedroom door. Stissing sat down at once, pulling a chair near the door. Werner sat beside him. Not once did suspicion leave their faces. Karl stood behind them, glad there was no conversation, not letting himself think of what would happen if anything miscarried.

A few minutes after five the doorbell rang and Stissing glanced significantly at Werner. Listening intently Karl heard Carola open the door. Then he heard Blaerchen say, "It's nice to see you, Carola."

"You're very prompt," Carola answered. "Won't you sit down?"

Until Karl heard Blaerchen move around the room he had not realized how he would have to depend on sound, not only to know what was going on but whether anything threatened or frightened Carola and shook her courage. She was there alone; he could not help now. He would have to stand here and strain his hearing to catch every modulation, every shade of meaning, like a stage manager caught behind scenery flats during opening night.

The doorbell rang again. Karl wondered if Carola looked nervous, expectant, amused. As she went to the door the two Gestapo men leaned forward lightly.

Karl wished he could see Blaerchen's face. "It's nice to see you," Praut was saying. Then, in a changed voice: "Herr Blaerchen! What are you doing here?"

"I could ask the same question," Blaerchen said coldly. "Perhaps Fräulein Dirling will be good enough to explain."

KARL heard her say quietly, "Won't you please sit down?" She was unexcited as she said, "I understood that you both wanted to see me."

That was the opening line! Skillfully played, if Carola could control the conversation, the dialogue would lead to the things that Karl wanted Stissing and Werner to hear.

"I was most eager to see you." Praut took the lead as Karl had been sure he would. "I presume that Herr Blaerchen has been here long enough to be able to tell you what he wants you to answer."

"He has only been here a moment," Carola said quickly. "And I am perfectly able to decide for myself what to answer."

There was a moment of silence, as if each man were trying to decide who should speak first. Stissing moved uncomfortably in his chair.

Praut began again, more politely: "I want to ask why you broke your engagement with me the night before last."

Karl had been sure that that was what Praut wanted to know! He would have liked to smile but, with two Gestapo men liable to glance at him at any time, he knew he could not show any reaction to anything said.

"Why should I give you any explanation?" Carola asked coolly. That answer should anger Praut and make Blaerchen confident for a moment. His turn would come later, abruptly.

Praut tried another approach: "In the early evening you told me that you were looking forward to our engagement."

"And later I changed my mind," Carola said bluntly.

"Why?"

The Gestapo men moved uneasily, as if restless and not interested in what seemed to be a trivial quarrel. Karl had to hope they would be patient.

"Why did you change your mind?" Praut repeated.

Karl was sure that Blaerchen was sitting stolidly now, wondering if Carola would mention her song.

"Blaerchen was in your dressing room when you finished singing," Praut continued. He sounded more angry at Carola than at Blaerchen. "Did he mention your engagement with me?"

"No!" To Karl she sounded unconcerned.

"Did he know that you had changed your mind?"

"No," Carola said, no less pleasantly.

Blaerchen interrupted harshly. "I said

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nothing to her about it if that's what you're hinting."

Praut ignored him. "What was said when you were alone with him?"

Karl could hear no nervousness as she said, "We talked about my singing, about the audience, about a new song I sang, The Handsome Widow. Didn't we, Herr Blaerchen?"

It was the most delicate point of the whole conversation. If Blaerchen, in desperation, should question her about the song and what she implied by it, the Gestapo men might become curious about Carola's motives. Stissing glanced up at Karl.

Carola continued, as if gossiping, "Then I told him that I'd changed my mind about going with you, Herr Praut."

"Didn't Blaerchen argue with you or remonstrate?"

"No. Did you, Herr Blaerchen?"

His answer was all important and Karl held his breath. He said, "Why should I object?"

Then Karl heard a chair pushed back. With his voice trembling, Praut said, "You made promises, Blaerchen—you assured me—!"

Karl wanted to smile. Praut's anger was increasing!

He heard Carola's voice, calm and steady. "I ought to know about promises that concern me." As if she were speaking with her warmest, friendliest smile, she asked, "Don't you think so, Herr Praut? What promises were made?"

The sound of chairs scraping made Karl smile. The men were staying!

"Blaerchen assured me that he would help me," Praut hunted carefully for words, "to become better acquainted with you."

"Really!" Carola sounded as if she had found an opening. "Blaerchen could scarcely have been sincere after the way he spoke of you to me."

"Carola!" That was Blaerchen, suddenly angry.

"About me?" Praut snapped. Then, "I heard this morning that—"

IF HE were now to mention the conversation with Karl, then Blaerchen could say the same thing. The two men would guess that there was something suspiciously artificial in all this.

But Carola interrupted at once: "I'm surprised that you were taken in by any promise from Herr Blaerchen!" She had seen the danger and she was averting it! "He told me that such an ugly, unattractive man—!"

That hit right at Praut's vanity!

"We will talk facts, Blaerchen," Praut said, his voice white-hot. "I paid you a large sum of money for your promises about Fräulein Dirling. Where is it? I want it!"

The two Gestapo men leaned forward.

Here was the climax and Karl hoped that Carola would see it. She had Praut at the edge of his control. "A moment, Herr Praut! I believe your story about money. Anything is possible from a man who murdered my husband."

"Murdered?" Praut repeated.

Karl wanted to embrace Carola. She had swung at just the right second.

"Murdered!"

"That's nonsense," Blaerchen shouted.

"Murdered!" Praut repeated to himself. "That's very interesting. What proof have you?"

"She has no proof," Blaerchen interrupted savagely. "It's nonsense!"

"Proof?" Carola was scornful. "Look at him."

"What about it, Blaerchen?" Praut jumped at the opening. "What about it?" Then something, probably Blaerchen's face, convinced him. "This will be investigated at once," he roared.

"If you dare to mention this ridiculous accusation to anyone I'll tell what I know about some of your activities. That won't be murder, Praut, that's treason!"

"Treason!" Praut's voice cracked. "What about things you have done?"

Karl was startled when Stissing jumped up quickly. "That's enough," he said. "We'll see that they have a chance to tell, specifically, of treason." The two men were out of the bedroom in one quick move. Karl followed, almost dazed.

Praut and Blaerchen were facing each other angrily, wholly intent on their fight. Carola stood beside them, as innocent as a passer-by. Then Blaerchen swung around, saw two strange men, and understood at once. He looked all his hatred at Carola. Praut squeaked something and collapsed.

"*Meine Herren!*" Stissing said coldly. "You have spoken of treason. Please come with us!"

THAT night they ate a quick supper before Carola was due at the Sans Souci. With permission to reopen, Wagner had not wanted to miss one evening.

Now they could sit side by side, freed from the fear of Blaerchen's agents. "I can't believe we're free," Carola said for the tenth time. "Won't the Gestapo men question us?"

"They'll set Praut and Blaerchen to accusing each other and finish with them quickly," Karl said. "They may question you about your accusation of murder but that will be nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worried," Carola said softly. Karl's arm was around her and she held tightly to his hand. "When I think of last night, in Stettin—"

"And tonight, in Berlin, for your last night of freedom! A year from tomorrow," he said gaily, "we'll celebrate our first wedding anniversary." He moved closer to her. Her hair was soft, her perfume sweet.

"We're lucky, Karl, so lucky." She smiled. "Against the war and everything else, our own troubles now seem so unimportant."

Karl shook his head. "They have a right to be important. For us they should be the most important thing in the world. That's what the Underground fights for, to let each individual be the most important person in the world, to himself."

A shadow passed quickly over Carola's face but it did not disturb her smile. "Come, we must go, dearest. We have less than an hour to get to the Sans Souci."

"Yes." Then Karl paused before saying something he had not told before. "I shan't be able to go. I have an appointment."

If Carola was disappointed, she did not show it. The appointment, she was certain, was with Klauss. There would be others. "Of course," she said gently. "Go, Karl, but be careful."

He did not need the warning.

"I'll meet you at the Sans Souci when you're finished," he said lightly. "I must go now."

In the blackness on the street outside Karl kissed her gently. "You're smiling," he said. "I know it even if I can't see it."

"I'm smiling," she said. "I love you, Karl."

They separated.

He would go and she would await him and he would come. He would go again and again he would come. But one day he would go and that day he might not come. That had to be accepted, as a soldier's wife accepts what she never dares to put into words. Karl, at least, knew what he was fighting for.

He would go—! Until then, they would be together and she would not be lonely any more.

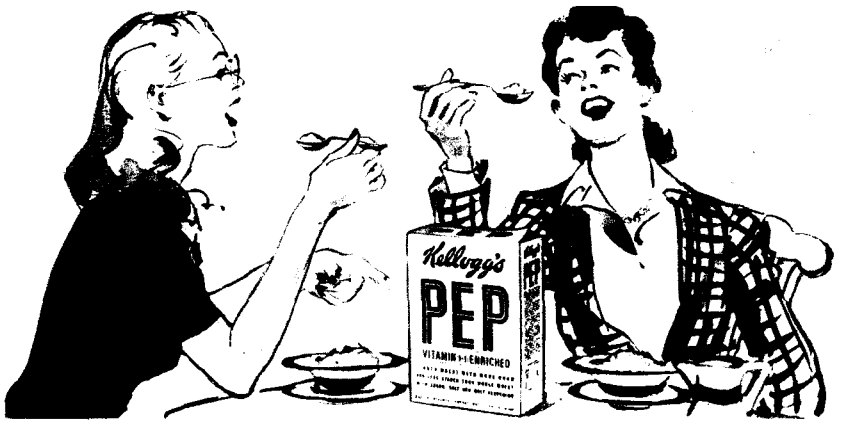
She hurried on, through the black-out.

THE END

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Sally: *Of all the crust!* Sending me a *wilted lily* and saying I should learn about *pep appeal.* It's signed "A Friend."
Polly: Your friend has imagination, anyway.

Sally: It's that cat who stole my Bill! Just wait till I get her on the phone!
Polly: Whoa there, impetuous! Maybe you ought to get even another way. Why not put on the pep and win back the boy? Quit living on cream puffs and get all your *vitamins.* Come down to the kitchen for a lesson.



Polly: *Vitamins!* We've got to have 'em and have 'em *all* for pep. And right in these delicious, crunchy wheat-flakes, called KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.
Sally: But, gosh! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good.

Sally: *(another night)* Am I going to turn on the pep tonight! That boy won't know what hit him.
Polly: Well—where there's pep there's hope.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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Gun Smoke

Continued from page 23

little groups at race meets, and out here he had seen none at all.

It was a long time before Johnny realized she wanted to know something about his past life. He figured out, from the way she led around to it, that she was waiting for him to tell her. That was one day around noon when they were in the store alone, and Mr. Miller was having his lunch in the back room. When he understood that hers wasn't curiosity, but a real interest, everything about the past two years just came pouring out. When he finished his story, he said:

"I've never shot a man except in self-defense and never would. I know that some people think of me as a killer, but there ain't nothing to that. I want to work the same as any other fellow."

"I know there's nothing to that, Johnny." She spoke softly, as if it were a secret. Then in that gentle way she had, so that no one could think she was prying, she went on: "What do you want to do?"

All at once Johnny felt choked up and he could only mutter, "Like I said, I want to be a good cowboy."

"Wouldn't you like to have your own outfit, like Slim?"

"Maybe when I'm old like Slim and can't ride herd any more." Then he shut up fast, feeling what a fool he was, and sure Esther would think he had no more brains than a locoed steer.

SHE just kept looking at him with her shining eyes. The way she looked made it seem as if they were the only people in the world and he would never want anyone else in it. He didn't know what he was doing, only suddenly they were in each other's arms, with her clinging to him, soft and strong too. Then he felt her quiver as if she might be crying.

"Good Lord," he said, jumping back, "have I been a worse fool than I figured and gone and hurt you?"

She shook her head, and she was crying a little, but smiling too. "It—it's just that I'm so happy."

Then they heard Mr. Miller opening the door. They moved apart and tried to look as if nothing had happened. From the way her father halted, it must have stood out all over them. He turned pale and his tired eyes looked scared. Seeing him, Johnny knew what he had to say, as if he had to push the words out.

"It kinda has taken me by surprise, Mr. Miller, else I'd've told you before . . . I mean about Esther and me . . . how, you see, sir . . . I want to marry her."

The man's eyes went to his daughter and she nodded, her eyes very steady, and she said simply, "We love each other, Father."

"Yes," he said, "yes." Then he sort of shook himself, as if he were throwing off a pack, and turned back to Johnny. "It takes me by surprise too, son, and . . . well, you understand it's nothing against you . . . but out here where we're strangers, away from our own kind, I've just to be sure of my daughter's future, and . . ."

"Sure, I understand, Mr. Miller. There's lots of time yet. I've got to see about a better job and all. I'll be going back to headquarters, to talk it over with Slim."

Johnny didn't tell Slim what was behind his questions, when he started asking about how soon Slim was going to have a bigger outfit and wouldn't he be needing a foreman for it. Slim could figure out what was going on when a cowboy started worrying about his future.

Not letting on a thing, he said, "Well, if the rustlers keep letting us alone, and if our neighbors keep acting peaceable, maybe in two-three years. I been a little worried about Withington, to tell you the truth, and it might be a good idea for you to feel things out over there. Why don't you mosey over to his line camp and ask the boys there to help you find that red colt of ours that took to the hills?"

Johnny said, "That might take more'n a week."

"That's the point. It'll give us plenty of chance to see how that outfit feels about us, and how Withington feels about you in particular. When I know that, I'll know more about when I can spread myself wider."

Johnny perked up a little at that, and started out cheerfully enough the next morning. No sooner had he disappeared over the hill than Slim was cutting the breeze to town. He went straight to Miller's store and almost knocked over

"Here's a 'beaut' run off by that Frisco mob. Boy, they're real competition!" JAY IRVING

a customer coming out. Esther was behind the counter and Mr. Miller was standing in the middle of the room. They both looked at him as if to ask what was troubling him. Slim came right to the point:

"Miss Esther, from the way Johnny's talking, I know you and him are serious about each other. You might think this ain't no business of mine, but you're new out here and there's something about men like him you don't savvy. I've known the boy ever since he started punching cows and I like him, but it's too late for him to be marrying any girl like you. I hate to say this and I wouldn't outside of these walls, but Johnny is a killer—and once a man's a killer, he don't never stop."

ESTHER stood very still while he was talking and her color grew dark red. Then she came around the counter to face him close and her voice was not gentle as he'd always heard it before. "Slim," she said, "if you feel that way about your friend, you tell him—not me."

Slim stepped back a little at that. He said later that except for Mr. Miller looking so troubled, and still friendly, he wouldn't have gone on. As it was, he blurted, "I'm goin' to tell Johnny, but I had to tell you what your pappy can't, on account of he just don't know about this country out here."

She started to say something that Slim figured he wouldn't have wanted to hear, only Mr. Miller cut her off: "You listen, Esther. Slim is doing something hard for him, for our own good. I will be grateful, Slim, for whatever you are kind enough to tell us."

"Well, sir—" he was scared to try Esther any more—"I told Johnny before he went down to beard Tom Langhorn that a man never kills just once, and he sure proved it. Once a man sheds human blood it gets easier for him the next time, and the more times he does it the more it gets like a habit, until after a while killing another man is just like killing a fly that buzzes too close."

"Johnny told me about those fights," Esther said, and Slim would never have thought such a sweet young lady could sound so cold. "He shot in self-defense, the same thing that could happen to any man anywhere."

"Not anywhere, ma'am, because this is the only place they fight with guns, and not to any man either, because you know some men are always having fights, only where you come from they fight with fists. It looks as if trouble knows when a man ain't running from it and Johnny Malvern is one of them men. Trouble'll always find him and then somebody's goin' to be daid, and most likely it won't be Johnny. He'll just keep moving on until the day somebody shoots faster than he does . . . and that's goin' to happen to every man if he keeps at it."

Esther was silent after that, and Slim started to go. But Mr. Miller gestured weakly for him to stop. "Slim," he said in a voice not much more than a whisper, "don't you think we should at least give the boy a chance?"

Seeing the despairing hope in the gentle man's eyes, Slim could only think that he wished he had made it to the door. He swallowed and half nodded, and Esther said, "Then you will give him a chance, Father?"

"Certainly, Daughter, I believe in giving every man a chance, especially a boy like him, from home and after his years in our army. . . . No telling what your love might do for him. We'll just wait and not say a word about this to him, and don't you either, Slim."

Slim said he wouldn't, though he would have said anything to get out of there.

He hated to face Johnny when he came riding back with the red colt. He was more carefree than Slim had ever seen him and full of fine plans.

"The Withington boys were swell," he said as soon as he dismounted. "They say Withington was wondering what I was doing here when I first come, but since I've been laying low he don't think about me no more. They say he don't bother about nobody as long as he can be boss of the range, so I reckon you can spread a heap wider, Slim, without getting in his way. That fellow's outfit runs over fifty miles south of here, clear across the border, and if you move a few miles northward, he won't even know it."

Slim said he'd think it over and Johnny headed for town. He was all slicked up in a new silk shirt and a big neckerchief loose around his throat, and newly shined boots bright with spurs. When he went in the store, Esther and Mr. Miller were busy with customers, and he felt foolish in all his finery and bear grease on his hair. After the customers left he didn't feel much better, because Esther and her father didn't seem glad to see him. It wasn't that they were sorry but they were different from the last time. Even when Mr. Miller left them alone, Esther wasn't like herself. That soft light that he had been remembering shone in her eyes, and yet she looked as if she was trying to puzzle him out, as if all they said before had never been.

"LOOK," he finally said, "I've been out in the brush for nearly a week and I'm goin' to stay in town tonight. I've got a lot to tell you and I was wondering if you'd go with me to the Last Chance for supper."

"I'd love that, Johnny," and her voice sounded more the way he remembered it. "That's just what we need, a long talk together."

"You make me feel better," and he grinned. "I thought something was wrong, that maybe you didn't like me any more."

"I love you, Johnny, and I reckon it's—it's just because you've been away so long. You go now and come back in a little while. You won't have to wait long."

"Any time I have to wait for you is long now," and he touched her hand quickly, so Mr. Miller wouldn't see. He was glad now he wore his bright neckerchief and yellow shirt, glad about everything. He placed his hat carefully on his slicked hair and stepped down to the board sidewalk.

He turned toward the corral, where he could kill time until supper, when someone called "Hey!" The voice was unfamiliar but the tone was not, and he swung around with all his senses alert.

Three men were walking toward him and there was something funny about the way they walked. Two of them hung back a little, one on each side of the big man in the middle. Those two had been with the cowboys he talked to at Withington's line camp. Now they didn't speak to him and that was funny too. Then he noticed, just before the big man reached him, that the street was nearly empty and there was hardly a sound anywhere. All that silence was

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filled with the big man's booming voice.

"You're Johnny Malvern" were the words, but they sounded like some kind of insult.

Not liking it at all, Johnny nodded, his glance taking in the important way the man carried himself, the way Tom Langhorn had.

"I'm Withington," he said then. "I reckon you know who I am."

Johnny nodded again.

"I want to know what you were doing on my range last week for nearly a week, up in the hills by yourself?"

JOHNNY'S glance flickered to the two men he had laughed with when he passed their camp. Now they fanned out a little from their boss, their faces wooden and their eyes measuring him as he had been measured before. He picked his next words carefully:

"I was looking for a red colt of ours. I described him to your men and they knew him and knew he was wearing our brand. I was there a week because it took me that long to find him."

Withington reared back, bracing his hands on his hips. His coat fell back, showing a gun on his belt, and somehow he looked just the way Tom Langhorn had when Johnny went to ask for his money.

"Well, you tell your boss that no excuse like that is working again. I know you fought against me before and I know your reputation now, and I'm not taking any chances on gun outfits fooling around my range. Tom Langhorn was a rustler and I've just learned that your boss was with him too, and there's too much rustling around here for me to bother with outfits like yours. You got that?"

"I got that, but do I get it straight that you're saying we're a rustling outfit, Mr. Withington?"

"I'm not saying what you are. It's enough for you that you tell your boss to keep his hired killers off my land, or if they come again, to come shooting. That's all. Come on, men."

"Naw, it ain't all," Johnny said. He had been keeping his voice low, so Esther wouldn't hear inside the store. It was even lower now but it carried more, hard and hot. "I went on your range as a working cowboy and I been talking to you as one, but this talk of hired killers is something else. No man is calling me that unless he proves it—or takes it back."

Withington paused, half turned away, his hands hanging by his sides again. "I've said all I have to say to you."

"You're wrong, mister. Maybe you think I was singing low because you got two gunmen with you. That wa'n't the reason. If you had two thousand, they couldn't shoot me any quicker than I can shoot you."

Withington turned fully back to face him and his lips twisted for some remark that he never said. All at once he was looking into different eyes. They had been gray and quiet, now there wasn't any color at all. There was just a terrible, merciless hunger. Withington glanced back at his two men. He saw that they were looking at the same thing in Johnny Malvern's eyes that he was, and they must be thinking too that was the way he looked before he killed Tom Langhorn and all the others.

The street was empty, and the whole town was filled with a waiting silence. This was the moment they had waited for—the faro dealers and the bartenders, the cowboys and the miners, the desperadoes and the honky-tonk women—since Johnny Malvern came to town. Withington had given it to them with his big words, because he wanted to show he was the biggest man in the valley and could kick the famous killer down the main street with his words. He had said them and the man was still there and everybody knew what the man was waiting for. He called on all his self-importance, all his bluster. With the eyes of the town on him, he said in his loudest voice, "Nobody's talking about shooting."

"Yes, they are. You started it and you're going to finish it—one way or another."

Then Withington knew it was too late for words. What had been the face of a quiet cowboy wasn't even a man any more. It was a mask. The only thing alive in it were those merciless eyes. Now he had to go ahead, or his men would lose respect for him. He would be laughed out of town, the town that, silent and unseen, waited on him now, to see if he was as big as his words, to see where death would strike.

He smelled the death himself as he took a backward step, tried a smile, tried to signal to his men. He listened and there was only silence. From the mask before him he knew his men had not moved. Then he clawed at his gun. It barely cleared the holster.

The cowboy to his left got his gun out and Johnny Malvern's second bullet smashed his shoulder and knocked him flat. The man to the inside of Withington never went for his gun. He dived for the door into Miller's store.

Inside the store, Esther and her father had been talking of Johnny and heard nothing of the argument. Esther had just turned to go back and dress when they heard the two shots almost together and then a terrified man came plunging through the door. He took one wild look around and scrambled for the back door. The next moment Johnny came in, a smoking gun in front of him and above the gun a face she had never seen.

They all stood staring at one another, and slowly Johnny's eyes changed.

"I didn't want to do it," he said.

Esther just shook her head. Before his eyes changed, Esther had seen what Withington saw just before the slug hit him an inch below his heart.

"I can't come back for supper," Johnny said. "I—I'll see you later."

"No . . . no . . ." She was standing rigid, fighting back the horror that filled her. Then yells broke outside and they could hear the wooden doors in the adobe buildings banging as the crowds came out of their hiding. Johnny backed to the door.

HE MUST have seen the way she felt, for he turned away and glanced out into the street. He slipped two bullets in the cylinder and then glanced back once at her. She had seen Confederate soldiers look like that when they said goodby in Richmond, on going back into the lines, and she knew he was going back into the lines again and always would, and life such as he had snatched these past weeks with her would be only interludes. Then he was gone, with a touch of his hand to his hat, and she was seeing him for the last time.

The yelling soared up with a rush and guns began to crack, as they had so often in this town, and then came the familiar thunder of a galloping horse heading for the brush. She had always shuddered before and gone into their home in the back room. This time she ran to the door and flung it open.

Men crouched in doorways and behind buildings, firing at the lone rider. He was leaning back and his big pistol flared and she heard bullets singing through the street. Then he was out of town, leaning forward in his saddle and urging his horse. His bright neckerchief fluttered in the wind. He was still dressed for their supper as he rode toward the Dragoon Mountains, where he would hide out . . . and then move on. None of it was his fault. He was a good cowboy but, as Slim said, they never killed just once.

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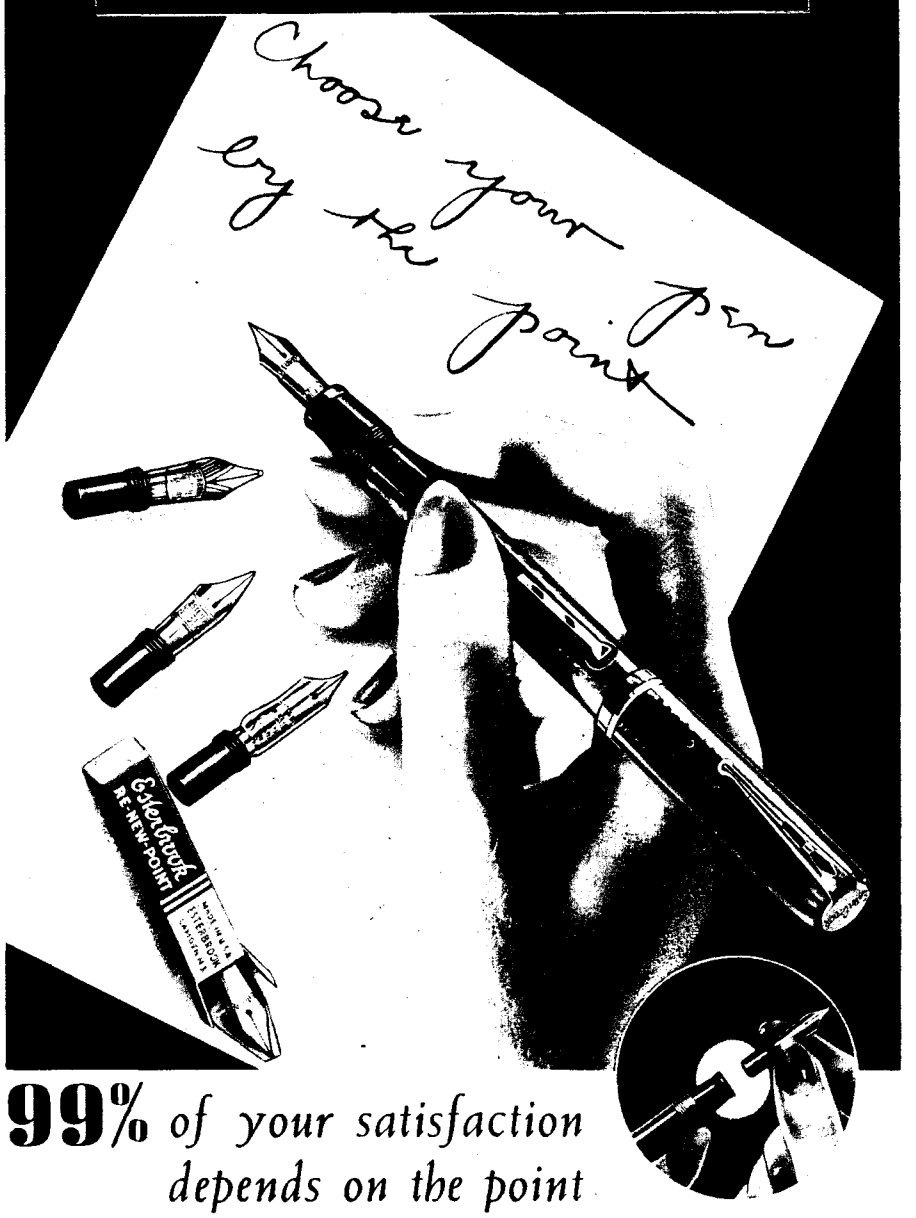

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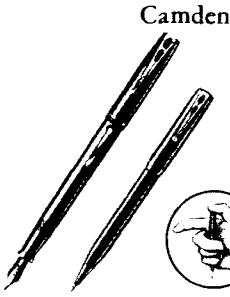

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The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 14

very fond of in books! But take my word for it, these things are all unbelievable. If the woman *is* dead, her body has just been quietly buried somewhere."

"But where?"

"Exactly. She disappeared in London. Nobody's got a garden there—not a proper one. A lonely chicken farm, that's what we want!"

A garden? Poirot's mind flashed suddenly to that neat, prim garden at Ealing with its formal beds. How fantastic if a dead woman should be buried *there!*

He told himself not to be absurd.

"And if she *isn't* dead," went on Japp, "where is she? Over a month now, description published in the Press, circulated all over England—"

"And nobody has seen her?"

"Oh, yes, practically *everybody* has seen her! You've no idea how many middle-aged, faded-looking women wearing olive-green cardigan suits there are. She's been seen on Yorkshire moors, and in Liverpool hotels, in guest houses in Devon and on the beach at Ramsgate! My men have spent their time patiently investigating all these reports—and one and all they've led nowhere, except to getting us in wrong with a number of perfectly respectable, middle-aged ladies."

Poirot clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"And yet," went on Japp, "she's a real person all right. I mean sometimes you come across a dummy, so to speak—someone who just comes to a place and poses as a Miss Spinks—when all the time there *isn't* a Miss Spinks. But this woman's *genuine*—she's got a past, a background! We know all about her from her childhood upward! She'd led a perfectly normal reasonable life—and suddenly, hey, presto—vanish!"

"THERE must be a reason," said Poirot.

"She didn't shoot Morley, if that's what you mean. Amberiotis saw him alive after she left—and we've checked up on her movements after she left Queen Charlotte Street that morning."

Poirot said impatiently:

"I am not suggesting for a moment that she shot Morley. Of course she did not. But all the same—"

Japp said, "If you are right about Morley, then it's far more likely that he told her something which, although she doesn't suspect it, gives a clue to his murderer. In that case, she *might* have been deliberately got out of the way."

Poirot said, "All this involves an organization, some big concern quite out of proportion to the death of a quiet dentist in Queen Charlotte Street."

"Don't you believe everything Reginald Barnes tells you! He's a funny old bird—got German spies and Communists on the brain."

Japp got up, and Poirot said: "Let me know if you have news."

When Japp had gone out, Poirot sat frowning down at the table in front of him.

What was holding him up? He knew the answer. He was waiting for something.

Something inevitable, foreordained, the next link in the chain. When it came—then—*then* he could go on. . . .

It was late evening a week later when the summons came.

Japp's voice was brusque over the telephone:

"That you, Poirot? *We've found her.* You'd better come around. King Leopold Mansions. Battersea Park. No. 45."

A quarter of an hour later a taxi deposited Poirot outside King Leopold Mansions.

It was a big block of mansion flats looking out over Battersea Park. No. 45 was on the second floor. Japp himself opened the door.

His face was set in grim lines.

"Come in," he said. "It's not particularly pleasant, but I expect you'll want to see for yourself."

Poirot said—but it was hardly a question: "Dead?"

"What you might describe as very dead!"

Japp led the way down the passage and Poirot followed him.

The room they went into was a small lumber and box room. In the middle of it was a big metal chest of the kind used for storing furs. The lid was open.

Poirot stepped forward and looked inside.

He saw the foot first, with the shabby shoe on it and the ornate buckle. His first sight of Miss Sainsbury Seale had been, he remembered, a shoe buckle.

His gaze traveled up, over the green wool coat and skirt till it reached the head.

He made an inarticulate noise.

"I know," said Japp. "It's pretty horrible."

The face had been battered out of all recognizable shape. Add to that the natural processes of decomposition, and it was no wonder that both men looked a shade pea-green as they turned away.

"Oh, well," said Japp. "It's all in the day's work—our day's work. No doubt about it, ours is a lousy job sometimes. There's a spot of brandy in the other room. You'd better have some."

The living room was smartly furnished in an up-to-date style—a good deal of chromium and some large, square-looking easy chairs upholstered in a pale fawn geometric fabric.

Poirot found the decanter and helped himself to some brandy. As he finished drinking, he said:

"It was not pretty, that! Now tell me, my friend, all about it."

Japp said, "This flat belongs to a Mrs. Albert Chapman. Mrs. Chapman is, I gather, a well-upholstered, smart blonde of forty-odd. Pays her bills, fond of an occasional game of bridge with her neighbors but keeps herself to herself more or less. No children. Mr. Chapman is a commercial traveler.

"Sainsbury Seale came here on the evening of our interview with her. About seven-fifteen. So she probably came straight here from the Glengowrie Court. She'd been here once before, so the porter says. You see, all perfectly clear and aboveboard—nice, friendly call. The porter took Miss Sainsbury Seale up in the lift to this flat. The last he saw of her was standing on the mat pressing the bell."

Poirot commented: "He has taken his time to remember this!"

"HE'S had gastric trouble, it seems, been away in hospital while another man took on temporarily for him. It wasn't until about a week ago that he happened to notice in an old paper the description of a 'wanted woman' and he said to his wife, 'Sounds quite like that old cup of tea who came to see Mrs. Chapman on the second floor. *She* had on a green wool suit and buckles on her shoes.' And after about another hour he registered again: 'Believe she had a name, too, something like that. Blimey, it *was*—Miss Something-or-other Seale!'

"After that," continued Japp, "it took him about four days to overcome his natural distrust of getting mixed up with the police and come along with his information.

"We didn't really think it would lead to anything. You've no idea of how many of these false alarms we've had. However, I sent Sergeant Beddoes along—he's a bright young fellow. A bit too much of this high-class education but he can't help that. It's fashionable now.

"Well, Beddoes got a hunch at once that we were on to something at last. For one thing this Mrs. Chapman hadn't been seen about for over a month. She'd gone away without leaving any address. That was a bit odd. In fact everything he could learn about Mr. and Mrs. Chapman seemed odd.

"He found out the porter hadn't seen Miss Sainsbury Seale leave again. That in itself wasn't unusual. She might easily have come down the stairs and gone out without his seeing her. But then the porter told him that Mrs. Chapman had gone away rather suddenly. There was just a big, printed notice outside the door the next morning: 'NO MILK TELL NELLIE I AM CALLED AWAY.'

"Nellie was the daily maid who did for her. Mrs. Chapman had gone away suddenly once or twice before, so the girl didn't think it odd, but what *was* odd was the fact that she hadn't rung for the porter to take her luggage down or get her a taxi.

"Anyway, Beddoes decided to get into the flat. We got a search warrant and a passkey from the manager. Found nothing of interest except in the bathroom. There had been some hasty clearing up done there. There was a trace of blood on the linoleum—in the corners where it had been missed when the floor was washed over. After that, it was just a question of finding the body. Mrs. Chapman couldn't have left with any luggage or the porter would have known. Therefore, the body *must* still be in the flat. We soon spotted that fur chest—airtight, you know—just the place. Keys were in the dressing-table drawer.

"We opened it up—and there was the missing lady!"

"What about Mrs. Chapman?" Poirot asked.

"What indeed? Who is Sylvia (her name's Sylvia, by the way), what is she? One thing is certain. Sylvia, or Sylvia's friends, murdered the lady and put her in the box."

Poirot nodded. He asked, "But why—was her face battered in? It is not nice, that."

"I'll say it isn't nice! As to *why*—well, one can only guess. Sheer vindictiveness, perhaps. Or it may have been with the idea of concealing the woman's identity."

POIROT frowned. He said, "But it did not conceal her identity."

"No, because not only had we got a pretty good description of what Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was wearing when she disappeared, but her handbag had been stuffed into the fur box too, and inside the handbag there was actually an old letter addressed to her at her hotel in Russell Square."

Poirot sat up. He said, "But *that*—that does not make the common sense!"

"It certainly doesn't. I suppose it was a slip."

"Yes—perhaps—a slip. But—"

He got up.

"You have been over the flat?"

"Pretty well. There's nothing illuminating. I should like to see Mrs. Chapman's bedroom."

"Come along then."

The bedroom showed no signs of a hasty departure. It was neat and tidy. The bed had not been slept in, but was turned down ready for the night. There was a thick coating of dust everywhere.

Japp said, "No fingerprints, so far as we can see. There are some on the kitchen things, but I expect they'll turn out to be the maid's."

"That means that the place was dusted very carefully after the murder?"

"Yes."

Poirot's eyes swept slowly around the room. Like the sitting room it was furnished in the modern style—and furnished, so he thought, by someone with a moderate income. The articles in it were expensive but not ultraexpensive. They were showy but not first class. The color scheme was rose-pink. He looked

"Now if you can manage a high soprano, say: 'Get out of my boodwor!' "

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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into the built-in wardrobe and handled the clothes—smart clothes but again not of first-class quality. His eyes fell to the shoes—they were largely of the sandal variety popular at the moment, some had exaggerated cork soles. He balanced one in his hand, registered the fact that Mrs. Chapman had taken a 5 in shoes and put it down again. In another cupboard he found a pile of furs, shoved in in a heap.

"Came out of the fur chest," Japp said.

Poirot nodded.

He was handling a gray squirrel coat. He remarked appreciatively: "First-class skins."

Japp said: "There's something worrying you, Poirot. What is it?"

Poirot said: "But, yes, I am worried. I am very seriously worried. There is here, you see, for me an insolvable problem."

Resolutely, he went once more into the box room. . . .

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists—No. 1

Laurence Reynolds began to cash in on his artistic ability by swapping his first drawings for marbles, chewing gum and cigarette pictures in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where he was born twenty-eight years ago. Knows what it's like to be a caddy, grocery clerk, carpet designer, ditch digger, cashier and hotel clerk; enjoys all sports, amateur photography, music and movies. Favorite actor: Donald Duck. Cartoon specialty: dumb burglars. See opposite page.

He took hold of the shoe on the dead woman's foot. It resisted and came off with difficulty.

He examined the buckle. It had been clumsily sewed on by hand.

Hercule Poirot sighed. He said: "It is that I am dreaming!"

Japp said curiously:

"What are you trying to do—make the thing more difficult?"

"Exactly that."

Japp said: "One patent-leather shoe, complete with buckle. What's wrong with that?"

Hercule Poirot said: "Nothing—absolutely nothing. But all the same—I do not understand."

Mrs. Merton of No. 82 King Leopold Mansions had been designated by the porter as Mrs. Chapman's closest friend in the Mansions.

It was, therefore, to No. 82 that Japp and Poirot betook themselves next.

Mrs. Merton was a loquacious lady, with snapping black eyes, and an elaborate coiffure.

It needed no pressure to make her talk. She was only too ready to rise to a dramatic situation.

"Sylvia Chapman—well, of course, I don't know her really well—not intimately, so to speak. We had a few bridge evenings occasionally and we went to the pictures together, and, of course, shopping sometimes and we attended antigas lectures. But, oh, do tell me—she isn't *dead*, is she?"

Japp reassured her.

"Well, I'm sure I'm thankful to hear it! But the postman just now was all agog about a body having been found in one of the flats—but then one really can't believe half one hears, can one? I *never* do."

Japp asked a further question.

"No, I haven't heard anything of Mrs. Chapman—not since she went away. She must have gone away rather suddenly, because we were going to do our first-aid classes, and she said nothing about going away *then*. She's missed three of them—"

Mrs. Merton had never heard a Miss Sainsbury Seale mentioned. Mrs. Chapman had never spoken of anyone of that name.

"And yet, you know, the name *is* familiar to me, distinctly familiar. I seem to have seen it somewhere quite *lately*."

Japp said dryly, "It's been in all the papers for some weeks—"

"Of course—some missing person, wasn't it? And you thought Mrs. Chapman might have known her? No, I'm sure I've never heard Sylvia mention *that* name."

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Merton?"

A RATHER curious expression came over Mrs. Merton's face.

"He was a commercial traveler, I believe, so Mrs. Chapman told me," she said. "He traveled abroad for his firm—armaments, I believe. He went all over Europe."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"No, never. He was at home so seldom, and when he was at home he and Mrs. Chapman didn't want to bother with outsiders. Very naturally."

"Do you know if Mrs. Chapman had any near relations or friends?"

"I don't know about friends. I don't think she had any near relations. She never spoke of any."

"Was she ever in India?"

"Not that I know of."

Mrs. Merton paused, and then broke out:

"But please tell me—why are you asking all these questions? I quite understand that you come from Scotland Yard and all that, but there must be some special reason."

"Well, Mrs. Merton, you are bound to know some time. As a matter of fact, a dead body *has* been found in Mrs. Chapman's flat."

"Oh—?" Mrs. Merton looked for a moment like the dog whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"A dead body! It wasn't Mr. Chapman, was it? Or perhaps some foreigner?"

"It wasn't a man at all—it was a woman," Japp said.

"A woman." Mrs. Merton seemed even more surprised.

Poirot said gently, "Why should you think it was a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed more likely somehow."

"But why? Was it because Mrs. Chapman was in the habit of receiving gentlemen visitors?"

"Oh, no—oh, no, indeed." Mrs. Merton was indignant. "I never meant anything of *that* kind. Sylvia Chapman wasn't in the least *that* kind of woman—not at all! It was just that, with Mr. Chapman—I mean—"

She came to a stop.

Poirot said, "I think, Madame, that

"MUM pays you dividends in the hotel business-or any business"

"In my business — or any other — the man with perspiration odor has two strikes on him. I urge every man on our staff to follow my example . . . and make a daily habit of Mum!"

says Mr. Kenneth Lane, personnel director of the famous Hotel New Yorker

"PERSPIRATION ODOR has double-crossed many a capable and able citizen. Socially or in business it's an unforgivable fault. And the tragic part of it all is that a man may offend and never know he's guilty.

"Too many men trust their shower alone to guard them from underarm odor. But smart men take no chances! They make *sure* they never offend... they make a regular daily habit of Mum!"

Take No Chances Yourself!

That's sound advice for success—and thousands of men are following it. For Mum is quick and easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours! Remember, a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.

Mum can't harm your shirts . . . won't irritate your skin . . . prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop perspiration itself.

Ask the ladies, they know! Your wife, sister or mother uses a deodorant—probably Mum. But shy away from daily arguments and don't try to "borrow" theirs. Druggists are selling jars to thousands of men who like the self-confidence Mum brings—safety from underarm odor. Get yourself a jar of Mum, today!

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!]

Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration, but Mum prevents underarm odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

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you know a little more than you have told us."

Mrs. Merton said uncertainly:

"I don't know, I'm sure—*what* I ought to do! I mean, I don't exactly want to betray a confidence and, of course, I never have repeated what Sylvia told me—except just to one or two intimates whom I knew were really *safe* . . ."

Mrs. Merton paused to draw breath.

"What *did* Mrs. Chapman tell you?" Japp asked.

Mrs. Merton leaned forward and lowered her voice.

"It just—slipped out, as it were, one day. When we were seeing a film—about the secret service and Mrs. Chapman said you could see that whoever had written it didn't know much about their subject, and then it came out—only she swore me to secrecy. Mr. Chapman was in the secret service, I mean. That was the real reason he had to go abroad so much. The armament firm was only a blind. And it was terribly worrying for Mrs. Chapman because she couldn't write to him or get letters from him while he was away. And, of course, it was terribly *dangerous!* I've often wondered—perhaps he's actually in Germany *now—!*"

As they went down the stairs again to No. 42 Japp ejaculated with feeling:

"Shades of E. Phillips Oppenheim and Valentine Williams, I think I'm going mad!"

THAT smart young man, Sergeant Beddoes, was awaiting them.

He said respectfully:

"Haven't been able to get anything helpful from the maid, sir. Mrs. Chapman changed maids pretty often, it seems. This one had only worked for her a month or two. She says Mrs. Chapman was a nice lady, fond of the radio and pleasant-spoken. Girl was of opinion the husband was a gay deceiver but that Mrs. Chapman didn't suspect it. She got letters from abroad sometimes, some from Italy, two from America, one from Spain and one from Russia. The girl's young man collects stamps, and Mrs. Chapman used to give them to her off the letters."

"Anything among Mrs. Chapman's papers?"

"Absolutely nothing, sir. She didn't keep much. A few bills and receipted accounts—all local. Some old theater programs, one or two cookery recipes cut out of the papers. Some A.R.P. stuff and a pamphlet about the missions."

The divisional surgeon came out of the bathroom where he had been washing his hands.

"Most unsavory corpse," he said cheerfully. "Send her along when you're ready and I'll get down to brass tacks."

"No idea of the cause of death, Doctor?"

"Impossible to say until I've done the autopsy. Those face injuries were definitely inflicted after death, I should say. But I shall know better when I've got her at the mortuary. It may be a job to identify her—oh, you know who she is? That's splendid. What? Missing woman there's been all the fuss about? Well, you know, I never read the papers. Just do the crosswords."

Japp said bitterly, "And that's publicity for you!" as the doctor went out.

Poirot was hovering over the desk. He picked up a small, brown address book.

The indefatigable Beddoes said:

"Nothing of special interest there—mostly hairdressers, dressmakers, etc. I've noted down any private names and addresses."

Poirot opened the book at the letter D.

He read Dr. Davis, 17, Prince Albert Road; Drake and Pomponetti, Fishmongers. And below it: *Dentist. Mr. Morley, 58 Queen Charlotte Street.*

Miss Morley had moved to the country. She was living in a small country cottage near Hertford.

The Grenadier greeted Poirot amicably. Since her brother's death her face had perhaps grown slightly grimmer, her carriage more upright, her general attitude toward life more unyielding. She resented bitterly the slur cast upon her brother's professional name by the findings of the inquest.

Poirot, she had reason to believe, shared her view that the verdict of the coroner's court was untrue. Hence the Grenadier unbent a little.

She answered his questions readily enough and with competence. All Mr. Morley's professional papers had been carefully filed by Miss Nevill and had been handed over by her to Mr. Morley's successor. Some of the patients had transferred themselves to Mr. Reilly, others had accepted the new partner, others again had gone to other dentists elsewhere.

Miss Morley, after she had given what information she could, said:

"So you have found that woman who was Henry's patient—Miss Sainsbury Seale—and *she* was murdered, *too*."

The "too" was a little defiant. She stressed the word.

Poirot said, "Your brother never mentioned Miss Sainsbury Seale particularly to you?"

"No, I don't remember his doing so."

"Do you remember hearing of a Mrs. Chapman amongst your brother's patients?"

"Chapman? No, I don't think so. Miss Nevill is really the person to help you over all this."

"I am anxious to get in touch with her. Where is she now?"

"She has taken a post with a dentist in Ramsgate, I believe."

"She has not married that young man Frank Carter yet?"

"No. I rather hope that will never come off. I don't like that young man, M. Poirot. I really don't. There is something wrong about him. I still feel that he hasn't really any proper moral sense."

Poirot said, "Do you think it is possible that he could have shot your brother?"

Miss Morley said, slowly, "I do feel that he would be *capable* of it—he has a very uncontrollable temper. But I don't really see that he had any motive—nor opportunity, for that matter. You see, it wasn't as though Henry had succeeded in persuading Gladys to give him up. She was sticking to him in the most faithful way."

"Could he have been bribed, do you think?"

"Bribed? To kill my brother? What an extraordinary idea!"

A nice-looking, dark-haired girl brought in the tea at this moment. Miss Morley's parrot said: "A cup of tea, a nice cup of tea, a nice cup of hot tea," and added, "Ha, ha—to hell with Hitler." As the maid went out again, Poirot said: "That girl was with you in London, was she not?"

"Agnes? Yes, she was house parlormaid. I let the cook go—she didn't want to come to the country anyway—and Agnes does everything for me. She is turning into quite a nice little cook."

Poirot nodded.

HE KNEW very accurately the domestic arrangements of 58 Queen Charlotte Street. They had been thoroughly gone into at the time of the tragedy. Mr. Morley and his sister had occupied the two top floors of the house as a maisonette. The basement had been shut up altogether, except for a narrow passage leading from the area to the back yard where a wire cage ran up to the top floor with the tradesmen's deliveries and where a speaking tube was installed. Therefore, the only entrance to the house was by the front door, which it was Alfred's business to answer. This had enabled the police to be sure that no outsider could have entered the house on that particular morning.

Both cook and house parlormaid had been with the Morleys for some years and bore good characters. So, although it was theoretically possible that one or the other of them *might* have crept down to the second floor and shot her master, the possibility had never been taken seriously into account. Neither of the two had appeared unduly flustered or upset at being questioned, and there certainly seemed no possible reason for connecting either of them with his death.

Nevertheless, as Agnes handed Poirot his hat and stick on leaving, she asked him with an unusually nervous abruptness: "Does—does anyone know anything more about the master's death, sir?"

Poirot turned to look at her. He said: "Nothing fresh has come to light."

"They're still quite sure as he *did* shoot himself because he'd made a mistake with that drug?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

Agnes pleated her apron. Her face was averted. She said rather indistinctly: "The—the mistress doesn't think so."

"And you agree with her, perhaps?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know nothing, sir. I only—I only wanted to be *sure*."

Hercule Poirot said in his most gentle voice: "It would be a relief to you to feel beyond any possible doubt that it *was* suicide?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Agnes agreed quickly. "It would indeed."

"For a special reason, perhaps?"

Her startled eyes met his. She shrank back a little.

"I—I don't know anything about it, sir. I only just asked."

"But *why* did she ask?" Hercule Poirot demanded of himself as he walked down the path to the gate.

He felt sure that there was an answer to that question. But as yet he could not guess what it was.

All the same, he felt a step nearer.

When Poirot returned to his flat he was surprised to find an unexpected visitor awaiting him.

A bald head was visible above the back of a chair, and the small, neat figure of Mr. Barnes rose.

He had come, he explained, to return M. Hercule Poirot's visit.

Poirot professed himself delighted to see Mr. Barnes. George was instructed to bring some coffee unless his visitor preferred tea or whisky and soda.

"Coffee will be admirable," said Mr. Barnes. "I imagine that your manservant prepares it well. Most English servants do not."

Presently, Mr. Barnes gave a little cough and said:

"I will be frank with you, M. Poirot. It was sheer curiosity that brought me here. You, I imagined, would be well posted in all the details of this rather curious case. I see by the papers that the missing Miss Sainsbury Seale has been found, that an inquest was held and adjourned for further evidence. Cause of death was stated to have been an overdose of medinal."

"That is quite correct," said Poirot.

There was a pause, and then Poirot said, "Have you ever heard of Albert Chapman, Mr. Barnes?"

"Ah, the husband of the lady in whose flat Miss Sainsbury Seale came to die? Rather an elusive person."

"But hardly nonexistent?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Barnes. "He exists. Oh, yes, he exists—or *did* exist. I had heard he was dead. But you can't trust these rumors."

"Who was he, Mr. Barnes?"

"I don't suppose they'll say at the inquest. Not if they can help it. They'll trot out the armaments firm traveler story."

"He *was* in the secret service, then?"

"Of course he was. But he had no business to tell his wife so—no business at all. In fact, he ought not to have continued in the service after his marriage. It isn't usually done—not, that is, when you're one of the really hush-hush people."

"AND Albert Chapman was?"

"Yes. Q.X.912. That's what he was known as. Using a name is most irregular. Oh, I don't mean that Q.X.912 was specially important—or anything of that kind. But he was useful because he was an insignificant sort of chap—the kind whose face isn't easily remembered. He was used a lot as a messenger up and down Europe. You know the sort of thing. One dignified letter sent via our ambassador in Rumania—one unofficial ditto containing the dirt per Q.X.912—that is to say: Mr. Albert Chapman."

"Then he knew a lot of useful information?"

"Probably didn't know a thing," said Mr. Barnes cheerfully. "His job was just hopping in and out of trains and boats and airplanes and having the right story to explain *why* he was going *where* he was going!"

"And you heard he was dead?"

"That's what I heard," said Mr. Barnes. "But you can't believe all you hear. I never do."

Looking at Mr. Barnes intently, Poirot asked: "What do you think has happened to his wife?"

"I can't imagine," said Mr. Barnes. He looked, wide-eyed, at Poirot. "Can you?"

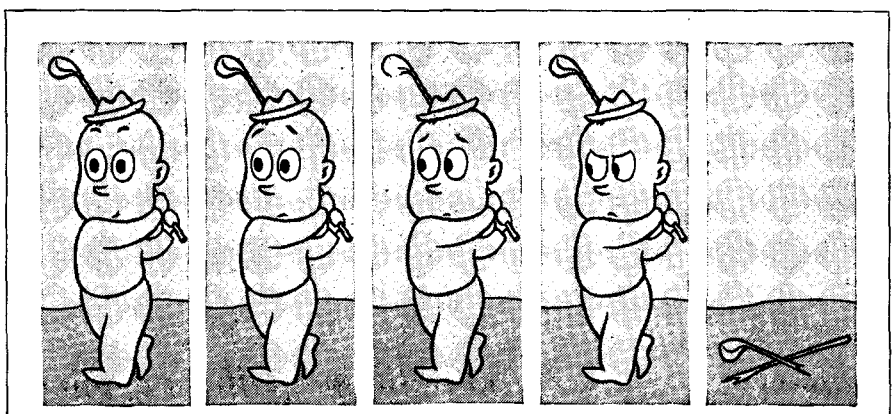
Poirot said, "I had an idea—" He stopped.

He said slowly: "It is very confusing."

Mr. Barnes murmured sympathetically: "Anything worrying you in particular?"

Hercule Poirot said slowly: "Yes. The evidence of my own eyes. . . ."

(To be continued next week)



Slice CROCKETT JOHNSON

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The Bear Looks Over the Mountain

Continued from page 19

Well, let's go up into the Khyber and see the war. You crawl across the northern plains, through the badlands, in the oven-hot, dust-layered Frontier Mail, up past Chaklala and Rawal Pindi and Campbellpur and other army posts, bristling with guns and trucks and the machinery of war. You cross the Indus. Every station is a fort; every bridge is blockhouse-protected. The cantonments are wire-ringed and here and there old sandbag gun-nests make little bumps on the plain. The hilltops have monuments on them—monuments to forty men of this regiment, twenty-seven men of that battalion, fallen in some long-forgotten battle with the hillmen.

Better Stick to the Roads

At Nowshera you cross the frontier. The big, bearded Sikh infantrymen guarding the station fort have their rifles chained to them. A rifle is worth $300 across the border; without the chain it was too easy for a Pathan to leap on a Sikh, twist his gun from him, and be away like a shadow.

A few miles farther on is the old city of Peshawar, an important point on the historic caravan trail down through the pass.

Above the city towers the old fort, with its King's Own Regiment, ready to battle at the drop of a hat. Peshawar, a filthy, sun-baked town of narrow alleys and cluttered bazaars, is ringed with barbed wire, entered only through heavily guarded gates. At night, no white man may stay in the city. Through it stalk occasional hillmen, guns slung on backs, eying with interest the trim khaki-uniformed British Tommies. In the hills there is war, grim and deadly. But here there is armed truce.

Just past Peshawar is the cantonment, an armed camp, also wire-guarded. Troops march its dusty streets. You roll on beyond in a car, through the heavily guarded gates, and ahead rise the brown hills of death. A few miles over the plain and you come to Jamrud Fort and more wire barricades. Beyond the barrier there are two roads—one for cars, the other, winding along parallel, is for camel trains, herds of goats, foot soldiers.

You had better stick to the car road, the army people tell you. That is all the British Empire can make safe. If you get ten feet off the highway you are in tribal territory. If you get pot-shotted, or kidnaped, there is nothing much anyone can do about it. If you are important enough the British government may enter into solemn negotiations with a tribal *malik* about your case. And maybe not.

Along with the highways runs the railroad, hacked and blasted and tunneled through solid rock. It cost nearly two million dollars—and a hundred lives—for each of its twenty-five miles from Jamrud to Landikhana, a few rods from the Afghan frontier. Its few stations are rock forts; every foot of it is patrolled by riflemen—for steel is worth its weight in silver in the hills.

Off the road, in Tribal Territory, are Afridi and Shinwari villages. Every few miles is a graveyard—filled with the bodies of those who were a little slow on the trigger. Natural death is a curiosity in these hills, where every mud and rock house is a loopholed fort, and where feuds linger on and rifles crack in endless fighting. Here and there the British have won a few square yards atop a ridge to plant a machine-gun emplacement and to establish a relay station for flag-signaling down to Peshawar if the hillmen cut the phone lines.

The road loops and twists upward through the pass. Sometimes the towering rocks come down and the ravine narrows to a few yards; elsewhere it widens out. You come to the army camp at Landikotal, with the little Gurkhas rattling away at machine-gun practice and the big Punjabis snapping to salute as the car goes by. The Tommies are there, too, bringing the usual home touch: At an intersection a sign says: Whitehall-Victoria Street.

Ancient Land of Battle

The road winds upward and you come to the top of the pass. There is a fort there, and more wire and a barrier guarded by *khasadars*. Far below, a spot of green marks the frontier camp. Beyond, lifting up in range after range of dun hills, is Afghanistan, and far in the northern sky are the snow peaks of the main range. You roll down the hill, around the corners, past the rock-hewn memorials to half-forgotten Indian and British regiments that have held the pass, and come to a pipe gate across the road, and a notice board.

This is the famous frontier—and it is an anticlimax. There are no complicated fortifications—just a tumble-down barbed-wire fence and a pipe gate that swings up and down. On the Indian side lounges a tribal guard. His rifle leans against a rock. You pick it up and look at it and he grins broadly. Across the line, on a small flat beside a tin hut, a ragtag and bobtail Afghan soldier, bayonet fixed to his old rifle, ambles about in worn shoes. If you go too near the wire, he aims the gun at you.

Atop a hill near by is the last British fort. It looks down on the road through which Alexander's mounted bowmen came 2,277 years ago, a few short years before the Boy Conqueror died at Babylon sighing for the lack of opportunity. It looks down on the road up which British soldiers have marched to victory—and massacre—in Kabul, the Afghan capital. It looks across the other ridges, topped by the remnants of forts and walls so old that Alexander thought them ancient.

The modest notice board by the roadside says this is the Frontier of India. If you drive on, you twist and climb over a rough track, through Afghanistan, up past Jalalabad and Kabul, five hundred

THE TRUTH about Detroit's War Orders

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

•

Detroit's Defense Headache

By Walter Davenport

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ NO. 10

His Famous CALOX SMILE thrills millions in "A Date with Destiny"

. . . a new Paramount Picture

CLUES by Sheilah Graham
Hollywood Movie Reporter

1. What splendid English actor just celebrated his thirteenth wedding anniversary?

2. Who played Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"?

3. Like Bing Crosby and Cary Grant, he uses Calox, too. Who is he?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)*

A STUNNING SMILE . . . haven't *you* often wished for one? Then take a tip from the movie stars. Discover, as many of them already have, how Calox Tooth Powder helps to reveal the *natural* lustre of your teeth!

Prove this by pouring a little Calox on a nail buffer and rubbing your finger nails vigorously. Now look at their *high polish*. Proof that Calox CLEANS—without harming the softest tooth enamel! For Calox Tooth Powder contains not only 1 or 2, but 5 CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and surface stain. Brush your teeth with Calox for 30 DAYS. Get that "Hollywood Sparkle"!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath

**Basil Rathbone*

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" by bringing out natural lustre

Now Marie thanks that "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!

1. Marie: "Hollywood at last! When are we seeing the sights, Uncle Harry?"
Uncle: "Starting *right now* . . . come on. I'll show you how a picture is made."

2. Marie: "Gosh but she's beautiful. And her smile . . . it puts mine to shame!"
Uncle: "Ah, my dear, that's the 'Hollywood Sparkle.' And the secret is Calox, the tooth powder with *5 cleansing agents*. Why don't you try it, Marie?"

3. Bill: "Sa-a-y . . . take a look at Marie. Her Hollywood vacation sure has helped her smile!"
Jack: "Sure has! And did you notice how attentive her old beau, Dick, is?"

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jarring miles to the Oxus—and Russia. We'll look at the northern border in a minute.

Afghanistan still is a primitive jumble of mountains, growing higher as they march northward. It is an autocracy, bone-dry because its people are Moslems, camera-shy, barely tolerating strangers. It has a conscript army, rigged out and armed with the castoffs of a dozen nations; its soldiers get a few dollars a year—if they get paid. The country boasts forty-six planes of varying types and has a small air force trained by an ex-Royal Air Force pilot. The RAF man says the Afghan boys are good fliers, and brave, their only weakness being a firm belief that you can train an airplane like a horse and that it will fly itself after a few lessons.

Afghanistan has a king with a solid chromium car, and a sort of newspaper —Islah—which means Improvement. The newspaper never carries any news except social items and so most Afghans know nothing of the bitter, hidden battle of three nations to control their country.

The British have always hankered to control Afghanistan as a sort of buffer state against Russia. They started back in 1838, sending in an army and establish Shah Shiya as king, hedged around by British bayonets. This move ended in disaster, with 16,000 British troops massacred. Punitive expeditions followed and the place was more or less a war zone for decades.

The Russians Are Busy

During the World War the British made a great many promises to the Moslems, and afterward these promises were broken. In 1919, the Afghans went on the warpath, invaded India and, after some battling, won nominal independence. Then Russia started to intrigue—hampered by her antireligious policy. This policy today is the British hope for Afghan neutrality, or even hostility to the Soviets.

On the north, or Russian side of the Oxus, the country is lower than on the Afghan side. Thus, Afghan forts look down on Russian ones across the river. There are no bridges. Most of the crude ferries are run by Russians. From their troop concentration points north of the border, the Russians are busily building half a dozen roads to the river. There are plenty of Russian troops up there, well equipped with artillery and transport—and bombers.

British agents have had an eye on those Russian airfields and bombers for some time—but they are not much worried about them. They have done their own spot of bombing in the hills and know how futile it can be.

To bomb any Indian cities, the RAF boys tell you, the Russian planes would have to fly a thousand miles—and another thousand home. They don't make bombers with that range—yet. As for bombing the passes—well, the Russians can try that forever and a day. And there is nothing better British pilots would like than to see a Russian army trying to get through the Khyber or the Kohat or any of the other passes. It would just be a slaughter.

The British in the frontier country and in Delhi and in every army camp say that invasion from the north is impossible. But the fact is that India has been invaded through these passes for centuries. Army after army has battled a way through, against all the defenses the wit of the hillmen could contrive. Maybe things are different now; maybe defensive weapons are far in advance of offensive machines—but no one will know, until the trial comes.

That Russia would seriously try to take India the British do not believe. They fear, though, that she may try to create a diversion for Hitler's benefit. Any Russian drive south through Afghanistan would force the British to rush troops, guns and planes up into the passes over the single rail line from Karachi. They might easily need a quarter of a million men for defense—at a time when every man is vitally necessary in Europe and every plane sent to the frontier fields is one less against the Germans.

Just what is going on along the Oxus is hard to find out. In Peshawar the bazaar rumors float around, correspondents file stories and military censorship blots them out. In the bazaar you hear of a score of masons, sent north to build a fort on an Afghan hill near Imam Sahib, overlooking the river. Relatives of some of them, you hear, have been told some of the masons will not come back. The Russians bombed the fort to rubble and dust ere it was built. You ask the tired, dusty British agent in Peshawar, just in from the north—and he smiles and says how about a drink; you can't get a drink, up there.

The British bomb the hill villages in Waziristan—and the fliers hate it. It is what the army chiefs, down at the base camps, call punitive—retribution for sudden raids and night attacks.

Because they are built from rocks on hillsides, and because half the people live in caves, it is hard to spot objectives and harder to hit them, even with the low flying that is possible because the tribes have no defense, except home-made rifles.

The bombs fall, crashing and booming through the hills. A heap of rubble marks the site of the village. Every poor possession of the hill people is destroyed. And in a waterless country, where food is scarce, this may mean slow death from hunger—and thirst.

The British claim that bombing is the only way to subdue the tribes, so that more roads may be hacked through the mountains and new airdromes laid out in the few high valleys—against the time the Russians come down. To accomplish these things, besides the bombing there is bribery, and propaganda—and in some cases strange compliance with tribal doings.

Up in Kohat pass, only a few miles from the armed camp at Peshawar, you will hear hammers ringing on anvils in a mud and rock village beside the road. If you can get a pass to go inside the walls you will find there a complete rifle factory, operating right under the nose of the British army. When you ask how this can be, the big black-haired Afridi who shows you around will grin and say, well, if the British want us to fight against them and help train their army for war, they must allow us guns and shells. And beside, the tribesmen have joined forces before and gone raiding down onto the plains—slaying, burning and looting. And they can do it again.

Frontier Diversions

Inside the gun factory are piles of stolen iron and steel—old car parts, steel bars, rusty odds and ends of metal. There is no power in the place. Everything is done by hand. It takes a dozen workmen three days to make a rifle—not a good rifle, but one that will take the standard British ammunition, and last for a few score shots until the shallow rifling wears away.

Only a few years ago, when the pass was not as well guarded as it is now, it was a favorite diversion of the hillmen to stop cars, strip the occupants of everything and turn them loose—and then melt down the cars for rifles. Now they steal metal anywhere they can find it—or buy it with silver rupees.

They make the rupees, too, in half a dozen counterfeiting plants in the grimy bazaars of Peshawar. Half the silver currency along the frontier is phony and no transaction is ever made until each separate coin is rung and rung again against the rock. Thirty rupees will buy an Afridi-made rifle in the Kohat—but production is so slow and the demand so great that elsewhere, traditionally, a British rifle is worth its weight in silver. Rifle shells, along the border, cost thirty cents each—and are seldom wasted.

When they are not battling the soldiery, the tribesmen go in for a spot of kidnaping as a revenue-getter. The British army has a story that the ransom for a British officer is 20,000 rupees—about $6,000—and that the government will pay it and then take it out of the officer's pay.

But soldiers are seldom kidnaped, because they are all blood enemies and there is no quarter in hill warfare.

If you are a luckless trader and are captured your relatives will shortly get a demand for so many thousand rupees. If the cash is not forthcoming, your friends quite likely will get a neat package containing an ear, with the earring left on for identification purposes. If this doesn't work, other parts follow. Some luckless kidnapees, who are not particularly popular with their relatives, are considerably whittled down before they're released.

Kidnaped people, too, are used as currency in the hills and sold and traded around among the various tribes. The British don't interfere much—it's just an old tribal custom.

But the Northwest border is not the only one across which India may be invaded. Far to the westward lies Tibet. There, too, up in the cloud blanketed plateaus, intrigue goes on. Recently a New Dalai Lama, a bewildered boy, was installed with ceremonies in the great Potala at Lhasa. Both British and Chinese showered him with gifts—gold bars and rich embroidery, tame birds and priceless jade, silver and lacquer. The Russians, too, sent down their gifts—and with them soft-spoken men, going around among the villages, talking of the wonders of Communism. . . .

Proving It Can Be Done

In India they say invasion across the Himalayas and Tibet is impossible. But it has been done. In 1904, when a Russian army started into Tibet the British beat them to it and got up from the south side, over the 15,000-foot snow passes, to Lhasa. In 1910 a Chinese general, Chao Erh-feng, took an army up from Sinkiang, with horses and artillery, over tremendous, almost trackless passes, in midwinter. He captured Lhasa and held it and the country roundabout until 1919, keeping a line of communication open. Then he marched back into western China.

So it has been proved that passes on both sides can be forced, despite snow and cold and icy winds and breath-taking precipices. In Tibet, on top of the world, the plots twist and thicken and dissolve—for here, too, Russia might force a diversion and hold British troops from the battlefields of Europe.

Up in the Kohat, on the road from the army base up to Bannu, the old army mules are plodding along through the heat haze with the little 2.75 mountain guns—one gun to four mules, and a spare mule to take care of the casualties and the little five-foot Gurkhas steal through the silences. The tribesmen have sent down a challenge, as they often do—and there will be blood staining the baking rocks before the sun goes down across the Hindu Kush. The Gurkhas and the Wazirs and the Afridi and the Shinwari know nothing of international politics—the pulling and hauling, the bribery and promises, the German propaganda leaflets flooding into Afghanistan cities, the soft-spoken Russians, talking, talking, talking south of the Oxus.

Up there, in the bloody corner where the great ranges join, the war, the old war, the war that was history when Tamerlane and Genghis Khan and young Alexander came marching, still goes on.

Tommy Atkins marches as of old along the tree-lined Grand Trunk Road and up into the dusty, death-hiding hills. If them perishin' Roosians want a scrap, let 'em try coming down the blinkin' Khyber. Tommy, a philosophical soul, goes swinging along, pack on his back, rifle at the slope, singing the Beer Barrel Polka and the one that has for its last line: "Oh, ain't it grand to be bloody well dead!"

Especially the last one.

"We have a date. I hope he gets knocked out of the box early"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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Friend of the Warden

Continued from page 13

"Well, there were no witnesses. It was his word against mine. And they don't think too much of him at the office. I got off with a reprimand, which was the same thing as an acquittal."

Dr. Levy stared down the corridor for a moment. "Clovis himself looks to me as if he takes dope."

"Junkies," George Burns said. "We call them junkies. But I never talk about my superiors. At least not much. And, besides, he might have me transferred to a different place and onto a different shift, and that would kick hell out of my schedule at law school."

"He's been meeting a blonde regularly in the lobby," Dr. Levy said. "She reminds me of someone. I don't know who. In medical school I used to fancy myself as a cynic. But this place goes beyond me. It's the screwiest setup I've even seen."

"That's what they call us," George Burns murmured, looking at his book. "The keepers are called screws and the head keeper is the screw driver. Ask any con."

"Well, neither one of us is going to be here much longer," Dr. Levy said, "thank the Lord. I'm going into private practice and you'll be in law. But I'm glad I've had these few months of my internship here."

"A few months here is enough," George said to the doctor's retreating back. "I been here a full year."

HE BEGAN to read again. The light, quick steps now coming toward him along the hall were Mrs. Bracey's, he knew, and looked up. She was a pleasant woman, verging on middle age, who after the death of her husband had returned to her profession of nursing to support her two children. She had a grave, colorless face that had once been pretty, and the hard, drawn look which most of the older employees of the county hospital acquired, had, on her face, become one of sorrow and great pity.

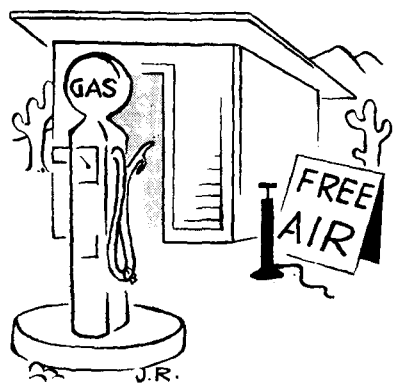
"It's quiet tonight, isn't it, George?" she said.

"I hadn't noticed, Mrs. Bracey," he said, getting up to unlock the door into the prison ward. "Want me to go in with you?"

"Don't bother," she said. "Go ahead with your studying. They'll be asleep, even Langer, I hope. I just have to take their temperatures and give that boy that was shot an injection. I'll be out in five minutes."

She was out in not much more than that time, paler than usual and shaken. George looked at her without getting up. "Langer again?"

Mrs. Bracey nodded, biting her lip. George got up and put the book down. "This is a dirty place," Mrs. Bracey said, "and I didn't come to work here without knowing it was that. But I've never had anyone say the things to me that that man says."



Before George could speak, Mrs. Bracey had walked away so that he could not see the tears that came unwillingly down her face. George drew a deep breath and blew it slowly out, trying to think the thing out. If he spoke to Langer, there was no telling what would happen. Langer had hit guards before now. If he hit Langer in return, Clovis wouldn't discipline Langer, George knew. He would discipline George.

ON THE other hand, George Burns recognized that certain sensibilities had been definitely blunted in the four years he had worked in the prisons. If he allowed what had happened to Mrs. Bracey to pass without any sort of word or gesture on his part, George realized that it would be just one more contribution to the blunting of those sensibilities.

Joe Foley came along the hall and George unstrapped the gun belt from his own waist and handed it to Joe.

"What are you going in for?" Joe said.

"Langer's been getting nasty with Mrs. Bracey."

"Let me go in," Joe said. "I'll take that ape apart."

"Sure, and get yourself suspended indefinitely on Clovis' recommendation." George unlocked the door of the prison ward again and stepped inside. It was a great, bare room, lit up by two dim lights. All but two of the sixteen beds were occupied, most of the prisoners asleep, but two or three followed George with their eyes as he approached the narrow bed on which Langer lay, propped up comfortably on pillows. Langer was a man of indeterminate age. His hair was white but his face seemed young, although hollowed and lined. The mouth was thin but prominent and his eyes were deep-set and seemed at times to burn.

He had been arrested and charged in his time with almost every known felony and had been convicted six times. He was the most hated con in prison; hated by both prisoners and keepers alike.

Watching George Burns come toward him now, Langer even sneered a little: "What the hell do you want, screw?"

"I've come in to tell you that if you bother Mrs. Bracey again, I'm going to report you."

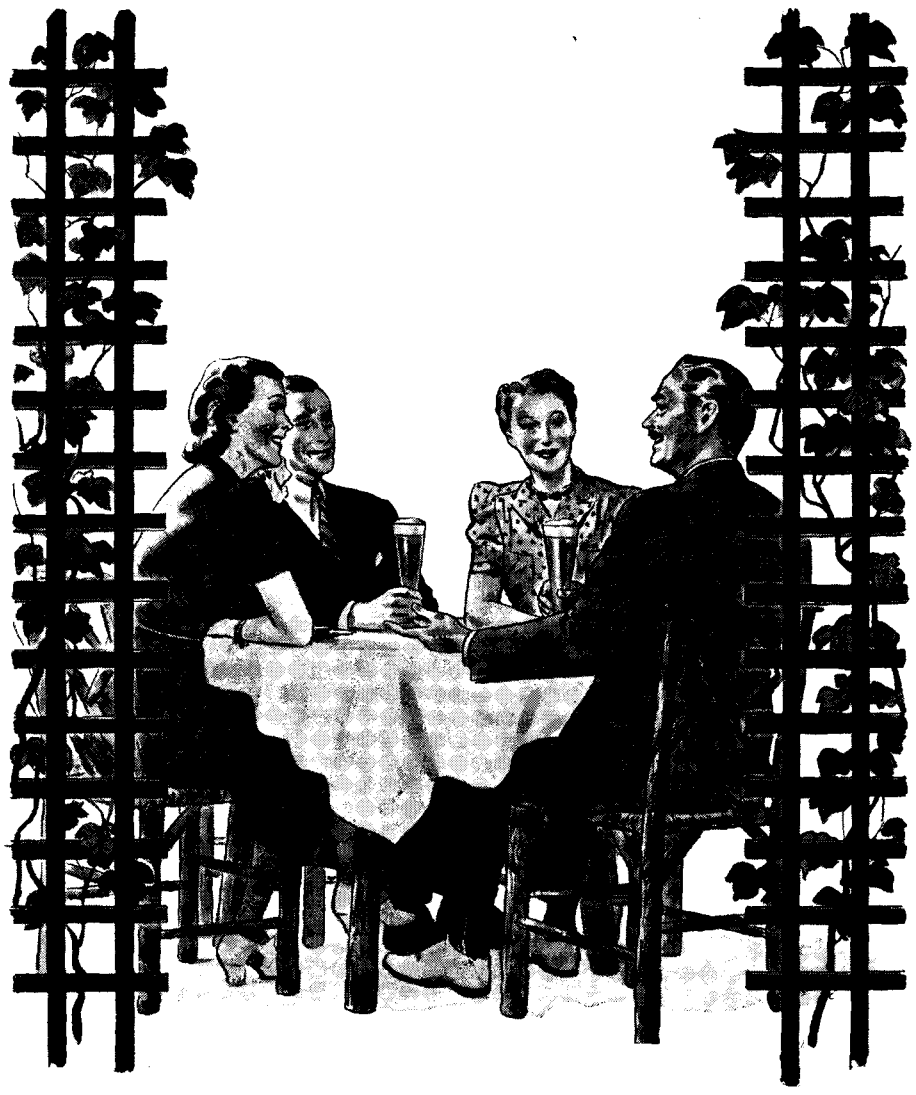
"You wouldn't have the guts to," Langer said.

"And if that doesn't work we'll have charges brought against you."

"You'll get fat doing that," Langer said. "I've beaten tougher raps than that a dozen times." His voice dropped. "Listen, smart guy, why don't you get wise to yourself? You know I got connections and I can break you or any other screw. Now, get to hell out of here."

Anger, George Burns suddenly discovered, he had not known in a long time. He was unprepared for it now and had raised a hand as though to cuff Langer with the back of it. He caught himself, but Langer had seen the upraised hand and came up out of the bed, almost snarling. With his elbow George broke apart the hands aimed at his throat and swung his right fist at Langer. The convict went inside the swing and the two men grappled in silent rage.

Langer's wiry strength surprised George. If he was going to whip Langer it would take a while, George knew. There would be noise and confusion and possibly an attempt on the part of other prisoners to escape. He found that he



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would have liked to fight and whip Langer, although he had tried to divorce himself from any liking for violence since he had come to work in the prisons.

But that kind of fight would take too long. The strong, wiry fingers worked toward his own throat. George reached back, slipping the blackjack from his pocket. His fingers twined in the cord and he half struck, half drew it across the base of Langer's skull. It was an expert blow, designed to render a man unconscious without doing any serious injury or leaving a mark.

Langer sagged, George catching him and easing him onto the bed. George pulled out two pillows and put Langer's head on the third, covering him with the sheet and blanket. Langer breathed easily as in sleep. Leaving the ward, George felt the eyes of the other prisoners on him. He had been friendly, without any great effort on his part, with most of the prisoners he knew. Now, their eyes made him feel uncomfortable.

"I had to tap him," he told Joe.

"I hope you made it good," Joe said.

George shook his head vaguely. Joe saw he didn't want to talk about it.

The sounds of morning had begun in the corridors. George was suddenly tired. Joe said: "You should maybe've thought what Clovis could do before you busted Langer."

"I got tired of thinking of it," George said.

Dr. Jacob Levy came jauntily down the corridor, fresh and immaculate, attended by an orderly and two young and pretty nurses. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "Good morning. You both look as though the night had been long and weary."

"JUST routine stuff," Joe said. "But George had to nudge your friend Langer."

"Not gently, I trust, not gently," Dr. Levy said. "And you a lawyer." He clucked in mock sympathy.

"Not too gently," George said. "I wish you'd look at him. I don't think he's hurt much but look at him for luck."

"Presently," Dr. Levy said, "presently. There's a little matter of a suspected volvulus down the hall, and beyond that a touch of peritonitis. After I attend to these trivia, I shall see to your friend."

"He's a daisy, all right," Joe said, watching the dapper little figure move briskly away.

George sat down heavily, his face in his hands.

"Go down and get some coffee," Joe said, "before you have me feeling like you do. I'll be with you as soon as the morning-shift boys come on."

"I hope Jake looks at Langer before Clovis comes in."

"You should've thought of that before," Joe said.

In the refectory, the food was more tasteless than ever to George. Joe Foley came down at eight and ordered a hearty meal. "Clovis came in on time with the morning shift," he said.

"What did he say?"

"I didn't wait to find out."

George sat there out of sheer weariness until a quarter to nine, when it was time to change his clothes and leave for his first class uptown at nine-thirty. He had just stood up when Dr. Levy came into the room. The doctor was quite grave and motioned George to sit down again.

"We're having a time upstairs," Dr. Levy said, "and I think you'd better know about it, George. Langer knocked my orderly unconscious with a chair, broke a nurse's wrist and tried to get hold of my scalpel. Strangely enough, he's not a madman, at least not in the accepted sense. But by virtue of the strange setup, or influence he has in the prisons, he's become used to a freedom —so to speak—in prison which he can't enjoy as fully even outside. It involves a number of psychological twists I won't bother going into now.

"I can't put him in a strait jacket without a psychiatric prescription, and psychiatrists have already refused to accept Langer as psychotic. I've ordered 'restraints,' so-called, in the form of muslin strips, tied about him and anchored to the bed, but Clovis has countermanded this order. The delegation of authority in the prison ward is something that has never been cleared up. Langer has gotten away with this and worse in the past, so I have no illusions as to what I'm up against."

"If it's us for witnesses you want," Joe said, "we've got plenty. If we only get told that Clovis can't crack down on us."

Dr. Levy went on: "Clovis says I can't put 'restraints' on Langer because Langer is no longer violent. And that's true. When Clovis went in and spoke to Langer alone, Langer became quiet. Now, Clovis says that Langer is no longer ill and that he can be transferred back to Central, which he intends to have done right away."

A guard off the morning shift came in and told George that Clovis wanted to see him. The others at the table were silent as George got up and followed the other guard out. Upstairs, Clovis was seated at a desk in his office near the prison ward. He was a man going on to fifty with pale eyes and an expressionless face, round and cruel.

"Stand at attention," he said when George came into the room. George didn't speak. "You're ordered to report for emergency duty to aid in the transportation of a prisoner to Central. Be ready in this office in five minutes. That's all."

When George returned, Langer was in the office with Clovis. They were alone there. Ostentatiously, Clovis handcuffed Langer to himself. Langer was dressed in well-tailored civilian clothes and a Homburg hat. His face was actually composed, as was Clovis', so that George Burns, the weariness working in him, could think briefly that it was himself who was the prisoner. . . .

"Leave your gun here," Clovis said. "I'll take mine."

George hesitated but obeyed.

"Now go down and get the car warmed up," Clovis said.

The prisoners' entrance to the hospital opened on a narrow yard just big enough for one car to turn in. Waiting in the car, with the motor running, George saw a cheap coupé drive up and a flashily dressed blonde get out. He couldn't see where she went, but her face seemed familiar.

The car George was in was a black sedan, undistinguished except by a single heavy bracket fixed in either side of the rear seat to which a prisoner could be handcuffed in the event an emergency ever made it necessary to move a prisoner with only one guard, and that one driving.

Clovis and Langer came out and got into the back seat of the car. George Burns noticed how lonely and isolated the prisoners' entrance was . . . how no one had been there to see them get into the car. It was too late to do anything about it now, without laying himself open to charges of insubordination. He started the car.

Central Prison lay on an island in the bay and could be reached only by a ferry. The ferry was reached by a single road that led through ugly, stinking meadows and blocks of abandoned factories.

Coming into this part of the drive as they left the city proper, Clovis tapped George on the shoulder and spoke for the first time since they had started: "Stop the car."

George braked it easily to a stop. Two huge factories were on either side, their windows boarded up. Clovis got out of the car.

"What's the matter?" George said.

"Oh, I just thought of something. I have to go back to the office." It was the nearest approach to a smile George had ever seen on Clovis' face. "A friend is going to drive me back. You take Al here in alone."

"Listen—" George said.

"What?" Clovis said.

George paused. Despite his feeling of foreboding, there was still nothing wrong that could be seen. Langer was handcuffed to the bracket on the right. George watched Clovis leave him and get into the cheap coupé driven by the blonde George had seen at the hospital. The car swung around and headed back toward the hospital. George turned to Langer. The handcuffs hadn't been locked, George saw, but it was too late to do anything about it. George was looking into the muzzle of his own .38 special.

"All right," Langer said, "get out, screw."

George got out of the car. He thought that this was the way it feels to go out, and tried to pray.

"Now get in the back of the car," Langer said.

George wondered whether he was to be killed or just handcuffed in the back of the car, to be found that way, his prisoner escaped. The weariness was strong in him and he could believe for a moment that it was a bad dream. In the dream, even, Langer seemed to sway, his eyes to dilate and close alternately.

George was in the back of the car now and Langer tossed him the handcuffs. "Snap them on, screw. If you don't—" Langer wavered and cursed. George hesitated and the rage came almost slowly to Langer's face. The gun in his hand snapped up to point at George and only then did George realize it had dropped. . . . "Quick," Langer said, but the snarl in his voice was slow and as though forced. . . .

ANGER and self-pity worked in George. His heels had hooked into the lower edge of the doorway, and suddenly he had launched himself at Langer. He saw again, the sense of unreality strong in him, that Langer's gun hand had dropped and Langer himself seemed as though wilting. When George hit him with his shoulder it was like hitting an empty sack.

Langer lay unconscious under George. George got up and stared at him. A car braked to a stop near by and George tried to grab for the gun and duck behind his own car, all in one motion. Dr. Levy and Joe Foley got out of the former's car. George stood up.

"Very nice indeed," Dr. Levy said, "even though I have to disillusion you. You probably think you're a tough guy and theoretically you are. But actually it was I and not you who did the job on our friend here."

"You're drunk, Jake," George Burns said. "Or else the life at the ward has finally gotten you."

"It's just the way he talks, George," Joe Foley said. "He didn't like the look of things this morning and just for luck he put some knockout drops in Langer's coffee."

"Then," Dr. Levy took up, "I happened to be going through the lobby and noticed Clovis' blond friend. By the way, George, did you notice the strong facial resemblance between her and Langer; probably brother and sister. Anyhow, when she started to follow you people in her car, I summoned Joseph here and we followed, he driving, I working my trusty 16-millimeter camera so that we have a fairly complete record of all things that happened."

"Well," George said. "Well—"

"We couldn't summon the police or anything," Dr. Levy said, "as it might have turned out so that we'd look foolish."

"Well, I'm going to take this to Central," George said, indicating Langer, "where I started out for."

"And then," Dr. Levy said, "we are all going to go over to the commissioner's office and we will have some newspapermen with us and a portable developing outfit and I'm sure the commissioner will see us. And if the commissioner doesn't see us, the mayor will. I think your good friends, Mr. Clovis and Mr. Langer, are going to have a nice long rest."

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No Summer Love

Continued from page 10

Gerry Andrews? She works somewhere in the hotel."

"Her?" said Mike. "She works in the office."

"Oh."

Mike looked up and he was grinning. "Getting the stalleroo? I heard she knew you."

"Heard?"

"Sure," said Mike, enjoying himself. "As a matter of fact, she mentioned it herself. She said you were a nice guy."

Mike was watching him and he was still grinning. "Why don't you call her up? Wandering around asking questions never did anybody any good."

Duke was smiling himself. "Maybe I will," he said. "Don't bet against it."

HER voice was pleasant but cool over the phone and for a moment he didn't think he could make it stick. "Look," he said, "I haven't seen you again and I wanted to. I wondered if you would have dinner with me."

She hesitated. "I'm afraid that—"

"You don't need to worry," he said. "I have a swell letter of recommendation from my congressman. With a rubber-stamp signature and everything."

She laughed then. "I'd never have the courage to turn down a congressman," she said. "If you'll bring the letter we might be able to make it tonight."

They ate at a little tearoom down in town. "This is the third year I've been at the Bristol," Duke said. "It's odd I never met you before."

Her slender shoulders lifted and fell. "There's nothing so odd about that. They only brought me out from Chicago last spring."

She had worked for the chain that owned the Bristol for the last four years, ever since she graduated from a small college back in Illinois. While it wasn't exciting work, neither was it boring, and she liked it.

Duke shook his head. "I don't get it," he said. "It's no sales talk when I tell you you're pretty. Your mirror tells you the same thing. So what do you want to work for?"

For a moment she was silent. "You mean I should just sit back and wait for some nice man to come along and marry me?"

He could feel her amusement and it made him frown. "Not that," he said, "but just the same—"

SHE saw that he was in earnest and the banter slipped from her voice. "I need a job," she said quietly. "There are a lot of things I want and it's the only way I can get them and still be independent, Duke. I wouldn't want a free ride. I don't want any strings on me that I didn't put there myself."

"It's your life," he said, picking up the check. He was a little too terse and it made her wonder then how much of the glamor-boy business was real and how much of it came from the league he traveled in.

The crowd came in just as they were leaving. They had been laughing and there was a sudden, awkward silence when they saw Duke and the girl. Edie Farrell glanced at Pam and then Duke made the introductions.

When they left the tearoom, a moment later, it was too early to go back to the hotel so they settled on a theater. The double feature was over by eleven and they walked back up the hill to the Bristol, munching the popcorn they had bought at a little stand. It was a fine, clear night and, above, the moon was a waning crescent and the clouds a ceiling. There was the girl walking beside him and the pleasant tang of the firs and pines drifting down from the slopes. Duke glanced at her, thinking that it had been a quiet evening but a nice one.

It was pleasant watching her go down the corridor to her room, a step or so ahead of him. She had a proud carriage, shoulders that were held well back and swinging smoothly with her stride. When she bent to put the key in the lock the faint reflections of the light caught her hair, leaving it warm and burnished. She opened the door and he stood there, hoping she would ask him in and knowing that she wouldn't.

She smiled, holding out her hand. "Good night, Duke. It's been fun."

It had. Too much to leave it that way, wanting to kiss her and doing nothing about it.

"Gerry."

The clear eyes lifted to his and his arms went around her. For a moment her body was soft and responsive against his own and the response was in her lips, too. Then she was pushing him away.

"I don't play any little games, Duke," she said unsteadily. "I wouldn't want to be just another person you met at some summer resort. I—I think I'd better go in now."

PAM was already at the pool when he came down the next morning. It was still too early for the rest of the crowd and she was alone on the sand.

"You're up with the birds," he said. "Waiting for somebody?"

She nodded, one hand shielding her eyes against the sun. "Just you, Mr. Wayne." She looked at him and her voice was too quiet. "We haven't had much time together, Duke. Even less than usual."

"I'm sorry, Pam," he said slowly. "That's the way things break sometimes."

She rolled over so she was facing him. "Duke," she said wistfully, "do you know what we ought to do? Tommy Farrell has a place at Jackson Hole and he wants us all to come up there for a week or so. There would be just our own crowd and we'd have a lot of fun."

He didn't say anything.

"We could drive up next week," she said eagerly. "How does it sound to you, Duke?"

He couldn't brush off that eagerness in her voice without hurting her.

"It sounds all right," he said finally. "We'll see what gives."

Nothing went right that day. Once a girl got under your skin there wasn't much you could do about it. When he did go in the pool, his timing was away off. It stayed that way, too. He was always with Pam and the crowd and none of it made much fun.

And then one morning a letter was under his door.

His brows came together in a dark, puzzled line as he read it. He read it again and it still said the same thing. It was a statement from the hotel for one week at sixteen dollars a day. There was a polite memorandum from the credit office that they would appreciate a check for that amount.

"A hundred and twelve dollars!" he said softly. "They must be crazy!"

He went over and pulled on his sweater. It was a mistake, of course, but it would be better to go down and straighten it out personally. The girl in the outer office sent in his name. The door of the credit office opened and a girl was standing here.

It was Gerry.

"Hello, Duke," she said quietly. "Won't you come in?"

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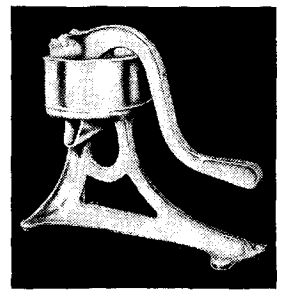

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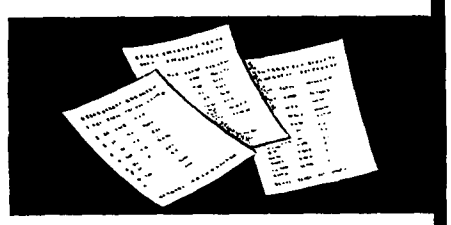

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When the door closed behind them he shook his head as she indicated a chair. "No, thanks, Gerry," he said, trying to keep it casual. "I sort of got my signals crossed. They sent up a bill this morning and I should have had sense enough to give it to Bob Appleby."

She made herself look at him. "Bob Appleby hasn't been here for three months, Duke. He was overdoing that promotion business and they had to let him go. That's why they sent up that bill this morning."

IT WAS so completely unexpected that if it had been anyone but Gerry he would have thought it was a gag. He hadn't seen Bob around but that hadn't meant anything. Publicity men sometimes let things ride until the last minute. A couple times he had meant to drop in and find out when Bob wanted to grab some pictures but each time something had come up. But you couldn't tell Gerry that. It would sound like any other dead beat's alibi.

"I see," he said slowly. "I'd taken it for granted he was still here."

Her eyes wondered how often he had just taken such things for granted. His chin lifted but it didn't help much. It was hard going, standing there with a bill in his hand for a hundred and twelve dollars that he didn't have.

"You needn't pay it now, Duke," she said. "If it would be more convenient, you can sign for it; send it to us later."

He shook his head.

"I can't sign for it," he said wearily. "I might never be able to pay it, Gerry. You'll have to let me work it out."

She looked up quickly and some of that disappointment went out of her.

"Work it out?" she said. "How, Duke? By giving lessons?"

"I can't do that. You can't make an out-and-out deal for your services without turning professional." No matter how he said it, it was as if he was trying to eat his cake and have it, too. "I can give an exhibition, though," he said. "The brass hats will okay something like that."

Maybe, Gerry thought, a championship and the fun that went with it were like so many things you wanted too much. When you finally had it, it owned you.

"All right, Duke," she said. "The manager's been talking about some kind of a water carnival and I'll take it up with him."

He was just leaving the desk the next afternoon when Pam stopped him. She was upset and obviously trying to conceal it.

"Duke," she said, "I want to show you something."

It was a placard that had been set up at the end of the lobby. The Bristol was happy to announce that a Water Carnival would be staged on Friday evening. There would be dancing beside the pool, and as a special attraction Mr. Duke Wayne, the Olympic champion, would appear in an exhibition race.

He glanced at her. "What about it?"

"What about it?" she repeated, and her voice was no longer so cool and self-contained. "How do you think that makes me feel, Duke? You know we're leaving tomorrow for Jackson Hole. You've known it for a week!"

She was right, he thought wearily. He had forgotten all about it.

"I'm sorry, Pam," he said, "but I guess I'll have to skip it."

"Just to stay here for that silly exhibition?" she demanded. Her voice was getting away from her. "Or is it something else? Fun's fun, Duke, but—"

"Wait a minute," he said, trying to hold back the sudden anger that was surging in himself. "Do you want to know why I'm staying, Pam? I'll tell you. I owe this hotel a bill I couldn't pay. This is my way of working it off."

She stared at him, and after a moment a faint color crept into her face.

"Oh," she said, "I—I thought maybe it was that girl."

"Gerry fixed it for me," he said wearily. "If it hadn't been for her—"

Pam was watching his face. "I see." She hesitated, trying to keep the relief out of her voice. "I'm sorry I asked, Duke. Maybe we can still fix it up about Jackson Hole."

"Sure," he said listlessly, "maybe we can."

He went on down to the pool then, wishing that he was a little more on edge for the coming exhibition. The Bristol was importing a couple of kids from Denver, winners in some intercollegiate league, and you never knew when you might run into a sleeper.

He spent the rest of the afternoon in the pool. At six the pool was deserted. He was sliding into his robe when he saw a girl in a red suit entering the pool. He dived in and came up behind her. He smiled and all that staleness seemed to leave him.

"Hello, Gerry."

The girl glanced over her shoulder. Her eyes were the clear, cold green of a wintry sea.

"I wanted to thank you," he said hesitantly. "If you—"

"You needn't bother," she said "It's part of my job."

HE STARED at her. She started for the ladder and he laid a detaining hand on her arm. "It's more than just thanking you, Gerry. You know how I feel about you. I was thinking—"

The cool contempt in her face made him drop his hand.

"I think we better stay in our own leagues, Duke. Just because I was silly enough to think this might not be the usual summer resort thing. . . ." Her voice had the bitterness of self-accusation. "I don't go in for this summer love, Duke."

"No?" he said shortly. "And what makes you think I do?"

"Isn't it rather obvious? I'm sure no working girl could really afford you."

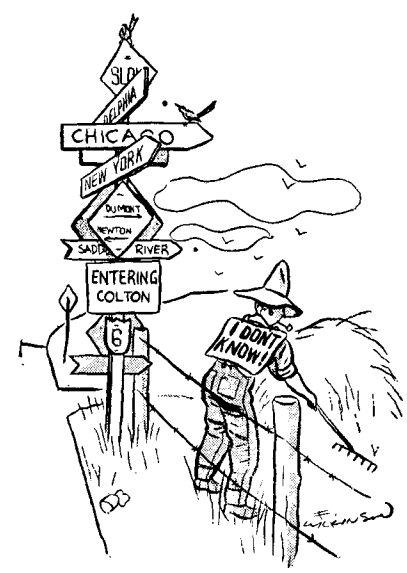
The color ebbed from his face and that deep little line above his chin was suddenly white.

"Thanks," he said slowly. "I think you've got something there. I wouldn't want to be in your league!"

He was running up the steps and her face was hot and crimson.

The Polo Room was always crowded at seven and when Duke came in the booths were already filled. He took a seat at the end of the bar, ordering a Scotch and soda. In one corner a nickel machine was playing something called In the Mood. A waiter offered a tray of little sausages and Duke shook his head. He finished his drink quickly.

He was waiting for another highball



when he felt a girl's arm slip through his. Pam had slid in beside him. She made a little face at him.

"A fine thing," she said. "I've been looking all over for you. Since when are you loitering around bars?"

"Hadn't you heard? I come of a long line of loiterers."

The bartender brought his drink. "One for the lady," said Duke.

Pam sipped it slowly, smiling at him. She was cute even if she was a little possessive and he had been a sucker not to go for her before. She knew he wasn't in the chips, but with her it didn't make any difference. It was only when you were stale that it seemed like a merry-go-round, and Pam a brass ring dangling before you. It wasn't until you met one of these lovely people, simply brimming with self-respect, that you realized the merry-go-round wasn't so bad after all.

"Pam," he said, studying the ice cube floating in his glass, "you can count me in on that Jackson Hole business. It ought to be fun."

"It will be," she said eagerly. "Just our own crowd. Just us, Duke."

He frowned at his glass. "We'll get an early start Sunday. If it wasn't for that exhibition—"

Pam was staring at him. "But you don't have to stay for that, Duke," she said blankly. "I thought they already told you. I took care of that this afternoon."

The ice cube was no longer swishing in his glass. "Took care of it?" he said slowly, turning to look at her "Took care of it?"

For a moment she was uncomfortable. "I just had them put your bill on mine," she said. "It—it really doesn't matter, Duke. I can afford it."

The thing Gerry had said flared in his mind. He was on his feet and he was cold and white all the way through. When it got to the point where a girl was paying your freight. . . . If that was the way you stayed on the celebrity circuit, it was time to blow the whistle.

Pam's eyes were suddenly frightened. "But, Duke . . ."

HIS voice was so low and so flat that it was worse than if he were mad.

"Let's skip it," he said quietly. "I seem to have given a lot of people the same idea. So this is it, Pam. This is where I get off."

Gerry was finishing her salad when the tall, bronzed young man came bearing down on her table. The other diners recognized him and they saw the girl bite her lips and start to get to her feet.

"You might as well sit down, Gerry," he said. "I'm going to have dinner with you."

She was even lovelier when she was mad. There was the anger in her eyes, the deep warmth of her mouth. "It won't do any good to say it," he advised her. "I just found out what went on. So tomorrow you're going to refund Pam's money."

After a moment she tried to smile. "You mean—you didn't know about it?"

"Not until she told me. I'm going through with the exhibition but it's going to be the last one. This is where I bow out."

Her eyes were grave. "For keeps, Duke?"

"Once and for all. I've got a steady job."

"Job?" She tried to keep her voice steady. "Where, Duke?"

He grinned. There was that fine, warm feeling that was nicer than all the things you had thought were fun and excitement. There was that warm feeling and there was Gerry. That was all anybody needed.

"Right here in the hotel," he said. "Mike's leaving and I've already been down and talked to him He put in a word for me at the garage."

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Fair and Warmer

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY NALA

Mr. Ford, literary impersonator, goes into his act and the columnists reach for their shotguns. Blame it on the weather

"In short, ladies and gentlemen, it is better to live in a free country and suffer from the heat than in a dictatorship and suffer from the hate"

ONE nice thing about our present crop of newspaper columnists—you can tell exactly what they're going to say next. Whether the subject is the election or the war, the syndicated Cassandras have their professional attitudes all worked out in advance. This saves a lot of them from taking the trouble to think, and it saves a lot of others from taking the trouble to read.

As an example, let us say that a heat wave of unprecedented proportions is sweeping the nation from coast to coast. Our daily commentators roll out of bed to find heat-wave headlines staring at them from their respective newspapers.

How, then, would the boys and girls handle this timely subject that day in their syndicated dispatches? Here's how:

TODAY AND TOMORROW
(In the Manner of Walter Lippmann)

IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

In any consideration of the heat wave, we must remind ourselves that heat, or cold, depends upon weather, or not, and that they cannot be removed without getting rid of the weather first. It is as if in dressing for dinner one had finished fastening all his shirt studs and knotted his tie, and were then to discover in trying to tuck in his shirttail that he had on his suspenders inside his shirt.

How then, without taking off his shirt again, does one remove his suspenders? Does one let go the suspenders, lick the perspiration from his lips, then take a deep breath and grope around in back this time for the dangling ends? Does one succeed at last, undoing his tie and splitting his shirt clear up to the armpits, and, phoning some excuse to one's host, climb into bed and stay there until the heat wave is over?

For the fact is that there is one fundamental fallacy into which we fall when we think about the weather: It is *The Fallacy of Not Understanding that the More You Think About It, the Hotter You Get.*

We all must agree, it seems to me, that it is as hot in the summer as it is in the city. This is obvious and indisputable. There is no escaping it. For myself, I find that to accept this fact is perhaps to realize that it is not the heat, after all, but the humidity. And while you're up I'll take just a little more ice in mine.

"I think if we all tried to relax we wouldn't mind the heat so much"

ON THE RECORD
(In the Manner of Dorothy Thompson)

RISING TEMPERATURE

"Well, dear," said the Grouse, opening his morning newspaper, "I see where we're in for another scorcher today."

"The extreme heat of the past week is, from both a military and an ideological standpoint, a phenomenon of vast importance. It represents an orgy of mass madness, in which human suffering is sacrificed to a criminal program of unparalleled brutality."

"You're telling me," nodded the Grouse, sipping his coffee. "Why, yesterday I bet I perspired two quarts."

"The truth about the heat is so monstrous that men and women accustomed to the standards of Western civilization, who take the weather, like this column, for granted, cannot believe it. They cannot envisage a heat wave programatically conceived and executed, in which the temperature is part of a systematic campaign of demoralization and destruction—"

"Look, dear," interrupted the Grouse, setting down his cup uneasily. "You don't want to get yourself all worked up, this hot weather."

"—in which the current civilian atrocities—freckles, sunburn, prickly heat—are the instruments of an insane society bent upon nihilism and world chaos. For the monstrous truth is that the present heat wave, which this column freely predicted in 1933 was already the subject of secret communication between Berlin and Moscow. In 1937, in a conversation between Hitler and your correspondent, the Nazi overlord deliberately ignored this column's observation that it was getting warmer. . . ."

"Maybe if I get you a nice drink of cold water?"

"Look at Czechoslovakia! Look at the federal debt! Look at the American Youth Congress! Look at the domestic policy of the New Deal! Look at me standing on my head and juggling six complete sets of statistics while holding an American flag in my teeth. . . . Look at me! . . . Look out! . . . Look—"

"It's okay, Doctor. I guess the blood just rushed to her head, that was all. It happens whenever she writes a column."

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Every Sunday night at this hour we present Walter Winchell, who brings you Flash News . . . Odd News . . . Exclusive News . . . So now to the editorial rooms of the Jingo Journal—in the manner of Walter Winchell:

GoodeveningMr.andMrs.Americaand alltheshipsatsea! Let's go to press. . . . Di di di-dit! Di di di-dit! Flash! Washington, D. C.: The weather bureau, so your correspondent is reliably informed, will announce tomorrow that the heat wave will positively continue until it is cooler. . . . Di di di-dit! Flash! New York: A number of heat victims, overcome by thirst, were rushed to the Stork Club tonight in a serious condition. All will recover. . . . Di di di-dit! Flash! It isn't the heat but the bromidity. . . . Ti ti ti-tit. . . .

Dee dee dee-deet! Dee dee dee-deet! By Way of the High Seas . . . Dee dee deet! Debunking the Warm Propaganda . . . Berlin: Adolf Hitler has stated that he will "make it hot" for any nation that opposes him. Evidently Mister Hitler doesn't realize that when a dictator threatens to put on the heat—it leaves a democracy cold . . . Dee dee deet! . . . I'll be back in a flash—in the flesh. . . .

Duh duh duh-duht! Duh duh duh-duht! Attention, Mr. and Mrs. United States. During the past week, the people of this country have been listening to the reports of the weather. During the past year, the people of Europe have been listening to the reports—of guns. . . . In America today we are perspiring under the arms; in Europe today, they are sweating under—an army. . . . Over here we complain about the heat because we feel bum; over there, they complain because they feel—a

(Continued on page 44)

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What Happened to France

Continued from page 11

of that frontier, was all that separated us from invasion and defeat.

What was to be seen in front of Lille in the month of October, 1939? Here and there, at a distance of one or two kilometers from each other, were little concrete casements surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. Each of these casements was occupied by a British detachment: five or six men under the command of a corporal or sergeant. Each contained a periscope for observing the terrain, a machine gun and a Bren gun (light machine gun). In addition each *was supposed* to contain an antitank gun, but only the emplacements were there. The guns were to come later.

Between the casements extended an antitank ditch, not very deep and half caved in. A little farther back the English soldiers were at work digging trenches and dugouts. But in the deep mud of Flanders, at this time of year, the work was hopeless. As soon as these unfortunates had dug down a few feet into the yellow earth they encountered water. They performed miracles of ingenuity in an attempt to drain these inexhaustible wells, they installed elevated duckboards and parapets supported by sod. The results were not encouraging. The English war correspondents, almost all of whom had, like me, taken part in the campaign of 1914-1918, looked at these trenches with a critical eye.

"If that's our line," they said, "God help us! The means of attack are ten times more powerful than in fourteen and the means of defense ten times weaker!"

THESE honest journalists were made extremely unhappy by the severe censorship which forced them to hide their anxieties and reassure the public.

The officers of the regiments that occupied this line did their best to take a less pessimistic view. One of them, showing me a miserable trench which his men were digging with great difficulty, said in an apologetic tone:

"Obviously this would never stop a tank. But, after all, there's a real forest in front of my battalion and it's reasonable to hope that the tanks won't come this way."

During the following weeks, however, French and British genius undertook extensive defense measures. Behind the front line of blockhouses many gangs of workmen toiled energetically in the construction of other concrete works. Almost anywhere you looked in the fields you could see the long iron skeletons that outlined future casements, while, near by, specialists in cement, who had come from England, were mixing sand and gravel. On the French sector, especially in front of Maubeuge, the new casements had been admirably camouflaged. Many of them had the appearance of houses or harmless sheds. They filled the High Command with great confidence.

At this time many members of the French army were reading a book by General Chauvineau entitled "Is Invasion Still Possible?" This general, a professor at the War College, had reached the conclusion that concrete pillboxes rendered an invasion absolutely out of the question. "Works of this sort," he wrote, "can be built so rapidly that, in the time necessary for an enemy to take a first line, the defending army can construct a second . . ." He had left two things out of consideration: First, that there might exist new means for attacking concrete forts; secondly, that a breach would permit the enemy to get behind the concrete line. In fact, that line at which our troops labored so painfully all through the winter in the cold and rain was never attacked from in front.

Most of the experts, moreover, did not believe, with General Gort, that there would be an attack against Belgium. "Why," they asked in their articles, "should Germany add to her enemies the Belgian army, which today is large and well-equipped?" Since, on the other hand, they maintained that the Maginot Line could not be forced, "there remain for Hitler," they added, "only two possible theaters of attack: Holland and Rumania, but it is highly improbable that he will choose either of these since Rotterdam is Germany's *last lung* and since Rumania is already delivering to the Reich all its surplus gasoline. . . ." Their conclusion was that Germany would do nothing this summer, that the situation was very favorable because "time works for us," that in 1941 "we shall have control of the air and, in 1942, enough heavy artillery and tanks to attack the Siegfried Line." These were sentiments that could be heard in those days in any mess at the front at dinnertime; and I admit that I often expressed them myself.

"Look here, Kingston—stop introducing me as your 'fine-feathered friend'!" RICHARD TAYLOR

HITLER had said, referring to us, "I shall disintegrate their war," and in the course of this long winter of inaction he succeeded in doing it. The men got tired of digging trenches in the rain to defend themselves against an enemy they never saw. The divisions could and should have been taken out, one after another into the field, and given intensive training for an entirely new and terrifying kind of war. All the lessons of the Polish campaign should have been put to use. But we were so little war-minded that the generals allowed themselves to be stopped by scruples that would have been laudable in time of peace. I remember asking one of them why he did not accustom his men to the sight of flame-throwing tanks and dive bombers.

"If their first experience of this method of attack takes place on the field of battle," I said, "they will be terrified. If, on the contrary, they become accustomed to such sights the novelty of the impression will wear off."

"You are perfectly right," he replied. "I asked about it on several occasions. But I was met with the response that tank maneuvers would ruin the crops and that the civil authorities were opposed."

No one behind the lines seemed to be thinking about the danger of an enemy attack; everyone talked only about the danger of boredom. At the beginning of the war the men had lacked blankets, jerseys and shoes, and agencies to supply them had been established: Bundles for the Army, Cigarettes for the Army. Soon the soldiers were receiving too many packages, too many presents.

"With the best will in the world," an English soldier solemnly assured me, "I cannot smoke two hundred cigarettes a day!"

AT THAT time prominent people in Paris and London had started a variety of new enterprises: Reading Matter for the Armies, Radios for the Armies, Amusements for the Armies, Burlesque for the Armies, Sports for the Armies, Art for the Armies, Plays for the Armies. A chagrined woman, disturbed by this frivolity, said that she was going to found a new agency—War for the Armies. She was right; but such ideas were not popular.

At the British front "Concert Parties," composed of famous comedians and beautiful show girls, traveled about in military automobiles solemnly escorted by officers. Maurice Chevalier sang with great amiability for the troops of both countries. His arrival at Arras created more excitement than that of President Lebrun. He was acclaimed by the French and English soldiers. "Maurice, '*Valentine!*' " cried the French. "Maurice, '*The Rain Drop!*' " roared the English. When he left the stage he was besieged by autograph hunters: "Maurice, it's for my kids. I'm a papa, you know." At the door Chevalier turned around and said to the soldiers: "God bless you, boys."

It was all very pleasant, and harmless enough, but it was hardly an effective preparation for the German offensive. At the time when the country, at the gravest moment in its history, had only a few weeks at its disposal to make up for its past mistakes, to complete its fortifications and train its men, Frenchmen and Englishmen continued to live (except in certain sectors of the front) routine lives governed by the petty rules of a military bureaucracy.

In the city of Arras, where I was stationed, there were several thousand French territorials, old soldiers who had been mobilized—I never really knew why—and of whom the army made no use whatever. Their officers employed them as best they could to plant kitchen gardens, start poultry yards and raise rabbits and pigs. These were praiseworthy enterprises but it may, perhaps, have been more urgent to fortify Arras and the line of la Scarpe. A commandant, one of my friends, dared say as much to his general. The suggestion was not well received.

"Fortify la Scarpe! But the enemy will never advance that far. You are a defeatist! Wait for orders!"

After one or two experiences of this kind even the most zealous leaders went back to their routine. The soldiers, well-nourished and with little to do, got fat. The Tommies, as soon as night fell, set to work writing interminable letters to their wives and sweethearts; the officers were unable, except with great effort, to censor this monstrous correspondence. An unhappy captain would no sooner see his table cleared of one pile of envelopes before another and larger one would descend upon him. The petty quarrels of everyday life, nursed and brooded over, occupied the attention of men who should have borne in mind that the future of liberty and the destiny of the world depended upon their ability as soldiers and their power of resistance. Hitler, as he had said he would, had disintegrated our war.

HE WAS not able, however, to make it disintegrate completely. There were zones of heroism raised high above the general level of mediocrity, and these never allowed themselves to be submerged in the pettiness of daily life. Toward the end of December, I spent several days in the Maginot Line and returned full of enthusiasm. Not only had this chain of magic mountains, bristling with cannon and impermeable to gas, given me (perhaps wrongly) a tremendous impression of solidity but, also, I admired the men who lived in the fortress.

Almost all of them were from Lorraine and had been recruited in the very region where their fort was built. This allowed them, even in time of peace, to go there every Sunday. I met young lieutenants, lawyers and engineers from Metz, who for eight years had spent every week end in the Maginot Line, calculating artillery ranges. These painstaking labors assured absolute precision of fire. The spotters in front of the forts had before them photographs of the country divided into numbered squares. Perceiving the enemy in square 248-B, all they would have had to do was murmur "248-B" into the telephone and ten seconds later the suspected zone would have been deluged with shells and bullets.

The confidence of these young men in their armament and their devotion to the crew (for each fort thought of itself as a ship) seemed to me an ideal of what all our armies should have been. I do not regret the enthusiasm I expressed at that time nor the praise I bestowed on the garrisons of the fortress. I still think the character and patriotism of these young men were worthy of admiration. When, later on, the Maginot Line was so rapidly taken it was not through fault of these crews. It was taken because it was turned. This disaster puts in question the wisdom of the

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statesmen who paid out, in order to build an incomplete and vulnerable line, sums of money that would have been enough to equip a formidable field army; but it detracts nothing from the ardor and the honor of the fighting men.

At many other points in the line, especially among the motorized divisions of the cavalry corps, I found admirable troops. I remember, for example, the review of a regiment of motorized dragoons. What fine soldiers! Their step was vigorous; their heads snapped to the left an instant before they came abreast of the general; their eyes, fixed on his, were young and ardent; their heels thudded on the ground at the moment of salute. In truth, the Grenadier Guards could not have done better.

But some of the more thoughtful French commanders told me disquieting things. One evening the general of a North African division admitted to me that he hoped for a negotiated peace.

"The Germans," he said, "greatly outnumber us and they have incomparably better equipment. The struggle will be most unequal. My men are as brave as any others but if they have no antitank guns they won't be able to stop armored divisions with their bare hands."

General Giraud himself, a brave man with a reputation for taking risks, believed that we would not be in a position to attack before 1941:

"It's too bad," he said to me, "but we lack so many things. Airplanes first of all! Do you know how many I, the commander of an army, have at my disposal? Eight! Not one more. Of course, there's the Royal Air Force, which is splendid, but if I want it to make a reconnaissance flight for me, I have to ask General Georges who asks General Gamelin, who makes a request of Marshal Barratt, who transmits the request to Vice Marshal Blount who, finally, orders the flight, but by that time it is often too late to be useful."

"And if the Germans take the initiative, General? If they invade Belgium?"

"Then we shall fight this year, but it will go hard with us."

HOW was the eight-months respite that Germany allowed us made use of in our factories? Very badly. And there were several reasons for this.

The first was the stupidity with which the Commissariat directed industrial mobilization. Skilled workmen, who were indispensable for the manufacture of airplanes or cannons, were sent to provincial barracks where they swept out courtyards or peeled potatoes. It took weeks or months to locate them again and send them back to their machines. As a result, the Renault factories, which in peacetime employ more than 30,000 workers and which should have filled a place of immense importance in the manufacture of tanks and trucks, were reduced, at the outbreak of the war, to a personnel of from six to eight thousand men. It was fantastic.

The second reason: Because the engineers and financiers persisted in conducting this war as though it had been the war of 1914, all plans were made for a campaign of four or five years. As a result factories were built which would not attain their period of production until 1941 or even 1942. Instead of making immediate use, as best they could, of the existing plants in France, machine tools of the latest design were ordered in the United States, a country from which we should have ordered tanks and airplane engines. For the same reason the dollars and the gold possessed by England and France were carefully rationed. This treasure was divided into four or five parts, each one apportioned to one year. Great American factories, which could have produced *in time* the equipment necessary for our armies, remained without orders from the Allies. "Engines built in France cost us less," people said. They were destined to cost us the war.

The third reason: The programs were designed for a war which was never to take place. The General Staff determined upon a long-term preparation for attack upon the Siegfried Line. It had calculated, with admirable precision, how many heavy guns would be necessary for this operation, and these guns were ordered at a time when all our efforts should have been devoted to urgent and immediate needs—antitank guns, antiaircraft guns and light arms, such as machine guns and submachine guns. Our patrols along the Saar begged their officers to give them submachine guns, such as were carried by all the German patrols. There were none to be had. When the Germans began to drop parachutists, all officers were ordered to carry revolvers. But there weren't any more revolvers in France. I myself went to gunsmiths in several cities, including Paris, without being able to buy one. Finally, at the beginning of June, they were ordered in Italy. That was a little late.

The fourth reason: Finally, failure of morale and political dissension impeded production. From the time that Russia aligned herself on the side of Germany, the numerous Communist workmen, without showing open opposition, worked languidly and with no enthusiasm. The almost complete suppression of profits discouraged the small employer. During this war one never saw, as one had seen in 1914, small workshops and garages busy turning out shells. For many months France worked at a peacetime tempo.

In October, 1939, Paul Reynaud, who was at that time minister of finance, decided one evening after dinner to make a tour of certain armament factories in the region of Paris. He was astounded to find them closed. They did not work at night. Next day he went to see Daladier:

"Do you know," he said, "if we go on this way we are going to lose the war?"

The idea seemed incredible to him, as it did to all of us at that time. It was, alas, only too true.

EVERYTHING went much better in the field of armament as soon as this ministry was put in charge of Raoul Dautry, an excellent engineer who had reorganized the railways of France. But he was appointed too late. It was in 1936 that he should have been given the task of building a war machine. Dautry was, like me, a friend of Marshal Lyautey and I had a high regard for him. He was an energetic little man, firmly planted on his legs, and he had a habit of half closing his left eye in conversation and shrewdly measuring his interlocutor. He had always been consistently successful in many posts that had been entrusted to him and when he was asked his secret he would say: "I have a trick —work."

At the Ministry of Armament, which was installed in the Hotel Majestic, Dautry would be busy at dawn covering sheets of red paper with urgent orders for his departmental heads. When the latter arrived, they would find on their desks these notes from the boss, to which a reply had to be forthcoming the same day. Brief, brusque and sometimes brutal, these red notes of Dautry's were famous. Here are a few of them:

"*To all directors*: I observe that arrivals at the ministry are late and departures early. I shall institute a system for keeping check of this."

"*To Monsieur A*: I know that the weather is fine; I realize it is hot. But I know, too, that we are at war and I don't wish to have Commander X smoking his cigar at the window and enjoying the air."

"*To Monsieur B*: When men are

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WHICH of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO women live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these is seldom invited to go out.

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Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

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available—which may happen at any time—they are to be employed in cleaning up, keeping order, picking up scrap iron, clearing out ditches or surfacing roads. No one is ever to be left without employment. It is a director's business to direct."

"*To an industrialist:* It is imperative that all French machines should run twenty-four hours a day. This is difficult but necessary. All the rest is a matter of detail, in which I am not concerned. I need everything and need it at once. *The purpose:* To achieve victory as quickly as possible. *The means*: Perform the impossible."

Such was the law of Raoul Dautry and it is certain that if there had been a human being capable of actually putting France to work, he was the man. But when I talked to him alone, I found this man who was ordinarily so full of energy and confidence disturbed and pessimistic.

"When will you be able to give the armies everything they need?" I asked him.

"Everything? Not before 1942," he replied. "We have begun too late."

He was one of those who worked courageously until the end but he could not perform miracles and Germany had several years' head start.

IN JANUARY I was sent to England to study the British war effort on the spot. My hosts took me aboard their men-of-war in the North Sea; they showed me their aviation schools, training camps for the Army, factories for making cannon and airplanes. Everything the Admiralty was doing seemed excellent. The air force, too, appeared admirable, though too small in numbers. As for the army, even the French Military Mission itself could not obtain any information about the number of soldiers in training. I said to the English general who received me at the War Office:

"You tell me, sir, that the active army, the reserves and the territorials comprise about 750,000 men and that an additional 600,000 recruits have been called.

"Good. But then how does it happen that you have not already thirty or forty divisions?"

"I know nothing about it," he replied. "And the colonel who is in charge of effectives is not here today."

That evening in Parliament I met Hore-Belisha.

"What do you think of our new conscript army?" he asked me.

"It seems to me," I replied, "to be made up of excellent material. But I am like Oliver Twist: *I asked for more.*"

As a matter of fact, aside from the Canadian Division, no one could show us a corps of troops larger than a battalion in training. The infantry was instructed by elderly sergeant majors, who taught them how to fence with a bayonet. This wasn't going to be of much value to them in the course of the campaign! At the tank school, the instruction was ingenious, but the tanks were superannuated and scarce. Everywhere I found good will, good humor, patience and an unbelievable certainty of victory.

WHEN I returned to Arras in February, 1940, the head of General Gort's staff gave us a brilliant lecture.

"I consider," he told us, "that in the course of these winter months we have won a definite victory. Just compare the situation as it was at the end of August, 1939, with what it is today. At the end of August, 1939, we believed we would have to fight not only Germany but Italy, Spain and Japan; we did not know whether America would lift its embargo on arms; whether the Dominions would be with us; whether the Arabs might not take the field against us. And now what do you see today? Italy, Spain and Japan are to all intents and purposes neutral; America has lifted the arms embargo; the Dominions are with us; even the Arabs are giving us their support. If you add to this the fact that French mobilization has taken place without disturbances and that, moreover, a blitzkrieg on the Western Front appears impossible, it seems to me no exaggeration to say that we have gained a great victory."

At that time these arguments seemed to me irrefutable. But such was not the opinion of those who could look into both camps. In the neutral countries people no longer believed in our success. It is certain, for example, that Italy, which at the outbreak of the war had observed operations with a certain impartiality (although Mussolini had an obvious preference for Germany), came to the conclusion in February that the Allies had made bad use of the winter months and that the disproportion between our forces and those of the Reich, far from growing less, was increasing. The woman who used to give soothing talks in French over the Italian radio suddenly began to sneer and then became hostile. Those of my friends who chanced to encounter Italians reported sinister predictions.

"I say goodby to you," Count Volpi remarked to Pierre Lyautey. "You can form no idea of the torrent of fire and steel that will descend upon you. You will be submerged!"

At this moment Italy's decision was made and she was only waiting for a favorable instant.

WHAT had taken place? Had we completely squandered those eight months of respite? To say yes, without qualification, would be unjust to the troops along the Saar, who had fought to the best of their ability; to the French and English soldiers who had dug so much earth and mixed so much concrete; to the members of the general staffs who had prepared with such pains the plans they had been asked to work out. No, many Frenchmen and Englishmen, between September and May, had been hard at work, but a great part of their effort was wasted in useless tasks. Those who had directed them had been controlled by three false ideas:

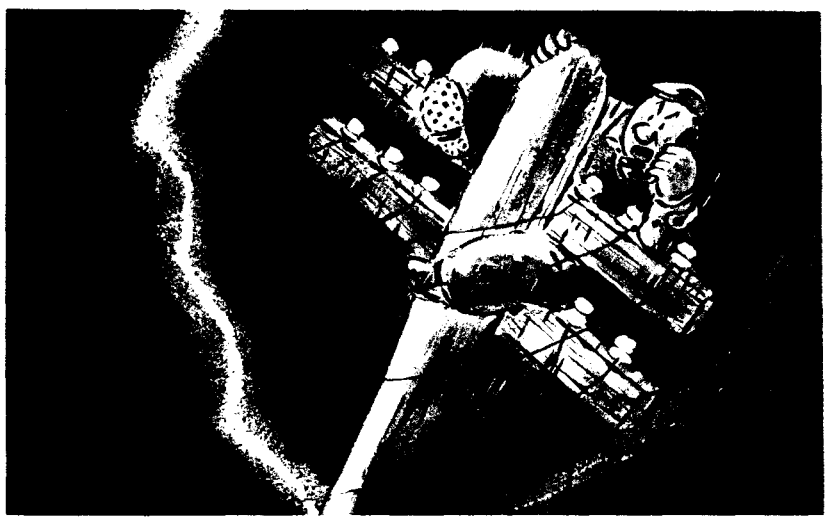
1. That a line could be held, as it had been in 1914, and that the essential thing was to build one and re-enforce it.

2. That the experience of Poland was not applicable to France, and that consequently it was useless to retrain and re-equip our armies according to new principles.

3. That the war would be a long one and, consequently, it was necessary to make industrial and financial preparations for campaigns in 1941 and 1942.

If you add to this jumble of errors a general lack of enthusiasm which was caused, in France, by the political divisions of the country and in England by too much confident optimism, it becomes fairly easy to understand why France and England after eight or ten months of war were in no position to resist the infernal machine which the Reich had, for seven years, been constructing with such terrifying precision and unfailing attention to detail.

The third of this series of articles will appear next week



"What kinda service is this? That's the third time yuh gave me a wrong number" JAY IRVING

Fair and Warmer

Continued from page 41

bomb. . . . If we get sunburned, we cover up our shoulders; in Europe, they cover up—their soldiers. . . . In short, ladies and gentlemen, your newsboy feels that it is better to live in a free country and suffer from the heat, than to live in a dictatorship and suffer from—the hate. . . .

ANOTHER HOT ONE
(In the Manner of Gen. Hugh Johnson)

Here's something that will "burn" you! The United Press quotes President Roosevelt as saying that he hopes "the country will have some relief from the heat very soon." Well, maybe we are all such prize suckers these days that we fall for anything, but when the New Deal politicos—allee samee Donald Duck Ickes and the rest of the whirling dervishes, tom-tom beaters and juramentados down in Washington—deliberately try to bribe us like the boob fat boy with the bag of candy, it gives me a pain right where Ferdinand sat down on the bee.

Now, nobody thinks any more of Franklin D. than I do, and the only reason I say this is because I love him like a buddy, bless his old heart; but when the President starts promising heat relief, he is working the New Deal patronage machine overtime. This is a political handout of the very worst sort. If all the hundred and twenty million heat sufferers in this country are to go on relief, the Republicans might just as well pick up their toys and go home.

You can't lick Santa Claus!

FAIR ENOUGH
(In the Manner of Westbrook Pegler)

Aside from the weatherman's well-known rottenness as a prophet, his latest job—by which I refer to the heat wave that has been lousing up the summer lately—has blown off the lid at last from an arrogant, corrupt, hypocritical, parasitic racket. Even the hoodlums of the A. F. of L. would not have the gall to claim the right to tell this country whether it will be hot or cold tomorrow, a right which no government short of a dictatorship would dare to assert.

For years the weatherman has been intimidating defenseless vacation resorts, amusement parks and bathing beaches, and if anybody forgets to kick in he sends around a bolt of lightning just as a reminder. He will deliver a clear day for a Democratic clambake or a St. Patrick's Day parade, provided, of course, the politicians cut him in for a slice off the top; but just let the rest of us ask for the rain to hold off long enough to get in a couple of holes of golf on our one day off, and we'll be drenched to the skin before we get to the second tee.

As a prophet the weatherman is a confirmed bum, dishing out a lot of malarky about cumulo-nimbus clouds and low-pressure areas along the Middle-Atlantic seaboard, or thumbing through his barometric charts and computing the average mean precipitation for Tennessee last August, but when it comes to answering a simple question like whether to wear your white flannels, or would today be a good day to wash the car, you could tell about as much by the rheumatism in your right knee.

He gets away with every variety and all kinds of murder, including the temperature outside my window right now, and even the bosses down in Washington have to take orders from him and like it. You can't do anything about it, because there isn't a second weather bureau you can take your trade to if you're not satisfied. When it comes to dictatorship, the weatherman could give a few hints to Mr. Big himself.

MY DAY
(In the Manner of Eleanor Roosevelt)

Golden Beach, Fla., Tuesday.—Here in Chicago when I boarded the plane for Seattle this morning all the farmers were saying that this is the hottest summer we have had in Louisiana in forty years, but I for one enjoy this bracing San Francisco air so much, no matter how warm the afternoon may be, that I am always glad to be in West Virginia again, for there is such a nice breeze blowing off Puget Sound right now as we fly over the Alleghenies that I actually do not mind the desert sun at all, and, of course, even in Utah it sometimes gets so cold at night in Maine that it seems good to be right back here in Washington, in spite of the heat. After all, I think that if we all tried to relax during the hot spell, we would not mind the weather half so much.

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Shell Game

Continued from page 12

lobster in the privacy of your home, where you can really dig in and get every last bit of meat, here is a recipe for broiled lobster that is so mouth-watering and delicious that you'd better have a few extras on hand for the seconds that your guests will surely call for.

Order lobsters weighing anywhere from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half from your fish dealer and see them alive before having them split so you'll know they are fresh. This is the ideal size for an individual portion and restaurants sometimes call these chicken or baby lobsters.

Let your oven heat for about ten minutes and then spread the half lobsters shell down on your broiling pan to keep the juices in. Put small pieces of butter over the flesh, being sure to leave in the green fat, which is the liver, and the coral roe found in the female. They're very tasty. Try to force a little butter into the claws, which should be cracked before broiling to make removal of the meat easy later. Broil about eight minutes, and then remove them to a heated double roaster (the self-basting kind you use for turkey) and allow the lobsters to steam for about twelve minutes. This insures tenderness and juiciness. If you have no double roaster leave the lobsters in the broiler for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Correct timing is the secret of successful lobster. Overbroiling toughens it.

For the sauce, melt some butter in a frying pan and add two or three tablespoons of cream, a dash of Worcestershire sauce and whatever drippings have gathered in the bottom of the broiling pan (some of this will be fat from the lobster, which enhances the flavor of the sauce). Stir and pour into a pitcher. Serve two half lobsters and two large claws to a guest, equipping each with a small fork for digging the meat out of the shell. Pour the sauce directly over the lobster and eat it out of the shell, or if you prefer put some of the sauce in a cup and dip your pieces of lobster into it.

Tomato or clam juice cocktail, corn on the cob, a mixed green salad, fruit pie or watermelon go very well with lobster served this way.

You Can Do It at Home

Lobster Thermidor, usually considered a chef's dish, can also be prepared at home. Take three small lobsters and plunge them in vigorously boiling water for five minutes and then simmer for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then lay the lobsters out to drain, and when they're cold, split them in two, remove everything from the shell, but use only the meat from the shell and claws. Fill the hollow shell with the following mixture: To a quarter of a cup of butter add a cup of cream, salt, pepper, a quarter of a teaspoon of paprika, a half teaspoon of mustard, two drops of onion juice and a little sherry. You can add a little minced parsley or a few mushrooms which have been simmered in butter and cut into small pieces. Stir until smooth and add the sliced lobster meat. Place the mixture in the shell and sprinkle with four teaspoons of Parmesan cheese. Put into a hot oven for five or ten minutes or until cheese is brown. A half lobster is enough to serve for each person.

Lobster Newburg recalls the era of the Gay Nineties, Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell. It is high in calories, but very delicious. Put into a double boiler two tablespoons of butter and add slowly about three tablespoons of flour, stirring constantly. To this add a pinch of salt, a cup of milk, a cup of cream, and the yolks of two eggs. (If you want the Newburg even richer, use a pint of cream and omit the cup of milk and the flour). Add a jigger of sherry and finally the meat from several boiled lobsters cut into small pieces—two or three cups of lobster altogether, and serve on toast. This makes at least five generous portions.

Some fish stores sell lobster tails already cooked, which are all right for Lobster Newburg or salad, and canned lobster can be used too. There is the sealed variety as well as the unsealed. The latter comes from Nova Scotia and Canada, where lobsters as small as 3 1/16 inches are frequently caught. Sometimes there are four to seven of these tiny lobsters in a fourteen-ounce, unsealed tin, which is packed on ice and shipped to your fish dealer ready for use.

The Law Steps In

While it is true that the total poundage in the New England lobster fishery has declined from an approximate high of 30,500,000 pounds in 1889 to 11,496,000 pounds in 1935, the value in 1935 was more than two and a half million dollars as compared with the $860,000 value in 1889.

The effects of overfishing are noticeable in the size of the lobsters taken rather than in the decrease of their number. Lobsters probably can live for several decades if they manage to escape other fish and the traps that are laid for them.

All the New England states have legal gauge or lower length limits, but the size at which lobsters may be taken legally from the water varies in different states.

Maine, however, has a double-gauge law, protecting both the large and small lobsters, because the large lobsters are the great egg producers. A ten-inch lobster, for example, produces five thousand eggs, a twelve-inch lobster produces four times as many and a sixteen-inch lobster produces twenty times as many.

The Bureau of Fisheries is working on the rearing and planting of young lobsters, but it isn't possible yet to estimate the results of artificial propagation.

The lobster's shell doesn't increase in size as the animal grows, so periodically it casts off its old shell and acquires a new shell, which takes six weeks to three months to harden.

The lobster's home is the ocean's floor, and he usually leaves the shallower waters during the winter months seeking a more comfortable temperature and suitable food in deeper water, returning toward shore in April or May. He can shoot backwards, when alarmed, at the rate of twenty-five feet a second.

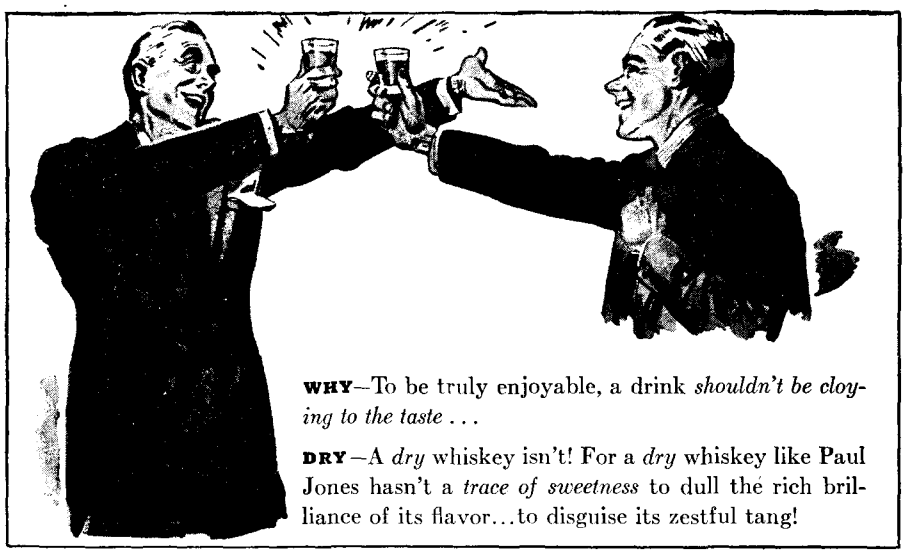
When facing danger the lobster also has the amazing ability to amputate his claw and in due time grow another in its place.

The next time you examine a lobster notice that his two great claws are not alike. One is a crushing type, the other a seizing type.

Usually the price of lobster per pound remains fairly constant, but since the war in Europe began, Canada has been sending us the lobster that would normally be shipped to England. That floods our market and makes the price go down.

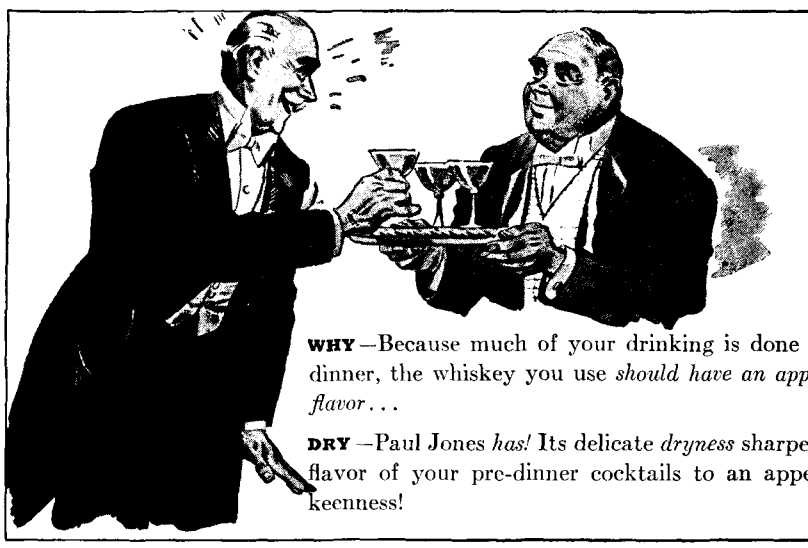
Lobster's no longer in the luxury class. So gather 'round, you lobster lovers, here's your chance.

The WHYness of DRYness...



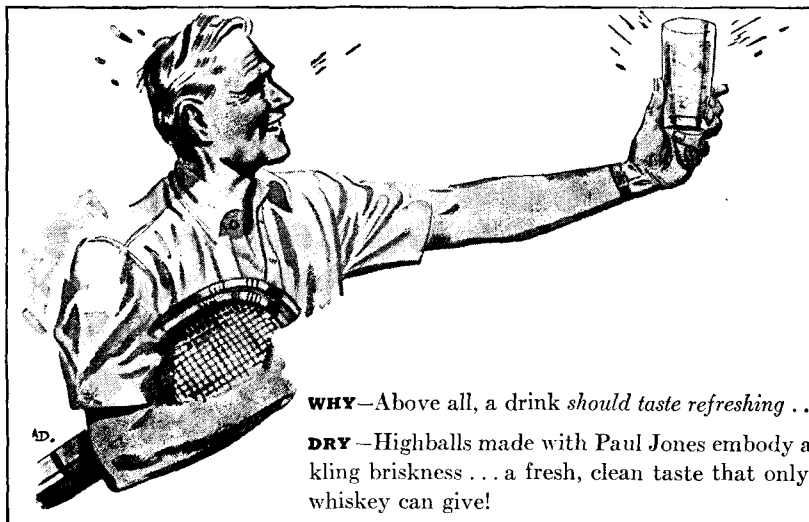
WHY—To be truly enjoyable, a drink *shouldn't be cloying to the taste* . . .

DRY—A *dry* whiskey isn't! For a *dry* whiskey like Paul Jones hasn't a *trace of sweetness* to dull the rich brilliance of its flavor...to disguise its zestful tang!



WHY—Because much of your drinking is done before dinner, the whiskey you use *should have an appetizing flavor* . . .

DRY—Paul Jones *has!* Its delicate *dryness* sharpens the flavor of your pre-dinner cocktails to an appetizing keenness!



WHY—Above all, a drink *should taste refreshing* . . .

DRY—Highballs made with Paul Jones embody a sparkling briskness . . . a fresh, clean taste that only a *dry* whiskey can give!

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I Cherish that Sentiment

Continued from page 17

was with the Dodgers, Sarah had become almost an integral part of the club. This was entirely due to Sarah herself.

When the Dodgers started west on their first jaunt, Dopey was on the train and Sarah had been left behind. If rookies are not allowed to bring their wives to training camp, it is even more strenuously true that no wives of any sort are allowed to travel with the team on the road. So it was something of a shock next morning at the Hotel Schenley in Pittsburgh to see Sarah walk into the lobby. She had made it by driving all night from New York in that jallopy. Not only was she there but she was leading Mr. Gamback into the path of evil almost instantly. They were starting out to see the Carnegie Museum while the light was at its best.

MR. DUROCHER, feeling that his authority was at the test, took the bull by the horns in the dressing room before the game.

"Now about your wife on these road trips . . ." he began.

Mr. Gamback had evidently been thinking the matter over in advance.

"Mr. Durocher," he said simply, "is Brooklyn America?"

Approached in this wise, Mr. Durocher could do nothing but nod dumbly, fearing what was to come.

"Is Pittsburgh America?" persisted Mr. Gamback.

Mr. Durocher was too flabbergasted to speak.

"Is America a free country?" continued Mr. Gamback, at which Mr. Durocher exploded.

"America or no America!" he howled. "You aren't supposed to bring your wife on road trips. . . !"

Mr. Gamback merely looked at Mr. Durocher with an air of pity.

"Withouten Sarah . . ." he began, but Mr. Durocher was no longer there. He threw up his hands, yowled incoherently and disappeared into his cubbyhole.

So Sarah followed the team around in the automotive wreck, sometimes missing a day when the jump was too long, but invariably turning up again before the club was out of the next town. What Sarah had evolved into was a culture yearner. More particularly, she was art mad. She spent hours in museums. She tramped by day, she tramped by night.

If there was anybody more entranced than Sarah about this art business it was Mr. Gamback. They legged it through miles of art galleries. Mr. Gamback would look long at a famous masterpiece, leaning his head first on one side and then on the other. He would then speak with an air of great discernment.

"Very strong," he would say, firmly; that being his only expression. . . .

By midsummer Mr. Gamback was the pinch-hitter supreme of the National League. By the Fourth of July he was going along at a .432 pace and causing the Brooklyn fans to glow with a slight tingle of dementia every time he approached the plate with his big black bat.

And that was how affairs stood when the Dodgers started west for their last road trip. It was a stretch drive and they were only one game out of first place and they were getting more jittery by the minute. When they dropped the first two games in Cincinnati, the atmosphere became leaden. The players ate their meals in dead silence; they sat around the hotel lobby like condemned men. They sulked, they glowered, they got up and walked around as if in misery; there wasn't a smile in the lot of them.

"They won't fight, they won't get sore, they won't do anything," wailed Durocher. "They just walk around out there on the field as if they were petrified. I've called them yellow, I've insulted them to their faces, I've made wisecracks and acted monkeyshines in front of them—but it doesn't do any good. I've been in baseball twenty years and I've never seen a team tighten up as badly as this one."

The only player not tightened up was Dopey Gamback and he wasn't tightened up because he didn't give himself time to tighten up. On the way out from New York on the train, Mr. Gamback had been occupied every moment with a new fad. He had a portfolio of colored prints and kept examining them with a microscope. Wherever they went, he carried on his researches and conducted his investigations of the great masters and went up and took a cut at the ball whenever called upon, but for the rest the world did not live for him.

As a matter of fact, he won the last game in Cincinnati with a pinch double in the eighth and Mr. MacPhail came into the dressing room after the game and pounded him on the back and said:

"That hit gets you a bonus of two hundred and fifty smackers and I'm giving you the same for every one like that for the rest of the season."

That night at the train, Sarah was on hand to see her man off. They stood by the steps of the car and talked a mile a minute about something that was exciting them.

"With that money," Sarah was saying, "we can get it. Don't you worry about me, honey. I'll be there and we'll see that feller. I'll start right now and I'll meet you over there in the morning."

The Dodgers came into Chicago just a game and a half behind the Cubs. That looked close enough on paper but everybody with the team knew that it was gnarled up in knots, just ready for the big collapse.

To make things absolutely beautiful, Mr. Gamback selected that moment to disappear. Sarah had been at the hotel next morning, looking pretty ratty from the long drive in the old hack but eager to get in touch with the "feller." And that was the last seen of Dopey Gamback for thirty-six hours.

When he didn't show up for the game that afternoon, the Dodgers went in for a complete set of nerves, thinking this was the final disaster in a hopeless cause. Only Mr. Durocher managed to keep a brave face.

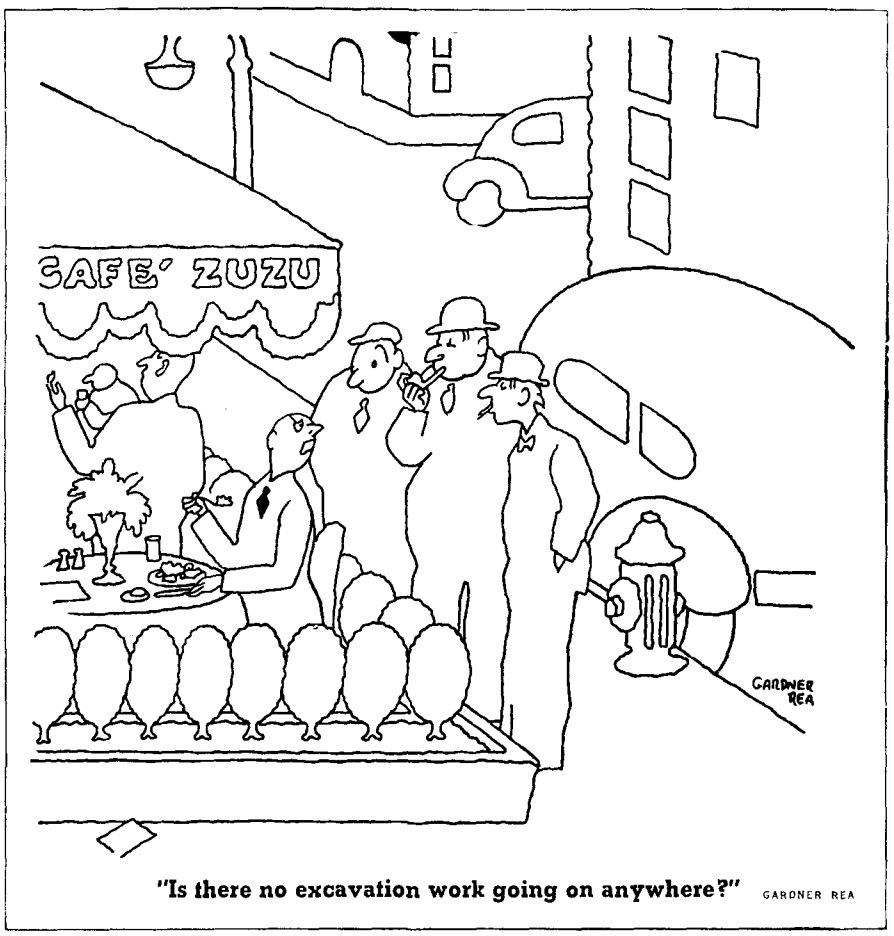
"Gamback!" he cried, adding *hah-hah-hah in a high febrile voice.* "We gave him the day off. Didn't need him. We got this pennant in the bag."

This was very neat deception and it fooled everybody but the Dodgers. They were shellacked 8-1 in as gory a massacre as has been seen since the battle of the Masurian Lakes.

AND that was the way matters stood next afternoon at approximately 4:20 when the Dodgers came in off the field at the end of the sixth inning and found Mr. Gamback sitting at the end of the bench in his usual position. Mr. Durocher took one look at him, started to say "You . . . !" and then stopped. The score was tied, there was still a chance to win and a row at this point would merely ruin everything. He turned his face away bitterly.

However, this was not to say that Mr. Durocher had become entirely mute. The first pitch to Camilli was a foot outside the plate and Magerkurth called it a strike and Durocher came hurling out of the dugout as if propelled by a mortar. He was yelling at high C halfway to the plate and Magerkurth was advancing to meet him. The resultant howling took on the aspect of a public debate between two hog callers but, under threat of being put out of the game, Lippy Leo finally subsided and went back to the bench and mumbled to himself.

Things were not bettered when Camilli struck out but hope returned when Babe Phelps plastered a double up against the right-field wall. Mr. Du-



"Is there no excavation work going on anywhere?" GARDNER REA

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"Dinner will be ready by the time you wash!" KAY KARAFFA

rocher was now fit to be tied and his feelings were not helped when Lavagetto's smash over the left field wall was called foul ("you big bum, you're blind; it was fair by a foot"). Lavagetto finally rolled out, Phelps going to third. At this juncture, Mr. Durocher turned toward the end of the bench and yelled:

"Gamback! Get on up there!"

But as he looked and as the players looked, they saw a most amazing thing. Mr. Gamback was snoozing! Mr. Gamback was most definitely asleep! In the midst of the tightest pennant race in years, Mr. Gamback had selected this moment for his thirty winks!

This was too much for Mr. Durocher. He leaped so high in his rage that he almost beaned himself on the roof of the dugout. He let out a maniacal screech. He grabbed a bat and began to hammer it on the bench with all his might, howling at the top of his lungs as he hammered.

Mr. Gamback opened his eyes wearily and looked about him in a daze. Mr. Magerkurth, the umpire, thinking that the yelling and bat thumping were a further reflection upon his judgment and integrity, issued a bellow of his own and started for the bench at a lope, waving his arms as he came.

"GET out!" he was howling. "Get out! You're out of the game! You're out of the park! Get out!"

Mr. Durocher, busy hammering the bench with the bat, never even knew that Mr. Magerkurth was approaching. All he wanted to do was bean Mr. Gamback with the bat while life still remained within him. Accordingly, Mr. Durocher was concerned about Mr. Gamback; Mr. Magerkurth was concerned about Mr. Durocher; Mr. Gamback, the cause of it all, wasn't concerned at all.

In a sport known for its ludicrous situations, this was the little daisy of them all. At this juncture somebody on the Dodgers bench began to laugh. He started with a small and somewhat startled laugh, much as if he were laughing against his will, and then suddenly he reared with a mighty guffaw. *Haw! Haw! Haw!*

It was the laugh of a man who has not laughed for weeks, has not breathed freely for weeks. It fitted the mood of his teammates, who had also been existing in a state of misery. By the time he reached his second group of haw-haws, he had the whole team with him. They howled, they screamed, they went weak with laughter.

This really complicated matters. Mr. Durocher thought they were laughing at him and his rage mounted to a frenzy. He banged the bat even more lustily, he screeched in fury. To Mr. Magerkurth, approaching with blood in his eye, the demonstration could only be aimed at the majesty of the law. If he had been red with anger before, he now became apoplectic.

"Get out!" he yelled. "All of you! Every damned hyena on that bench! You're out of the game; all of you!"

This was absolutely too much for the players. They banged each other in sheer ecstasy; they rolled around on the ground locked in happy embrace; they screamed with laughter.

It ended with Magerkurth throwing everybody out of the game but nine men.

In the excitement, Mr. Gamback was left as one of the nine. They tried to warn Dr. Durocher about that.

"Listen," they cried. "He'll hit all right but then he'll have to go out and field. He'll ruin us."

"My only hope about Mr. Gamback," said Mr. Durocher, "is that he will get hit on the head and killed." He walked away bitterly. The others departed in lockstep formation, still so shaken by mirth that they could only keep upright by clinging to one another hysterically.

After the excitement died down sufficiently, Mr. Gamback strode up to the plate and smacked a single into left, driving in the run that put Brooklyn ahead. Then he took a glove and went out into right field and stood there expectantly.

Nothing came his way till the ninth when Augie Galan popped a high fly into right with the bases empty and two out. Mr. Gamback stood still and looked at it. When he was certain where it was going to land, he backed carefully away from it until there was no possible chance he might catch it. Galan was streaking around the bases like a mad man.

Mr. Gamback cautiously picked up the ball, gazed toward the diamond reflectively and then let fly with a tremendous heave to third base. Lavagetto got the ball and was waiting patiently with it when Galan slid in. He was out by ten feet.

The team met Mr. Gamback when he was halfway in to the dugout and started to pummel him with joy.

"That's how I did with lots of fellows in Wink," explained Mr. Gamback modestly.

Mr. MacPhail had to clear up the mystery of Mr. Gamback's disappearance, although he didn't much care. Anybody with half an eye could see that the Brooklyn team had been changed from a group of hypochondriacs into the happiest, most confident ball team ever known.

"WHAT I should do," said Mr. MacPhail to Mr. Gamback, "is fine you a thousand bucks for deserting the team in the thick of the pennant race, but instead of that I'm giving you the two hundred and fifty for that hit just as usual. Now tell me what you were doing when you disappeared."

"We were after a paintin'," said Mr. Gamback. "We heard a feller had a Picasso paintin' for a hundred dollars and we went after it. . . ."

"Listen," said Mr. MacPhail. "Every art dealer in the world has a Picasso you can buy. You don't have to hunt down alleys for them."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gamback, "we found that out."

"And you couldn't get it for a hundred bucks if you found it."

"Yes, sir; we found that out."

"And if you *could* get it for a hundred bucks, it would be a fake."

"Yes, sir; we found that out."

"So you were gypped?"

"No, sir; we wasn't gypped. We didn't buy the paintin'. It wasn't no Picasso."

"How would you ever know!" demanded Mr. MacPhail.

"I looked at it through my microscope," said Mr. Gamback simply. "It wasn't no Picasso at all. It was an old brewery calendar, all framed up nice."

Mr. MacPhail just stood agape and looked at him.

"Do you know what, Gamback?" he said finally. "Sometimes I think you're a damned fool and then sometimes I'm not so sure."

"America . . ." began Mr. Gamback.

"Oh, I agree with you entirely," cried Mr. MacPhail. "America is a great country and it is also a free country. Just to prove to you how free it is, I'm going to take the liberty of being a damned fool myself. In addition to that two hundred and fifty, I'm going to give you five hundred more for getting the team out of the dumps. You didn't do it from any reasons of good sense, but you did it."

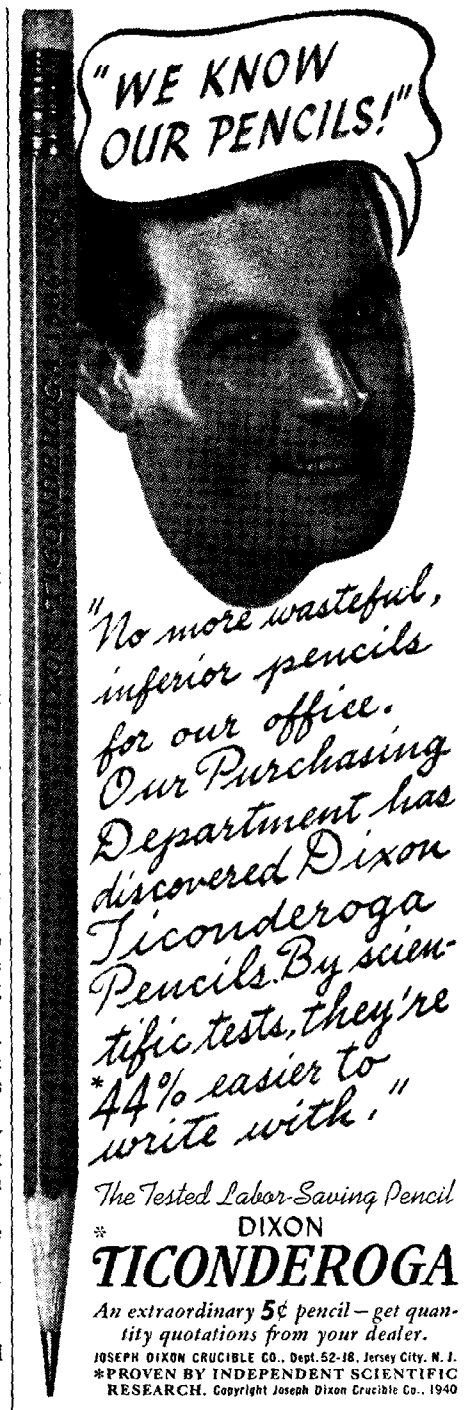
Mr. MacPhail was now pumping Mr. Gamback's hand furiously.

"And do you remember that time when you asked Durocher the question. . . . Is Brooklyn America? and you implied that Brooklyn *was* America. . . ?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gamback.

"Well, I can't give you any money for that," said Mr. MacPhail, "but I cherish that sentiment. I most heartily cherish that sentiment.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gamback.



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Britain's Labor Boss

Continued from page 15

is making up for past sins so vigorously. It was he who contributed to the inertia and complacency of the nation by crying loudly, "There will be no war." But when it came he rolled up his sleeves, and now his great personal courage, his tenacity and his mental capacities are devoted heartily to the nation's welfare. The man in the street admires the idealism and enthusiasm of Anthony Eden, secretary of state for war. And then there is Bevin. Bevin, of them all, speaks with the voice of the man in the street. Bevin is their advocate. He too wants to make this a people's war.

Ernest Bevin was born in the Somersetshire village of Winsford fifty-nine years ago. He quit school at the age of eleven to work on a farm. His first salary was six pence (ten cents) a week. Work on the farm gave him a magnificent physique but little else. He was still in his teens when he went to Bristol to drive a streetcar. Then he switched to driving a truck. At twenty his salary was ten shillings a week (two dollars) plus commissions, an average of three dollars more. His job was to sell mineral water and soft drinks to the Bristol pubs. The pub in England is the poor man's club to a far greater extent than it is in America. The man in the street goes to his pub every night for a glass or two of beer and a game of darts, and he goes to air his political views and to hear the views of his neighbor. Pub people liked young Ernie Bevin and they liked the vigorous way he expressed himself on political questions. There was a vacancy on the city council and Dan Hillman and other pals persuaded him to stand for the office. His opponent was a huge longshoreman. One night Bevin was driving his truck, delivering his cases of mineral water to a water-front pub. He heard his opponent making a speech on a dock and he drove his horse-drawn wagon closer.

He Hates Politics

"Who is Bevin?" the longshoreman sneered. "An outsider from the country. He is no good, he is a . . ."

Bevin listened. He had never before heard invective directed against himself. A slow rage filled his big frame. He got down from the wagon. He forced his way through the crowd. Without a word he reached for the big longshoreman. Then he hit him. When the man got up Bevin knocked him down again. Then Bevin picked him up and threw him into the river. Bevin looked around to see if any wished to take up the man's cause. There was no one who did. Luckily there was a scow tied to the dock and the men on it managed to drag the miserable longshoreman out of the water before he drowned. Luckily, because had he drowned Bevin would not now be minister of labor.

That method of direct approach, of solving problems the direct way, has always characterized Bevin. He hates red tape and silly regulations, he hates insincerity and pompousness. As a matter of fact he hates politics.

His fight with the longshoreman had a rather unhappy sequence. Running on the Labor Party ticket, which in 1908 was considered a radical, crackpot movement, he was beaten. He was beaten, but his fine showing thoroughly scared the gang in power. They decided to get rid of him. They passed the word around to the Bristol pubs that Ernest Bevin should be blacklisted. For weeks he could not sell one bottle of mineral water. He went to his boss and tried to quit his job.

"I'm not making any money for you," he said. "You've been paying me ten bob a week for nothing."

"I'll be the judge of that," his boss growled. "Don't let them lick you, Ernie. Keep at it."

Shifting Thousands of Workers

Bevin has always had the knack of attracting people to him. It wasn't long before he became interested in labor unions, always called trade unions in England. He became a minor official in the dockers' union and soon attracted the attention of Ben Tillett, who was to English labor what Sam Gompers was to American labor. It wasn't long before he became Tillett's right-hand man, his "trouble shooter."

But it wasn't until 1920 that the name of Bevin meant anything. Then he made a speech. The transport workers' union was miserably paid and worked miserable hours. A court of inquiry to discuss their pleas was held and Bevin made an eleven-hour speech on the men's claims for more pay and better working conditions. The case he put was masterly and unanswerable. The men won every point and the name of Bevin went all around England. The man in the street finally had a real advocate. Since then Bevin has devoted his life to the cause of labor. Eventually he became the leader of the transport and general workers' union, the largest union in the world.

A dozen times during the past decades he crossed swords with Winston Churchill. He opposed some of Churchill's policies when the latter was in the war office. Again when Churchill was chancellor of the exchequer Bevin fought against him. Honors were about even and both men came out of these skirmishes with mutual respect and admiration. But it was still a shock to the old gang when Churchill made Bevin minister of labor in his cabinet. Bevin didn't know the rules, they wailed. He was . . . he was just an outsider.

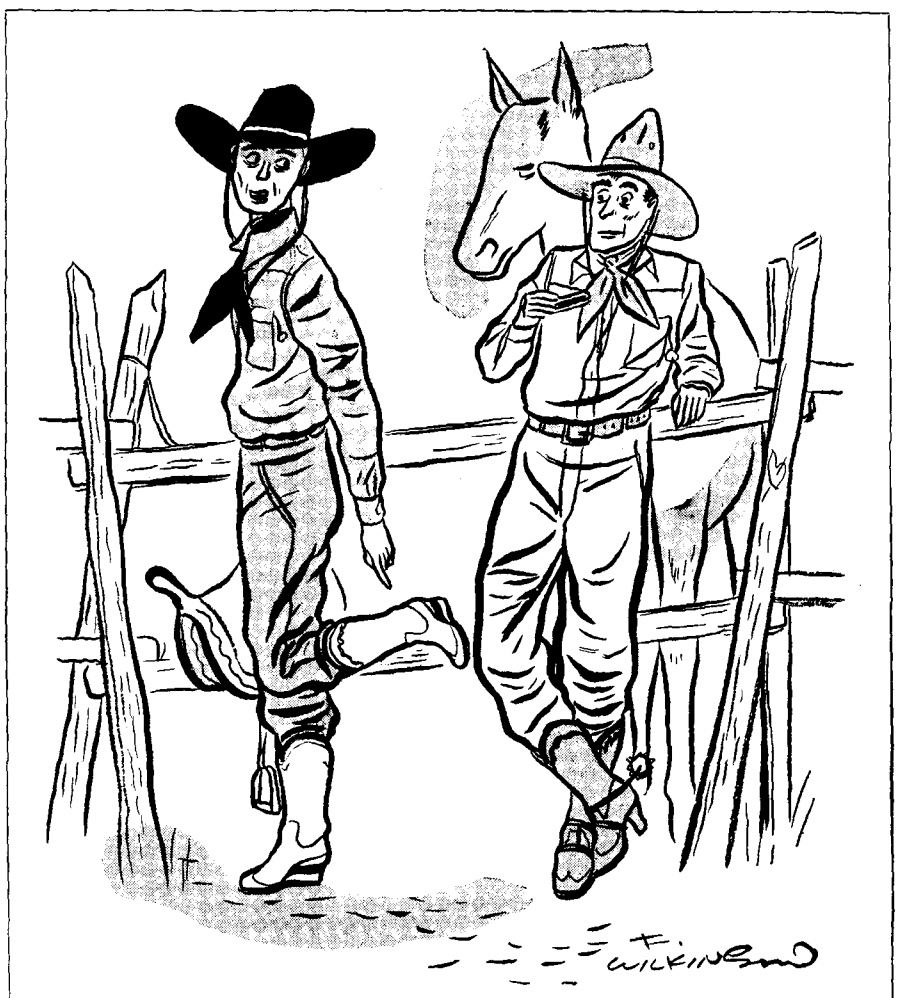
Bevin is big, burly, and he has the thick neck of a bull. And yet when you sit in his office at Montagu House, the ex-ducal mansion that is now the ministry of labor, his voice is curiously soft and occasionally his eyes twinkle behind his heavy horn-rimmed glasses. He is too busy to grant interviews. He'll let you sit in his office and he'll chat with you and discuss the problems that face him but it is all "off the record." He thinks that this is no time for speeches or interviews. There is too much work to be done.

Bevin has a terrific capacity for work. He seldom leaves the ministry before midnight. Recently his wife wailed disconsolately, "If Ernie sleeps until after 5:30 in the morning he thinks he has wasted half his day."

A month ago Bevin was given powers never before held by any man in any democratic government. He was given complete power over the jobs held by civilian workers in England. It is up to him and him alone to decide what industries are essential and what ones are superfluous. Actually Bevin could go to Waterloo station tonight, enter a train and say to the first man he met: "What is your job, what are you doing?"

The man might say, "I am a tea taster," or "I am an interior decorator."

Bevin could say, "That isn't helping to win the war. Report tomorrow at Hyde Park with a pick and shovel. We need you to dig trenches."



"Look, 'Wedgies'!" FRITZ WILKINSON

He could go into a fashionable West End bar, find out what every man there did for a living and then immediately send them to more useful jobs. He can decide on working hours for every man in England and it is he who settles their wages. There is no appeal. And yet to date there has not been one complaint. Bevin has shifted thousands of workers from less useful jobs into munition factories and other essential industries. He has told employers that there can be no cutting of wages. And employers have such confidence in his fairness that not one has written a letter to the Times.

I might add that I learn about England by spending my time at a Royal Air Force mess, spending my time on the beach at Dover with the army men, spending my time with local defense volunteers in places like Seven Oaks in Kent or a dozen places like it, spending my time in the pubs of rural England. In these places you hear England talking. Twice a week I go to the House of Commons but that is like going to the United States Senate. For the most part you hear politicians talk in these sacrosanct halls. But you don't hear England talk. I hear England talk every day.

The Voice of England

I know the men Bevin has worked with all his life. I can't quote Bevin because he has made an iron-clad rule that he won't be quoted. But I spend evenings with his best friends. I play darts with them and have my pint of beer with them. I hear them talk about Bevin.

"There will be no defeatism in our cabinet while Ernie is there," one of them chuckles. "You know Ernie is the only man in England who can call a general strike. I know if Ernie said the word nine millions of us would quit working tomorrow. That's a weapon Ernie has over the lads in the cabinet. There will be no Petain in our cabinet. If one crops up Ernie will say, 'Well, gents, the general strike starts tomorrow. How do you like that?' Well, they wouldn't like that, so there won't be any of that French stuff in our cabinet."

That's what Ernie Bevin's friends say, about 9,000,000 of them. They know that Ernie will never use this terrific power that he has unless he feels that it is for England's benefit. He will probably never use it, but the weak sisters in the cabinet are afraid of this power. They respect Ernie Bevin even when they don't like him. Only a half-wit would not respect Ernie Bevin. And it is comforting to know if you are interested in the English cause, as I am for one, that he is in Churchill's cabinet. He is a very tough man, a very tough man indeed and very patriotic too. He happens to love this country called England.

You can live in the fashionable West End of London and never live in England. To know England you must go into the local pubs of London and Liverpool and Manchester. You must drop into the country pubs of Kent and Surrey and play darts and have your pint of bitters and keep your ears open. There you hear the voice of England. There you hear praise of Churchill, the leader, but always there is the undercurrent of whole-hearted admiration for Bevin.

Today Bevin is minister of labor. Tomorrow I am sure that he will be vice-premier and thus be in name what he is in fact, the second most important man in England. And the day after tomorrow? The voice of England whispers, "How can they keep Ernie down? Mark ye well, he'll be our next prime minister."

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Tough On and Off

Continued from page 24

you can do this . . . you go home and tell that boy of yours that I said I'm sure he'll grow up to have better manners than his old man has."

Jimmy turned and walked to the far end of the counter, still seething, but he wanted no more trouble.

"That big chump," he thought. "Why did I let him get away? I could have murdered him. If only I wasn't working on a picture. He might have had a pal who would have jumped me and there goes my kisser, and I've got a lawsuit for two hundred thousand. And the headlines: 'Cagney in Early Morning Brawl Administers Brutal Beating to Worker.' Yes, I guess it's just as well I didn't go to work on him. . . ."

Just then Jimmy felt another tap on his shoulder. The big guy was standing there with tear-filled eyes.

"Gee, Mr. Cagney," he said, "I'm sorry."

That is the Cagney method of handling himself, the bloodless victory. Jimmy's viewpoint on this is: "Why fight when there's no gate?"

A young man from Leonia, New Jersey, looks so much like Jimmy that he is constantly getting bumps in the local lunch counters. A new high in let's-sock-the-villain was reached after Cagney finished Angels with Dirty Faces. His part was that of a very tough guy so the sock curve rose sharply after the picture was released, and even the Leonia young man felt the effects of the film. He and Jimmy correspond frequently about their mutual concern.

Raft Really Means It

Of the three New York boys playing gangster parts in Hollywood, George Raft is by far the toughest of the lot. There is a disarming gentleness in Raft's personality, his speech is soft to the point of being almost inaudible, and he is gracious. But Raft aroused is really tough.

Born in the San Juan Hill district of New York, George grew up the hard way on the city pavements. With little time for schooling because he had to get out and work at an early age, Raft took a turn in the ring. He fought several times as a preliminary boy but never got very far.

It was through the ring that Raft made his first acquaintance with racketeers. At that time most fighters were controlled by a mob and George was no exception. Owney Madden, Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond—Raft knew them all. But let it be said here and emphatically so, Raft never was a gangster, nor did he ever do a kinky thing in his life. He is strictly a right guy. Nor will Raft allow himself to be cast in a role in which he is asked to play a rat, or heavy. It is so stated in his contract. In Each Dawn I Die, the picture opens with Raft on his way up the river to do a hundred years. That was all right with George because, as he said, "How do they know what I was going up for?" But if the script had called for him to be serving time because he had done an underhanded thing, George would have thrown out the part.

In I Stole a Million, George was a fugitive from the law, but it was only because of a series of circumstances that forced him into a life of crime that he had to take it on the lam. On the lot while the picture was being made, Director Frank Tuttle called George over to go through the next scene. "Here's what you do, George," said Tuttle. "You go in the post office here and make believe you're going to buy stamps. Then you pull out a gun and stick the place up."

Raft went into conference with his pal, the ever-present Mack Gray, who was standing by. When they came out of the huddle, both men were shaking their heads slowly.

"No," said George. "No post office."

"What do you mean, no post office?" Tuttle asked.

"I stick up no post office. It's a federal rap."

Raft knew. The expensive post-office set had to be altered to look like a travel bureau before Raft would step through the door with his gun.

Like the other movie tough guys, George gets his share of abuse in public places but he is loath to fight.

One night, Raft was sitting in a Hollywood night club with Mack Gray and a girl. An attractive-looking young woman passed by Raft's table and dropped a note on it. When Gray opened it, it read:

"Dear Mr. Raft: I think you're wonderful. Call me. Crestview ——. Lillian."

"Just a little fan mail, boss," said Gray as he crumpled the note in his hand and threw it under the table. It was not long before a large surly-looking guy was standing in front of Raft.

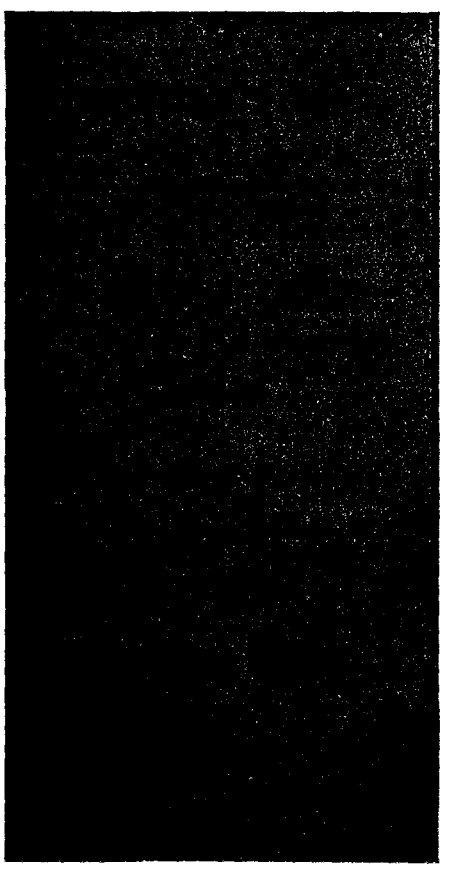
"Gimme that note, Raft," he commanded.

"I have no note," Raft told him.

"Listen, Raft. You may be a lover on the screen but you're just another heel to me. You keep away from my girl or I'll . . ."

That's as far as he got. People who saw it say Raft proved that night that it's possible for a man sitting in a chair to knock out a man standing on his feet before him. What probably happened was that Raft got up and sat down again so quickly that no one saw him move. To be accused of trying to muscle in on another guy's girl had transformed Raft into a demon and given him speed and punching accuracy he never knew in the ring. That is what Raft is like.

The leading routine for an actor to show how tough he is in pictures is to prod two fingers, forklike, in the other guy's eyes. Next on the list is the old cigar trick. In this one you take a cigar out of your man's mouth, reverse it, and let him have it again with the torch end first. One or both of these routines is used almost every time a gangster picture is made.



One night in Chicago, Bogart was entering a night club when a man standing under the awning blocked his path.

"We don't want no gangsters in here, Bogart," he said.

Bad Man's Reward

Humphrey looked into a face he had never seen before and saw a lighted cigar in the middle of it. He had just finished The King of the Underworld and it worked very well there. Why not here? Bogart snatched the cigar, gave it a twist and shoved it back in again. To his astonishment it really worked. Leaving his man sputtering like a defective Roman candle Bogart swaggered into the club as if he were the head of a mob in real life.

"Give me a table for four. In front," said Bogart, who was alone. The son of a doctor and graduate of Andover, Humphrey was playing tough for the first time in his life and liking it. As he sat there glowering like a gangster chief, the door swung open and in walked the cigar smoker. Humphrey saw him coming toward his table and knew he meant business. What does a mob guy in the movies do in a spot like that? He stands up and swings before he gets it himself. That's just what Bogart did and, miracle of miracles, it was a bull's eye. Down went the cigar smoker like a felled Sequoia tree. He lay inert between two tables. With a magnificent sweep of his hand Humphrey addressed his imaginary henchmen. "Take dis rat outta here," he ordered.

It was not long before Bogart's table was crowded with openmouthed admirers. But there were two guys at the table now who were not so impressed by Humphrey's performance. Tough guys who couldn't have understood if things had happened otherwise.

"You staying for the go tomorrow night?" one asked.

"Yeah," said Bogart.

"Who you like?"

"The colored boy."

"You bettin'?"

"Yeah."

"How much you bettin'?"

"Ten grand," said Bogart, who never bet more than fifteen dollars on a fight in his life.

"Well, here it is," the McCoy tough guy explained. "We're from New York and you're from New York and we seen you're okay. So we're out here for the fight. On business. The fix is in and the white boy wins. Bail yourself out and make a switch to the white boy. It's in the satchel. The colored boy goes in the tank in the seventh and, just in case, we've taken care of one judge and the ref."

Bogart had never heard such talk before but he was glowing. He was being adopted by a real mob.

The next day Humphrey called Hollywood and told Mayo to bet $500 on the white boy. He called a few of his friends and let them in, too. The excited Bogart ran up telephone bills to the amount of $100. That night he was on the train and unable to get the result, but early next morning on the station platform, in Kansas City, Bogart unfolded a newspaper. The colored boy won by a knockout in the first round. Yes, sometimes it's tough to be tough.

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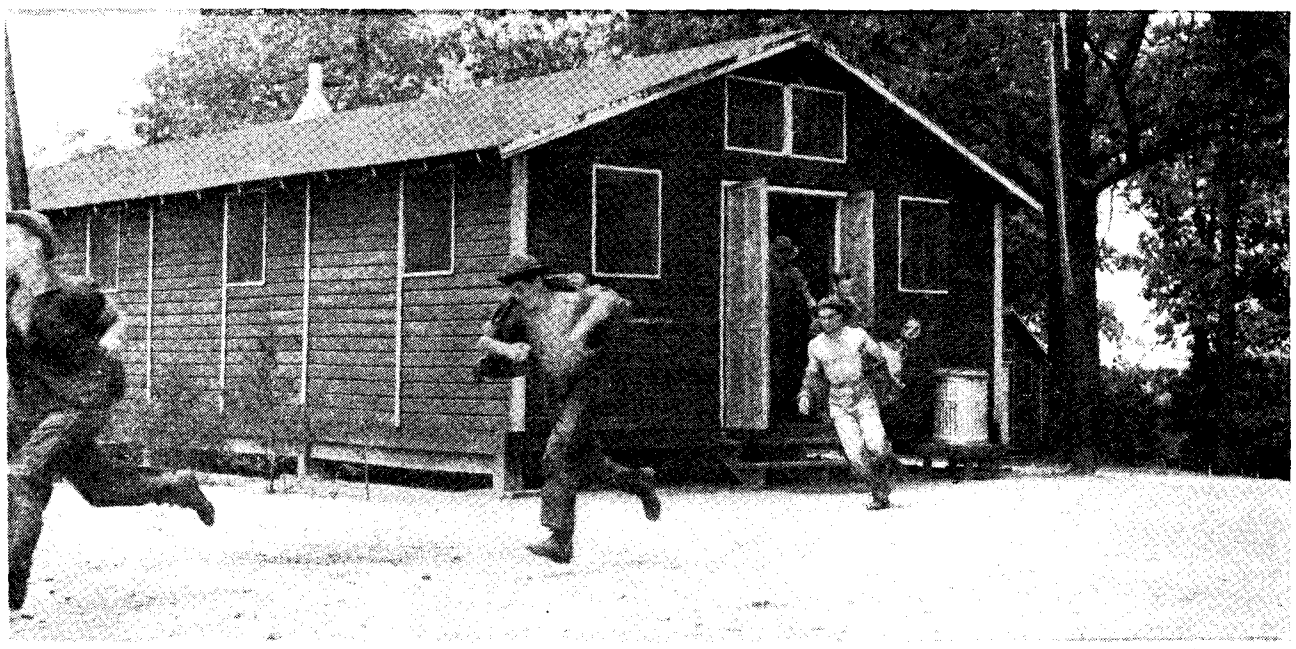

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Civilian Conservation Corps boys turn out fast when the forest fire alarm sounds

Sparks Out, Please

BARRING wide, heavy and unexpected rains, the worst forest-fire situation in years is looked for this summer and fall in our great Western timber states of California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah and Washington.

Terrific damage has been done already, especially in Idaho and Montana, and several tragedies have occurred. Record contingents of fire fighters have been detailed from the CCC, the Bureau of Reclamation and various state services, and they've done excellent work.

But forest fires go on eating into our timber reserves.

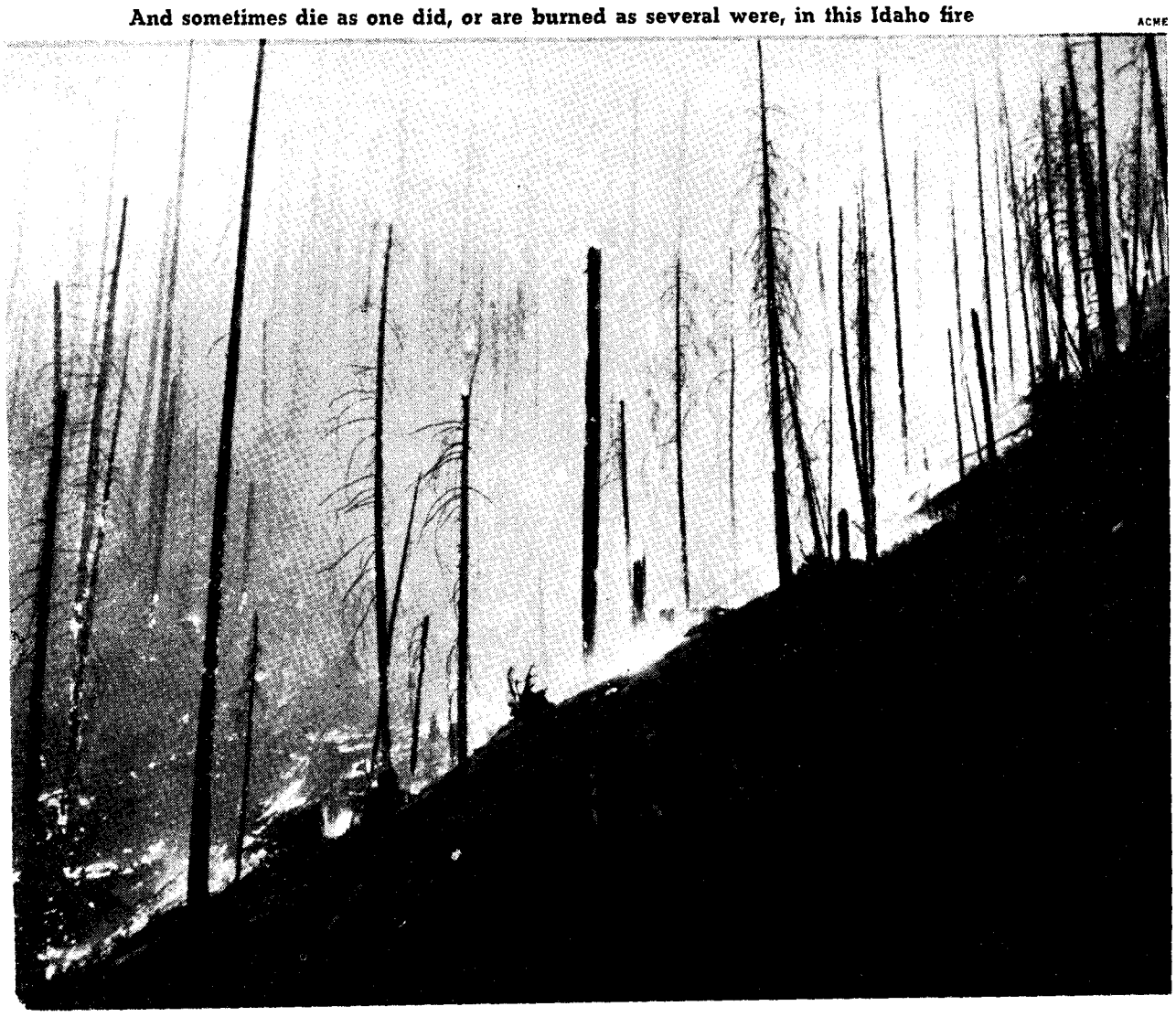
The big causes of these calamities are the same as they always were. Lightning starts but few of them; the animals who inhabit the woods start none at all. The great majority of them come from cigarette or cigar butts tossed away instead of carefully ground out under heel; from pipe coals knocked out into dry grass or brush; from campfires left smoldering, though ever so slightly, by hikers or picnickers in a hurry.

We want to plead with all our readers, as earnestly as we know how, to use extreme care in this matter, on camping, hunting or fishing trips anywhere and everywhere.

You can't do anything more useful, anywhere in timbered country, than to make certain-sure that every spark in your immediate vicinity is out, and 100% out, before you move away from there.

And sometimes die as one did, or are burned as several were, in this Idaho fire

ACME



Forget the Class Stuff

AS THE 1940 Democratic platform's best plank, Collier's nominates:

We denounce and will do all in our power to destroy the treasonable activities of disguised anti-democratic and un-American agencies which would sap our strength, paralyze our will to defend ourselves and destroy our unity by inciting race against race, class against class, religion against religion and the people against their own free institutions.

Europe's latest war is, among other things, a class war. Dr. Robert Ley, Hitler's Labor Front lieutenant, says the big issue is the German worker against the English gentleman—meaning class war spilling across national boundaries as dreamed of by Karl Marx.

But whoever wins, Europe promises to be ruined for a generation.

The class war is poison. There is disaster in it for any nation that patronizes peddlers of class hate. The Democrats are wise indeed to condemn class-hate peddlers in their 1940 platform.

So, of course, it cannot be by any official Democratic High Command permission that a lot of New Deal enthusiasts are raising the class issue against Mr. Willkie—stressing his power holding company connections, his rich friends, his social position, and so on.

The Republicans by and large know the folly of class hatred as well as do the Democrats. So it can't be by any Republican mastermind sanction that some Republicans are trying to raise class issues against Mr. Roosevelt—calling him a traitor to his class, a rich radical, a dilettante lover of the peepul, and so on.

Prize Boner—1940

BEING a presidential election year, 1940 is sure to be replete with boners, howlers, didos, etc., committed by public or semi-public persons. We believe, though, that the prize for the worst of these can now be awarded—right now.

We think the national boner prize should go on all accounts to a Mr. Lewis Allen Weiss, vice president and general manager of the Don Lee radio network operating 31 Pacific Coast stations in cahoots with Mutual.

Mr. Weiss, the day Adolf Hitler bawled his "last appeal to reason" to England onto the ether waves, suddenly cut off the broadcast from his network's stations, with the explanation that "it is not in the public interest, nor in harmony with the attitude of this government, to permit the continuation of this broadcast. . . . Mr. Hitler should not be permitted to use our American facilities to justify his crime against civilization itself."

If most Americans felt that way, we would deserve to be taken over by some dictator.

Of course Hitler has committed crimes against what we call civilization. Of course he is not in harmony with our government.

But the point is that we need to know everything we can about Hitler—his thought processes, his ideas of how the world should be run, his plans for the future, his past, his weaknesses, etc., etc. Only if we know this potential enemy of our whole civilization can we prepare fully to cancel out his threat.

Mr. Weiss performed a public disservice as well as an epic boner. If such a thing happens again on any network in the land of the thus-far free, there ought to be some sort of rebellion by the listening public.

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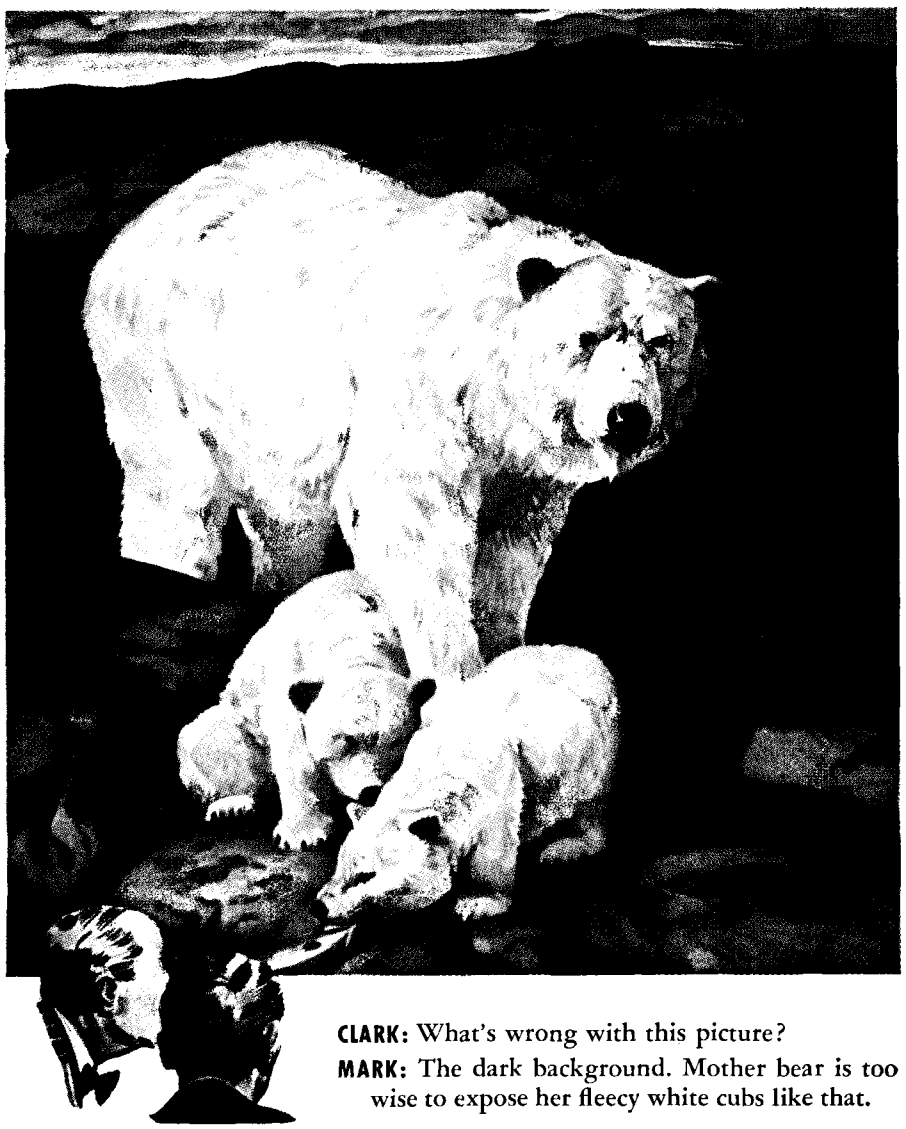
NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE POLAR BEAR



CLARK: What's wrong with this picture?

MARK: The dark background. Mother bear is too wise to expose her fleecy white cubs like that.

CLARK: Right! She's careful to keep them against a light background of snow or ice.

MARK: Makes them hard to see. Shields them from the hunter.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

CLARK: Here's another fine example of Protective Blending. This exclusive Calvert method certainly *does* something for this mellow whiskey.

MARK: Sure adds a lot of enjoyment to this whiskey collins. Do you blame me for recommending it to my friends?

BUY BETTER WHISKEY — BUY CALVERT

"RESERVE": Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

"SPECIAL": Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.

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Photograph—H. L. Kersey, 14 years an independent buyer, inspects a crop of fine, golden tobacco

LUCKIES FINER TOBACCOS MEAN LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them. This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

★**NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS.** From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

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LUCKY STRIKE "IT'S TOASTED" CIGARETTES

LUCKY STRIKE

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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